

★ Nov. 9, 1957

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NEW YORKER





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE CAVE DWELLERS—William Saroyan's comedy about a group of derelicts in an abandoned theatre has some of the quality of "The Time of Your Life" but unfortunately not quite enough of it. Carmen Capalbo directed a cast that includes Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, and Susan Harrison. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COMPULSION—While this three-hour play, adapted from the Meyer Levin novel about the Loeb-Leopold case, has its effective scenes, it is all on a pretty primitive level. The cast of forty-four is headed by Dean Stockwell, Roddy McDowall, Michael Constantine, and Howard Da Silva. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:25. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25.)

FAIR GAME—A comedy by Sam Locke, with Sam Levene, Ellen McRae, and Robert Webber. Presented by Joseph M. Hyman and staged by Paul Roberts. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR—Aline MacMahon and Staats Cotsworth head the cast in a reading of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical work. Paul Shyre did the adaptation, and Stuart Vaughan is the director. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 9.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, but he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MONIQUE—There are a couple of grisly surprises waiting for you at the end of this melodrama, but the preliminary exposition is long and rather tedious. The cast, which acts its collective head off, includes Patricia Jessel, Denholm Elliott, and Percy Waram. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NATURE'S WAY—All kinds of jokes about everything from childbirth to Southern dramatists strung together to no particular purpose in a parlor comedy by Herman Wouk. Orson Bean, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Audrey Christie head the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a wonderful part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE SQUARE ROOT OF WONDERFUL—Carson McCullers' play dealing with a woman's struggle for maturity seems commonplace after her "The Member of the Wedding." Anne Baxter, Jean Dixon, Philip Abbott, and William Smithers have the leading roles. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings on in Westport. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

UNDER MILK WOOD—The late Dylan Thomas's dramatic poem has been given an elaborate production, employing some thirty actors and acres of scenery, but the lovely text is often buried under all these judicious splendors. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 16.)

A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the astral visitor, is endlessly amusing. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—AUNTIE MAME: An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Rosalind Russell is Auntie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**: Eugene O'Neill's attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., are members of the haunted family, and José Quintero is the director. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

MUSICALS

COPPER AND BRASS—Nancy Walker is indubitably one of the best comics around, but her opportunities to be funny are rare in this account of the activities of a policewoman. David Baker wrote the music to lyrics by

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 37, November 9, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$8.00. Other Foreign, \$10.00.

David Craig, Benay Venuta, Dick Williams, Alice Pearce, and Alan Bunce are among the other unfortunates involved. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 16.)

JAMAICA—Lena Horne does a stunning job on some very fetching songs in this West Indian idyll, but she and her associates are somewhat handicapped by the porous plot. The composer is Harold Arlen; the lyricist E. Y. Harburg, who collaborated with Fred Saddy on the libretto; the scene and costume designers Oliver Smith and Miles White, respectively; and the choreographer Jack Cole. The cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW GIRL IN TOWN—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WEST SIDE STORY—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. Arthur Laurents wrote the book, which seems a little lacking in emotional content, and Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim did the music and lyrics, which have a high, wide, and handsome range. The direction and choreography, by Jerome Robbins, are exactly right. Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., W. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is on hand, too. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAPPY HUNTING**: The only thing to be said about it is that Ethel Merman is in it. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)... **U'L ABNER**: A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA**: Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." With Robert Weede (Richard Torgi substitutes for him at the matinee performances), Betty Oakes, Art Lund, and Helon Blount. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., W. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY**: Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in a musical version of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

RUMPLE—A musical with a cast headed by Eddie Foy, Jr., Gretchen Wyler, and Stephen Douglass. Irving Phillips turned out the book, Frank Reardon wrote the lyrics, and Ernest G. Schweikert did the score. Directed by Jack Donohue and produced by Paula Stone and Mike Sloan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

TIME REMEMBERED—Helen Hayes, Richard Burton, and Susan Strasberg in an English version (by Patricia Moyes) of Jean Anouilh's comedy, with incidental music by Vernon Duke. Staged by Albert Marre and presented by the Playwrights' Company, in association with Milton Sperling. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 12. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

NUDE WITH VIOLIN—A London import, written by and starring Noel Coward, who also directed it. Produced by the Playwrights' Company, with Lance Hamilton and Charles Russell. Opens Thursday, Nov. 14. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

ACTORS PLAYHOUSE—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

PHYLLIS ANDERSON THEATRE—Chester Morris, Peter Cookson, and Nancy Wickwire in a revival of David Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West." (Phyllis Anderson Theatre, Second Ave. at Fourth St. GR 7-8223. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—"Tevya and His Daughters," a play by Arnold Perl, based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5 and 8:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne, Irene Worth, and Max Adrian in Schiller's "Mary Stuart," adapted by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich, and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

RENATA THEATRE—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with music by David Martin and with Melvin Stewart at the head of the cast. The same show that was recently at the Playhouse Theatre; it's merely moved south, starting Friday, Nov. 8. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. Opens Thursday, Nov. 7. (Rooftop

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Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE EAST—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

DANCERS OF BALI—A company of forty-five, headed by Mario and Nguruh Raka and including the palace gamelan (native orchestra), from the village of Tabanan. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 9.)

BHASKAR AND SASHA—Dances and music of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturdays at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE BEST OF BURLESQUE—A nostalgic reconstruction of famous skits, songs, and strip routines, narrated by Sherry Britton and featuring Tom Poston. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Last performance Saturday, Nov. 16.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last survivor of the Park Avenue showplaces, is playing it safe and sane; that is, dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A movie studio specializing in the comedy of manners, which has undergone surprising changes in this generation. Freddy Alonso's rumba group and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room this year is solely a *palais de danse*, operated by a remarkably cheerful orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel, and a large choir of violinists, who sometimes swarm all over the customers and sometimes just do waltz music. Closed Mondays. ... There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—

In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's band is serving up Moët & Chandon music at debaucherate speed, and Mark Monte's quintet is playing along with the mob. At dinner and supper, Katyna Ranieri, hitherto known only to assiduous discographers, does stately words with stately music. She evaporates on Tuesday, Nov. 12; next evening, Marie McDonald, the little lost lady of Hollywood, will start singing or something. Closed Sundays. ... A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance tunes of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen start at eight-thirty. ... Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Sammy Kaye's performing seals make dance music while their trainer gets the audience into the act, too. Folksy, but funny, in a way. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Paradise enow, always with a jug of wine (bottled at a good chateau, of course), is available in the Maisonette, where one can prance all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. The ritual is broken during dinner and supper by Fernanda Montel, whose hairdo and gowns are as sumptuous as the urbane life she sings about. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge, big enough for a barn dance, has rural (or, at least, provincial) music by Buddy Morrow's band from time to time during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Anna Maria Alberghetti shows up at dinner and supper in the Empire Room to do a spot of opera and a spot of Gershwin in an elegant ball gown and a clear, true, sweet little voice. It's impossible not to stop, look, and listen. Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keep the customers on the move in between. Closed Sundays. ... In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's gang and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down genuine, handmade New York dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a well-known hill, presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most cooperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Paul Morse is the Sunday operator. ... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Quite a few owls who are in the public domain see the night through on these premises. The accompaniment is Bud Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays. ... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the blithe piano of the owner and the romantic piano of Ralph Strain and Wayne Sanders; i.e., three piano men, no waiting. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays. ... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on when to handle love with kid gloves and when to handle it with pistols at ten paces. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten, except Sunday, her day





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

off. The music begins at cocktail time. On Sundays, things are quite the other way: Stella Brooks, serpent of the Nile, offers her sardonic causeries on a lot of popular snares and delusions. Mr. Evans is her aide-de-camp. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): How to do as the Romans do, in one nourishing lesson. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuit*) are Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who go, go, go all evening, and a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays. ... **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Few of the East Side antique shops can match it in antiquarian splendor, and none of them sets the same sort of table. The man at the piano is Fred Witmer, who keeps fairly late hours. He may, by the way, wind up on Saturday, Nov. 9. Closed Sundays. ... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who keeps the night warm and nostalgic from nine to one. Closed Sundays. ... **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around this miniature Vanity Fair from five-thirty to eight, and again from ten to one-thirty or even later, every night but Monday, when Joel Forbes is in charge of polishing the ivory. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. ... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Until ten, the amusement is the roguish art gallery (mostly paintings of damsels in distress); after that, it is the buoyant jive of the Lee Evans trio, which has Denizil Best at the drums. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, Don Carey, of the sociable Cape Cod-Bermuda-Jamaica triangle course, will begin doing solo piano. Closed Mondays. ... **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabras grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. Piano, violin, and voice are among the many condiments. All this is available every evening but Sunday. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbals, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A very nice part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. There's rambling piano by George Feyer from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. ... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. ... **NINO'S**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti offers hearts-and-flowers piano every evening but Sunday, from five to ten. ... **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Peter Walters at the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, in real life), who could work the jazz emporiums any old time they like, prefer to hang around the back room and sing, to their own accompaniment, the nation's dizziest ditties. This they do every night but Monday. The seven-day workers in the vineyard are Dorothy Loudon, a soubrette who can

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deflate a pompous song with one shaft from her piercing voice, and George Matson, a quiet perfectionist in the art of pantomime. These two knock off on Wednesday, Nov. 13; the next night's arrivals will be Phil Leeds, whose gentle jokes can almost catch you unawares, and Les Garçons de la Rue, a four-man glee club just over from Paris. The latter-day Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. ... In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio and outlandish uproar by the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M. ... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot of chips fall where they may as Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law, the inmates of Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue, take forty whacks at the pomp and circumstance that is often considered to be civilization. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot farther off Broadway than Sixth Avenue ever was before. The little-theatre mood is enhanced by the airy nonsense of Lovey Powell and Brooks Morton, ostensibly just a song-and-piano couple; and the love lyrics of Warren Vaughan, who's also no slouch at a piano. Julius Monk, entrepreneur of the Downstairs Room, is master of these revels in his spare time. Closed Sundays. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, whose ballads are sometimes tongue-in-cheek (a neat trick any way you look at it) and sometimes little gems of emotional crisis, finishes up on Sunday, Nov. 10. The others in the cast—Charlie Manna, who serves his guests his very best jokes, all from private stock; the team of Tony and Eddie, loud-singing cuckoos not always aware of their own strength; the Three Flames, who are manic musicians; and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties—will stick around, to be joined on Tuesday, Nov. 12, by Kaye Ballard, a cunning mixture of Amazon and elf. The room is closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Every night but Sunday, the little bar has songs by Ralph Blane, who knows exactly how to sing them and (teamed with the eminent Hugh Martin) exactly how to write them; every night but Monday, Bobo Lewis, a rather bright girl, horses about with some rather good jokes. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. ... **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): At the bottom of this underground duplex, there is Bobby Short, Hollywood's official greeter of the dawn, singing all about what to do with rosebuds after you've gathered them, and playing an enviable brand of superheated piano. His holiday is Sunday. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for cats to



meow to is being made by such Original Dixielanders and Chicagoans as Pee Wee Erwin, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jimmy Giuffre's thoughtful splinter group (Jim Hall and Jim Atlas are the only other members) is wending its quiet way across the stage here. Louder sound is contributed by Mike Nichols and Elaine May, fledgling and improvisational humorists, late of the St. Louis night-life talent foundry called the Crystal Palace. On Sunday, at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by the musicians in residence, plus a chalk talk by that nimble wit named Mort Sahl, who has a Bernard Shaw finger on the pulse of the world's news; there's another session in the evening. Mondays, the place is closed. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): There's more than one way to skin a piano, and Dorothy Donegan, the technician in charge of the instrument after nine, knows them all. Johnny Costa's trio is hard-hitting, too, but no harder than the talkers at some of the tables. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. ... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The coaches are making changes in the varsity lineup, but George Wallington and his new-era trio, who are on deck every night but Monday, are sure of their berths through Wednesday, Nov. 13. Next evening, a complete shift of scenery—the progressive trios of Bernard Peiffer, who understands American piano better than almost any other Frenchman alive, and of Eddie Costa, an unsung but interesting plier of the keyboard. Johnny Mehegan, the prominent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are around from six to nine every evening but Saturday; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): These are golden nights in Birdland, for Dizzy Gillespie has come home to roost, along with a large and generally satisfactory group of followers. Cal Tjader's quintet has the floor in between. Mondays are guest nights. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Every night is still lady's night, for the newest hands on the piano inside the oval bar belong to Marian McPartland, who's having herself a vintage year. Her trio reports at nine-thirty every evening but Monday. ... **BOURBON STREET**, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): A music room elegant enough to be a board room but down-to-earth enough to serve up the sort of cacophony its name suggests. This noise is put forth by the Riverboat Five Plus Two, which is making its first stopover in this city. Closed Sundays. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. ... **JAZZ CITY**, 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): It'll never get by on its good looks, of which there is barely the legal minimum; the music is the thing. The loudest part of this comes from Gene Krupa, who deals his drums many a lethal blow. His quartet and a foursome called the Tune-Timers work every night but Monday, which is devoted to visiting hot rods. The music begins at nine. ... **MANNEQUIN**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): After the dinner

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hour, Barbara Carroll is at the piano, proving beyond doubt that there's nothing like a woman's touch around the house. Her touch is modern, but never to the point of austerity. She and her trio are there every night but Sunday. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Silver tones among the brass when Bobby Hackett takes a solo flight on his trumpet. He is surrounded in this colossal drill hall of the Henry Hudson Hotel by such valuable assistants as Ernie Caceres, Buzzy Drootin, and John Dengler, who injects a rare note (tuba) into the Early Americana on display. They play for both listening and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): It's not all beer and skittles. Behind the foaming flagons is music from the past, dished up at the boiling point. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, it will emanate from Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Windhurst, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The quintet in charge of Roy Eldridge and Ben Webster says farewell to fantastic Bohemia on Thursday, Nov. 7. Bobby Scott's duo will remain at its post, and as of next evening will team up with Buddy Rich's quartet. Or so says an informed source. Two facts, though, are definite—the room is closed Tuesdays, and the musicians in general hold that the end justifies the means. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The town's tiniest soapbox, in which the quintet of Charlie Mingus, rebel with a cause, states its uncompromising ideas about how modern music should be played. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—New paintings, chiefly of Provincetown, calm in color and simplified in design; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of hammered-copper sculptures, done in the last years of his life; starting Saturday, Nov. 9. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

FORREST BESS—Oils; through Nov. 23. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DORIS CAESAR—A loan exhibition of small bronze sculptures, dating from 1927 to the present; through Nov. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

STEPHEN CSOKA—Paintings; through Nov. 22. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS—Figure studies and portraits; through Nov. 23. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LAMAR DODD—Dramatically colorful oils and water colors of Italy and the Near East; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract oils; through Nov. 23. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS AND HIS FRIENDS—Paintings and drawings by Glackens, supplemented by works by Luks, Sloan, and others; through Nov. 30. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

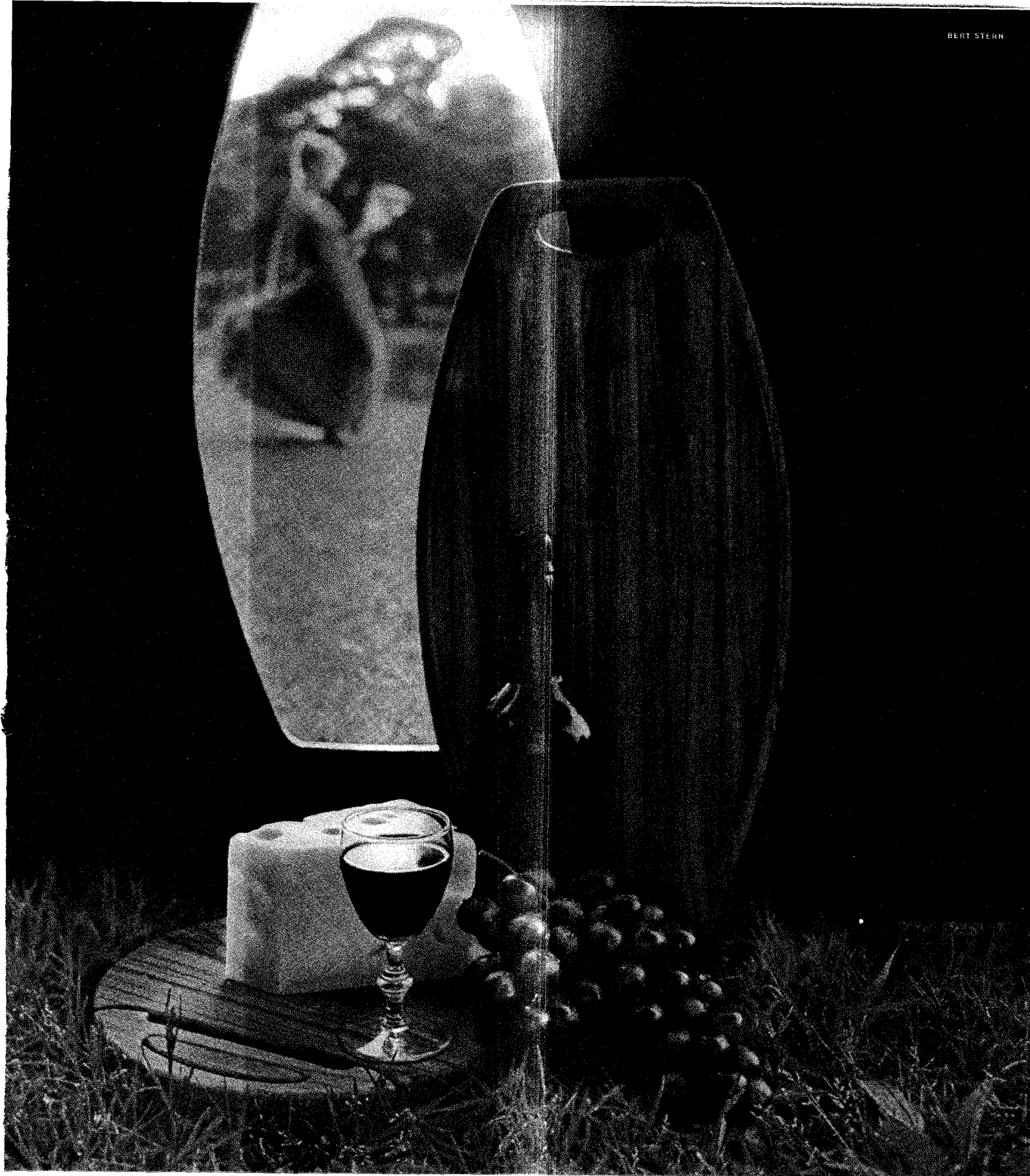
PETER GRIPPE—New sculptures, lavishly baroque in feeling, in his first solo exhibition in ten years; through Nov. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

STEFAN KNAPP—Brightly colorful paintings (on metal) and sculptures; through Nov. 23. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

KARL KNATHS—Recent abstract oils, including some excellent still-life subjects; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

NICHOLAS MARSICANO—Figure paintings, done in a darkly Expressionist manner that verges on the abstract; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

FELICIA MEYER—New paintings, delicately de-



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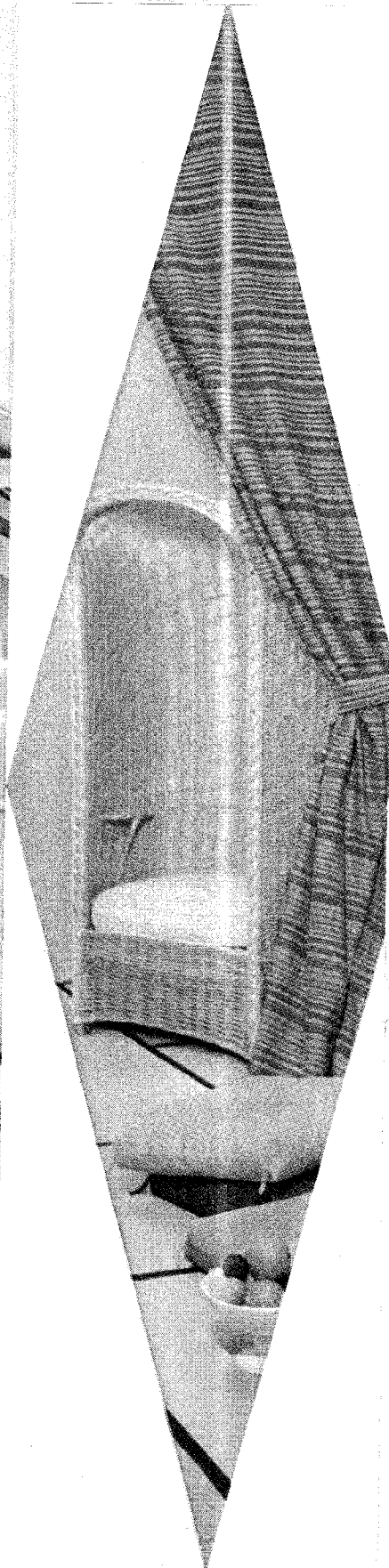
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tailed and mainly of city scenes; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

HANS MÖLLER—Abstract paintings, more or less in the Tachiste style; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

GIORGIO MORANDI—Oils, water colors, drawings, and etchings, dating back to 1916; through Dec. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PICASSO—Paintings, drawings, and ceramics (1954-57); through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK—Drawings, 1934-56; through Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ANDRE RACZ—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—A triptych entitled "Last Judgment," with related gouaches, water colors, and drawings; through Nov. 23. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

PHILIP REISMAN—Cheerfully colorful paintings of Mexico; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

SAHL SWARZ—Sculptures, somewhat archaic in inspiration and done in a skillful variety of mediums and techniques; through Nov. 22. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

VLAMINCK—Paintings, dated 1909-56; through Nov. 30. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JOHN VON WICHT—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 30. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

N. C. WYETH—Examples of his illustrations for such books as "Treasure Island," along with landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

THE AMERICAN VISION—PAINTINGS OF THREE CENTURIES—A loan exhibition of fifty-four works by American artists, ranging from Robert Feke to Loren MacIver. Sponsored by *Time* and for the benefit of the American Federation of Arts. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Falkenstein, Hepworth, Marini, Moore, Richier, and Smith; through Nov. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Fifty paintings and drawings by twenty-three modern masters, including Léger, Modigliani, and Severini; through Dec. 21. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Such Expressionist and contemporary German artists as Nolde, Kandinsky, and Baumeister; through Nov. 23.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: George L. K. Morris; starting Monday, Nov. 11. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Ernst Ludwig Kirchner; starting Tuesday, Nov. 12. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Milton Goldring; starting Monday, Nov. 11. . . . **HERVÉ**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Thomas Fogarty; starting Thursday, Nov. 14. . . . **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pierre Soulages; starting Tuesday, Nov. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Group show; starting Monday, Nov. 11. . . . **SAGITTARIUS**, 46 E. 57th St.: Rolf Gérard; starting Tuesday, Nov. 12. (Opening day, 2:30 to 7:30; thereafter weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paul Klee; starting Monday, Nov. 11. . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Mark Tobey; starting Tuesday, Nov. 12.

NOTE—There will be an exhibition and sale of contemporary paintings and sculptures by predominantly American artists, among them Milton Avery, Hans Hofmann, and William Zorach, at the Grand Street Settlement, 283 Rivington St., Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 13-17, from 1 to 10, for the benefit of the settlement's community service programs. . . . Another exhibition and sale, of paintings by contemporary American and European artists (including Jack Levine, Matisse, and Massimo Campigli), plus a group of pre-Columbian sculptures, at the Walden School, 1 W. 88th St., on Thursday, Nov. 14, from 8 P.M. to 11 P.M., and Friday through Sunday,



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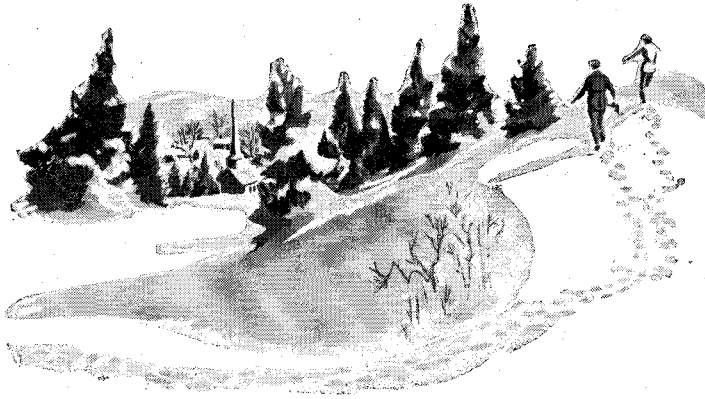
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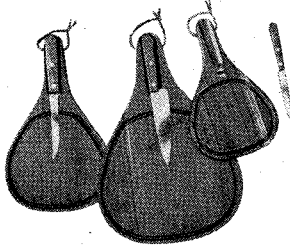


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nov. 15-17, from 1 to 9, for the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and sculptures, dating from the eighteenth century to the present time and including recent acquisitions, as well as works from the Museum's permanent collection. Among the artists represented are Homer, Marin, Pollock, and Noguchi. . . .

¶ Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts (by Raphael, Rembrandt, Goya, Degas, and others) from the Edward S. Harkness, the J. P. Morgan, the Felix Warburg, and other private collections that at one time or another have been donated or bequeathed to the Museum; starting Friday, Nov. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of twentieth-century German art, comprising paintings, sculptures, and prints by Lehmbruck, Kirchner, Klee, and others; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by, for instance, Grosz, de Chirico, and Mondrian) acquired by the Museum during the past year; starting Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Primitive art of the South Pacific, including painted wooden figures, war clubs, and feathered masks, all probably done within the past hundred years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second section of an exhibit of recent acquisitions and works on loan is composed of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty artists, among them Brancusi and Burri. The show has now been extended through Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States; a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller; and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The first showing in this country of paintings, sculptures, and lithographs from Ein Hod, a village of artists in Israel; through Wednesday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ The League of Present-Day Artists' sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures; through Nov. 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by the American painter Bradley Walker Tomlin, who died in 1953; through Tuesday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings and a thirty-two-foot mural by Stuart Davis; through Nov. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Faust," with Hilde Gueden, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, George London, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Jan Peerce, Leonard Warren, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Mario Del Monaco, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, Nicolai Gedda, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Antonietta Stella, Jan Peerce, Leonard Warren, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley,

George London, and Fernando Corena...
 ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena...
 ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Mario Del Monaco, Mario Sereni, and Frank Valentino...
 ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "La Traviata," with Victoria de los Angeles, Helen Vanni, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren...
 ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "La Périochole" (in English), with Laurel Hurley, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English...
 ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "Susannah"...
 ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30: "Carmen"...
 ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly"...
 ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2:30: "The Merry Widow"...
 ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "La Bohème"...
 ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "Susannah"...
 ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Turandot"...
 ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly"...
 ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30: "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English...
 ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:15: "La Traviata"...
 ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:30: "La Bohème"...
 ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8:15: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, André Cluytens conducting—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 8, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:45, and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3 (both with Johanna Martzy, violin); and Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2:30; and Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:45 (all with Bidu Sayão, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Westminster Choir).

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:45.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:45, with Gary Graffman, piano; Blake Stern, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30; no soloists...
 ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; no soloists.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—Margaret Hillis conducting a chamber orchestra, with Adele Addison, soprano; Charles Russo, clarinet; Morris Newman, bassoon; and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

MIKLOS SCHWALB—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

GERALD BEAL—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

YURY BOKOFF—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

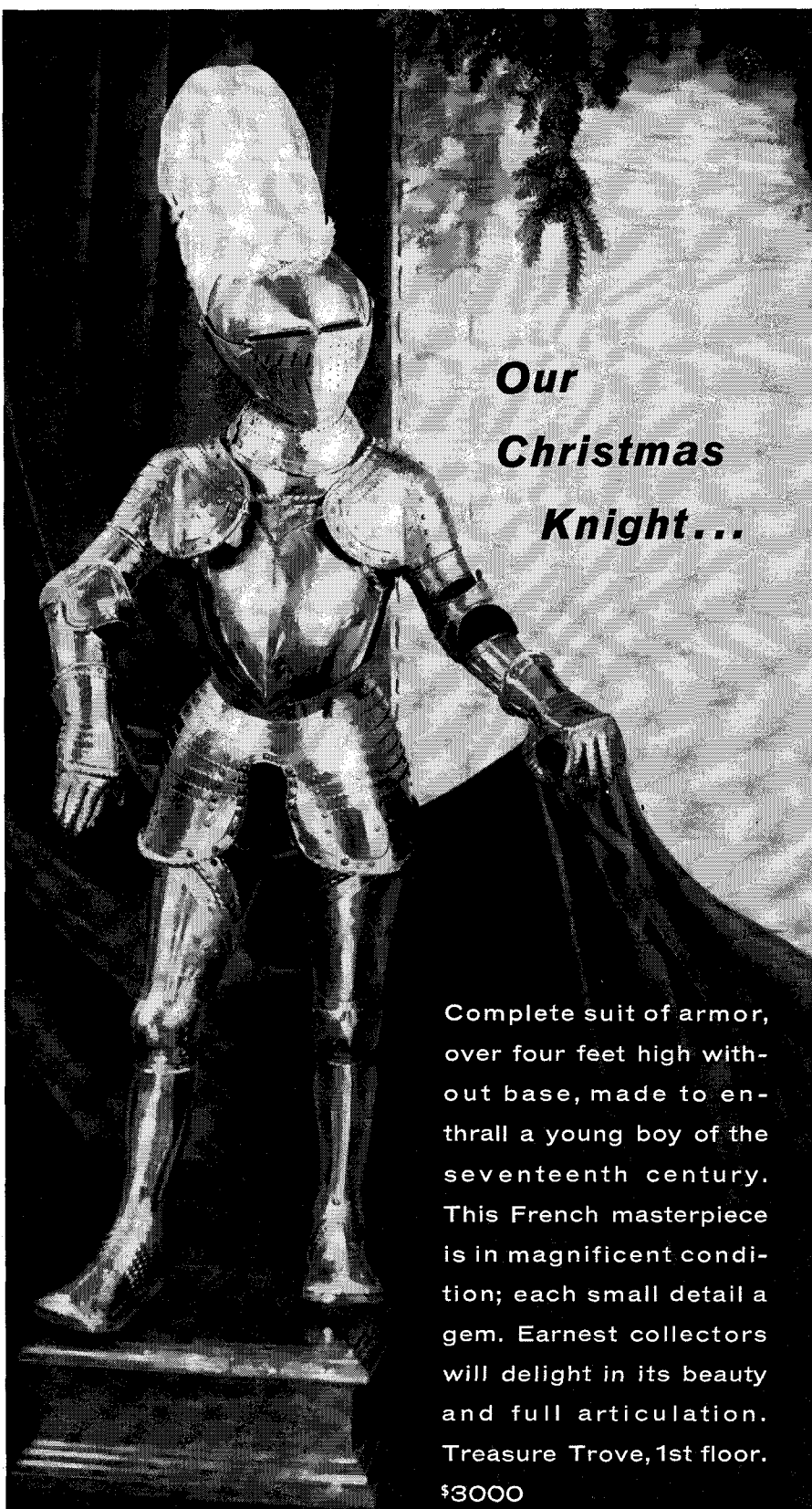
GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:45.)

HUNGARIAN QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391...
 ¶ Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 3 to 7.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—Concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:40, works by early Flemish masters...
 ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:15, Renaissance and baroque music. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Leonid Hambro, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8:40.)

VERA APPLETON AND MICHAEL FIELD—A program of music for two pianos and one piano four



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hands. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATES—The New York Woodwind Quintet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

CLAUDE FRANK—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

LASZLO VARGA—Cello, with Abba Bogin, piano, and the New York Philharmonic Cello Quartet. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

ROBERT CASADESUS—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

OPERAS-IN-BRIEF—"Don Giovanni," the second in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Gene Fullmer vs. Neil Rivers, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Nov. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 9: Army vs. Utah, at West Point, at 2... Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30... Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30... Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30... Lafayette vs. Rutgers, at Easton, at 1:30... Navy vs. Duke, at Baltimore, at 2... Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30... Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30... SATURDAY, NOV. 16: Army vs. Tulane, at West Point, at 2... Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30... Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30... Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30... Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30... Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30... William and Mary vs. Rutgers, at Williamsburg, at 1:30... Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 12. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 9.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 9.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25)... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J. Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Nov. 11. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 9, and the Vineland Handicap, Monday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 9, and the Washington, D.C., International, Monday, Nov. 11.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator, and Lisl Weil, illustrator.

(Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 11, and Monday, Nov. 11, at 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAY—The Jack-in-the-Green Players presenting "Nitokris and the Golden Sandals." (Junior Museum Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 11.)

DANCE PROGRAM—Mara and her Cambodian dancers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

VARIETY SHOW—"The Littlest Circus," complete with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, magicians, a one-man band, a hurdy-gurdy, and people dressed up as animals, has a cast of six actors and dancers. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The solar system and its various planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors, not to mention its Sputniks, are described in the current show, "Captives of the Sun." Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Veterans' Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) ... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

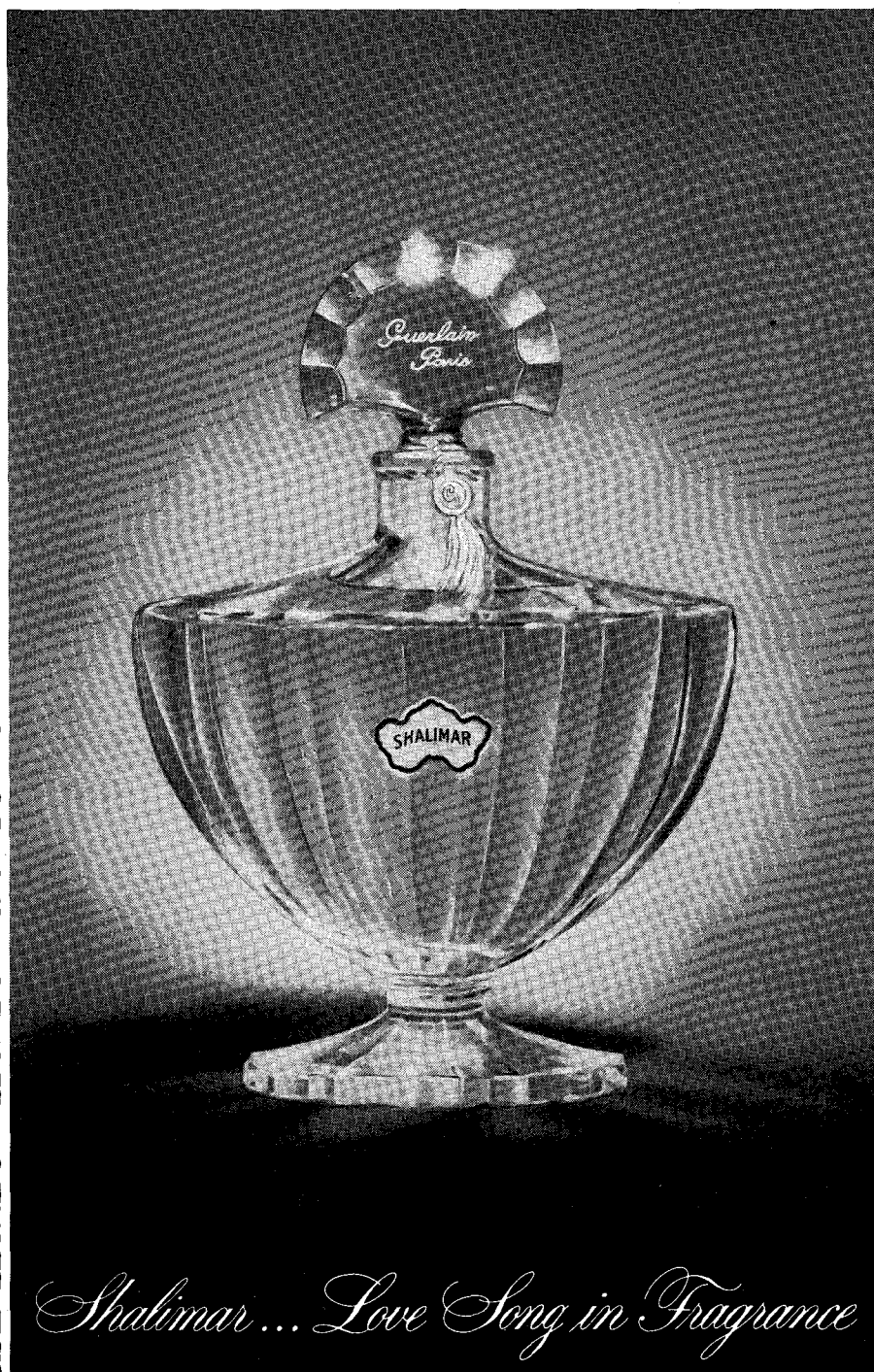
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Nov. 8, through Sunday, Nov. 24. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

ERNEST DOWSON—Letters, manuscripts, and first editions in a show covering the life of this nineteenth-century poet; through Nov. 23. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—The shawls, coats, hats, and parasols used by Ruth Draper for her characterizations are on view, together with other mementos of her stage career; through Dec. 1. ... ¶ A collection of forty-four winter scenes by Currier & Ives, featuring such varied subjects as "Home to Thanksgiving," "American Whalers Crushed in the Ice," and "The Belle of the Winter." (Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays, except Nov. 12, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: Modern French paintings and drawings by such artists as Bonnard, Degas, Gauguin, and Vlaminck; from the collection of the late Georges Lurcy. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, including examples by master craftsmen of the period; Sèvres, Meissen, and Chinese porcelains; candelabras, sconces, and other objects of art in bronze *doré*; old French silver; and modern French paintings, drawings, and prints. From the estate of Georges Lurcy. ... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 1:45: Books on painting, furniture, porcelain, jade, silver, clocks, and other subjects; the property of Arthur D. Leidesdorf and others.



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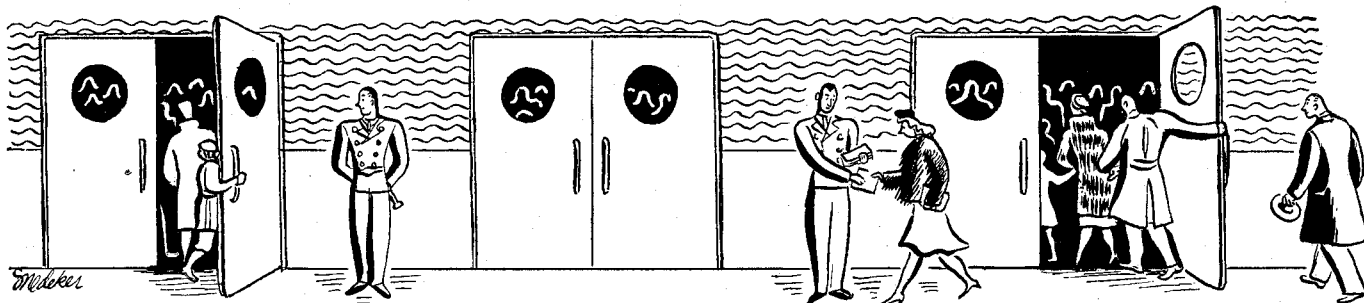
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans' Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Veterans' Day at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he does not have the stamina and she gets him in the end. A great deal of the film takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—The Broadway musical has been translated into a fast, funny, engaging film. Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr., Doris Day, and John Raitt race and frolic through the Sleepytime Pajama Factory in search of an elusive seven-and-a-half-cent raise. George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay; Mr. Abbott and Stanley Donen directed and produced the film. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Nov. 10.)

THE RED BALLOON—In this charming fantasy, written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, we follow an adventurous small boy as he wanders about Paris, pursued by a balloon that has adopted him as its master. The young one is portrayed by Pascal Lamorisse, the director's son, and he makes you wish the picture would go on for longer than the half hour it takes to unravel. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 13, tentative.)

THE SUN ALSO RISES—A reasonably literate version of the book. They're all there—Jake

Barnes and Lady Brett Ashley and Paris and the bullfights and Mike Campbell. With Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, and Eddie Albert. In overpowering color. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Nov. 9, tentative. ... 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 13, tentative.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays, except Veterans' Day, through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays and Veterans' Day, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

TIME LIMIT—There are some solid performances, particularly by Richard Widmark and Richard Basehart, in this account of the investigation of a major accused of collaborating with the enemy during the Korean War. Mr. Widmark plays the chief investigator and Mr. Basehart the major, and they have the support of a satisfactory cast. The picture was directed by Karl Malden, who keeps things moving right along. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

TORERO!—Probably the best movie about bullfighting ever made, with Luis Procuna, the celebrated matador, reenacting some of the high spots in his engrossing career. A Mexican film, with an English commentary. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Nov. 13, tentative.)

REVIVALS

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 12-13.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," Richard Egan, Jan Sterling.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Nov. 13: "Les Girls," Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Story of Esther Costello," Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Nov. 7: "The Amazing Colossal Man," Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs.
From Nov. 8: "The Story of Mankind," Ronald Colman, Hedy Lamarr, Vincent Price.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Nov. 7: "My Man Godfrey," June Allyson, David Niven.
From Nov. 8: "Kiss Them for Me," Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield, Suzy Parker. (The theatre will close at 6 on Tuesday, Nov. 12. At 8, a one-shot premiere of "April Love," with Pat Boone and Shirley Jones.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 7.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 7.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 8.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 12, tentative. ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 13.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 8.)

NEW FACES (1954)—A CinemaScope version of the Broadway revue. With Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Alice Ghostley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 12-13.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 13, tentative.)

THE SILENT WORLD (1956)—Life underwater, filmed by the cameras of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau. A French film, with an English narration. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 12-13.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series of films called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Nov. 9: An excerpt from "The Golem" (1920) and "Backstairs" (1921). ... Nov. 10-13: "Rhythmus 21" (1921), directed by Hans Richter; and "Warning Shadows" (1922). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 12: "The Tin Star," Henry Fonda, Anthony Perkins, Betsy Palmer.
From Nov. 13: "Zero Hour," Dana Andrews, Sterling Hayden, Linda Darnell.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
TIME LIMIT.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 8:40. Special performance Veterans' Day at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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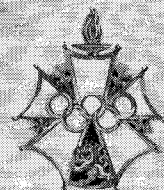
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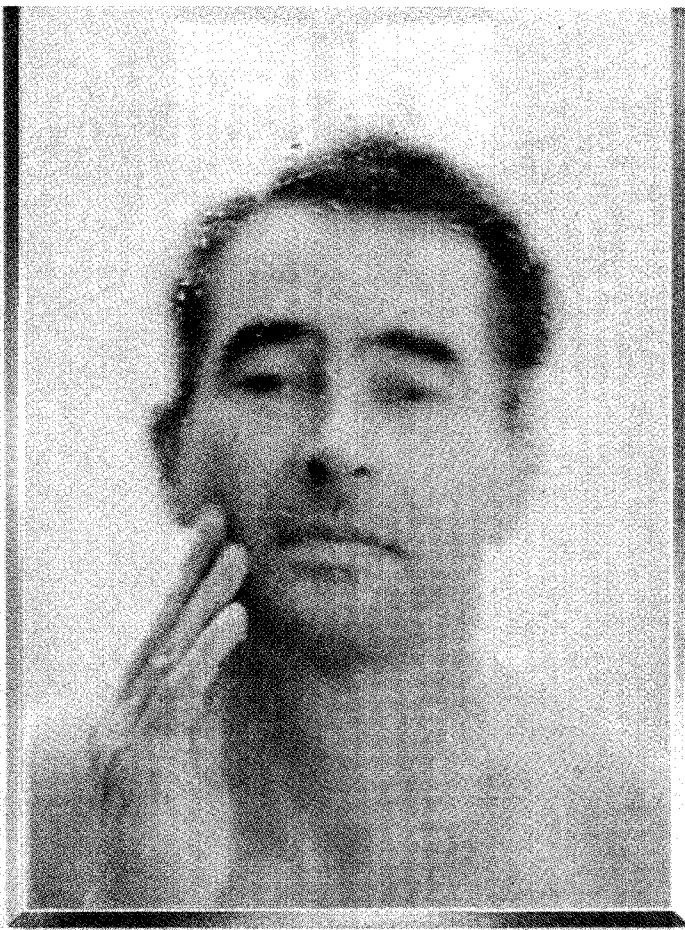
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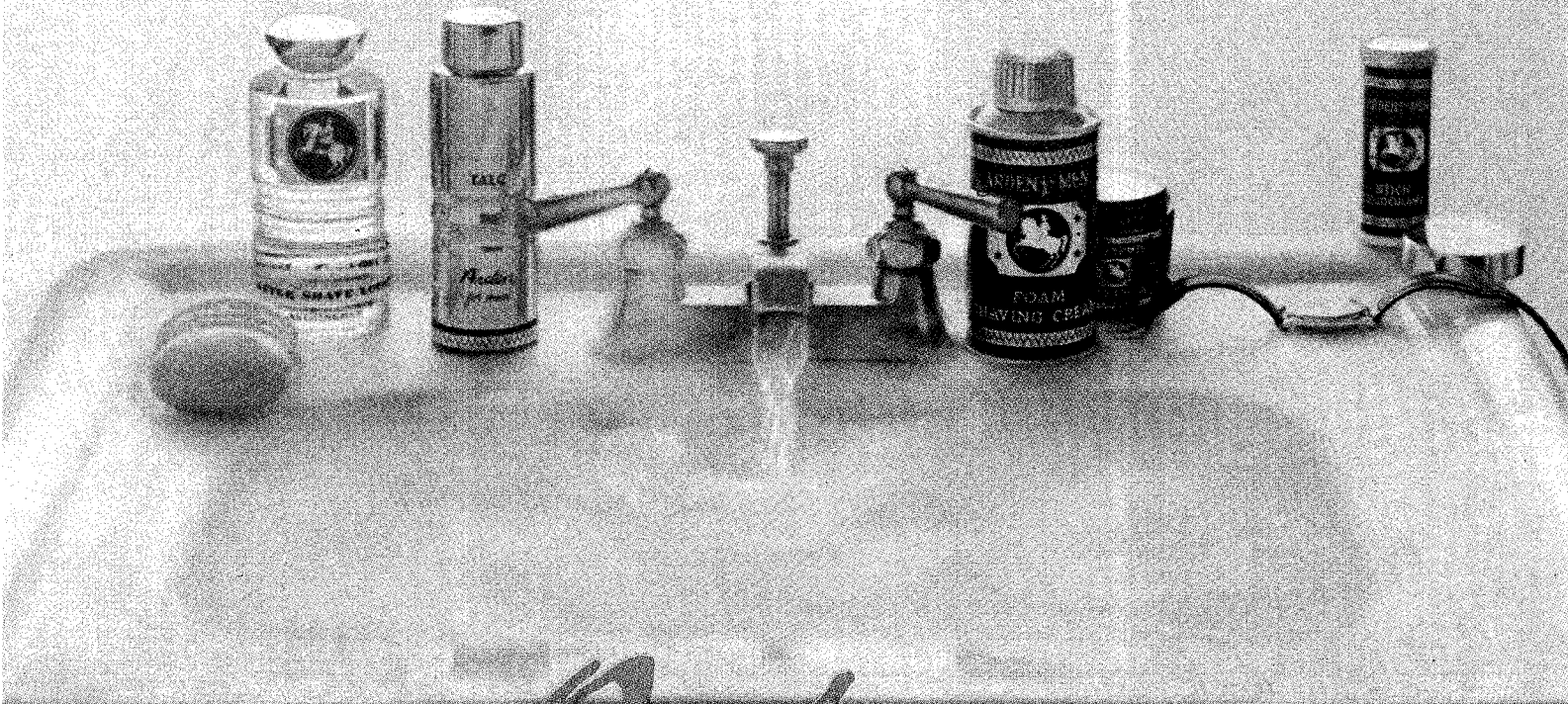
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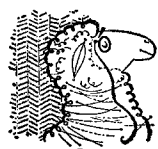
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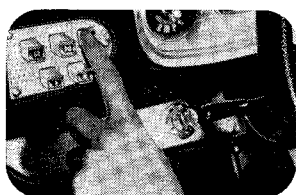
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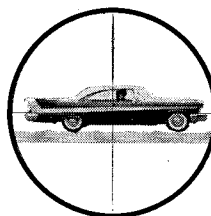
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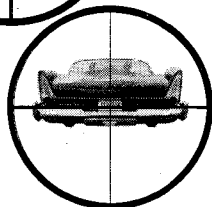


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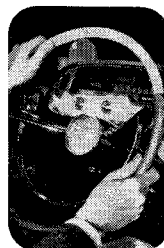
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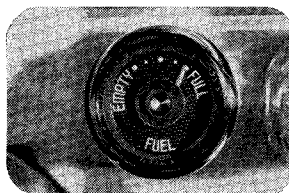
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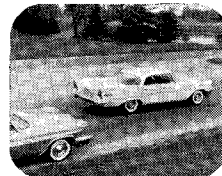
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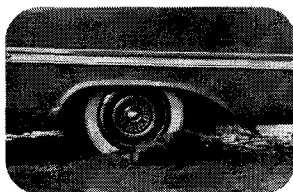
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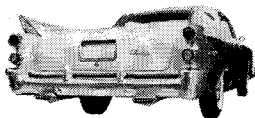
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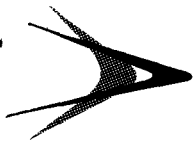
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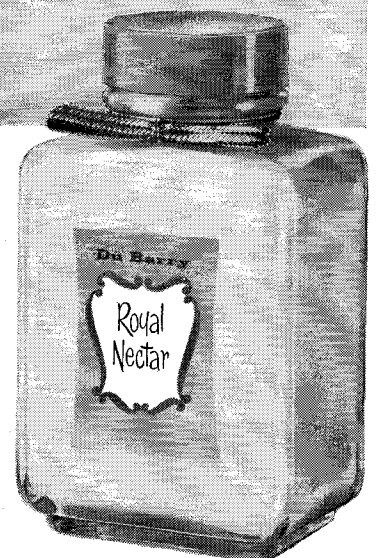
...you can recapture that breathlessly young look!

Just between you and your make-up—precious Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee in a new wonder-working liquid!

Everyone knows the beauty blessings of Royal Jelly—the rich, rare food of the Queen Bee. And now DuBarry gives you this costly substance in an invisible, incredible liquid—Royal Nectar. Just touch on Royal Nectar before make-up. *Instantly* it goes to work on those

tiny age-lines and age-signs! Within a week your skin starts to regain the loveliest look it ever knew. And this look *stays* yours—because Royal Nectar keeps the bloom of a young beauty on your complexion *years longer!*

For complete 24-hour beauty care . . . wear Royal Nectar by day as your special beauty secret under make-up . . . and wear Royal Treatment Cream for the rich beauty benefits of Royal Jelly while you sleep.



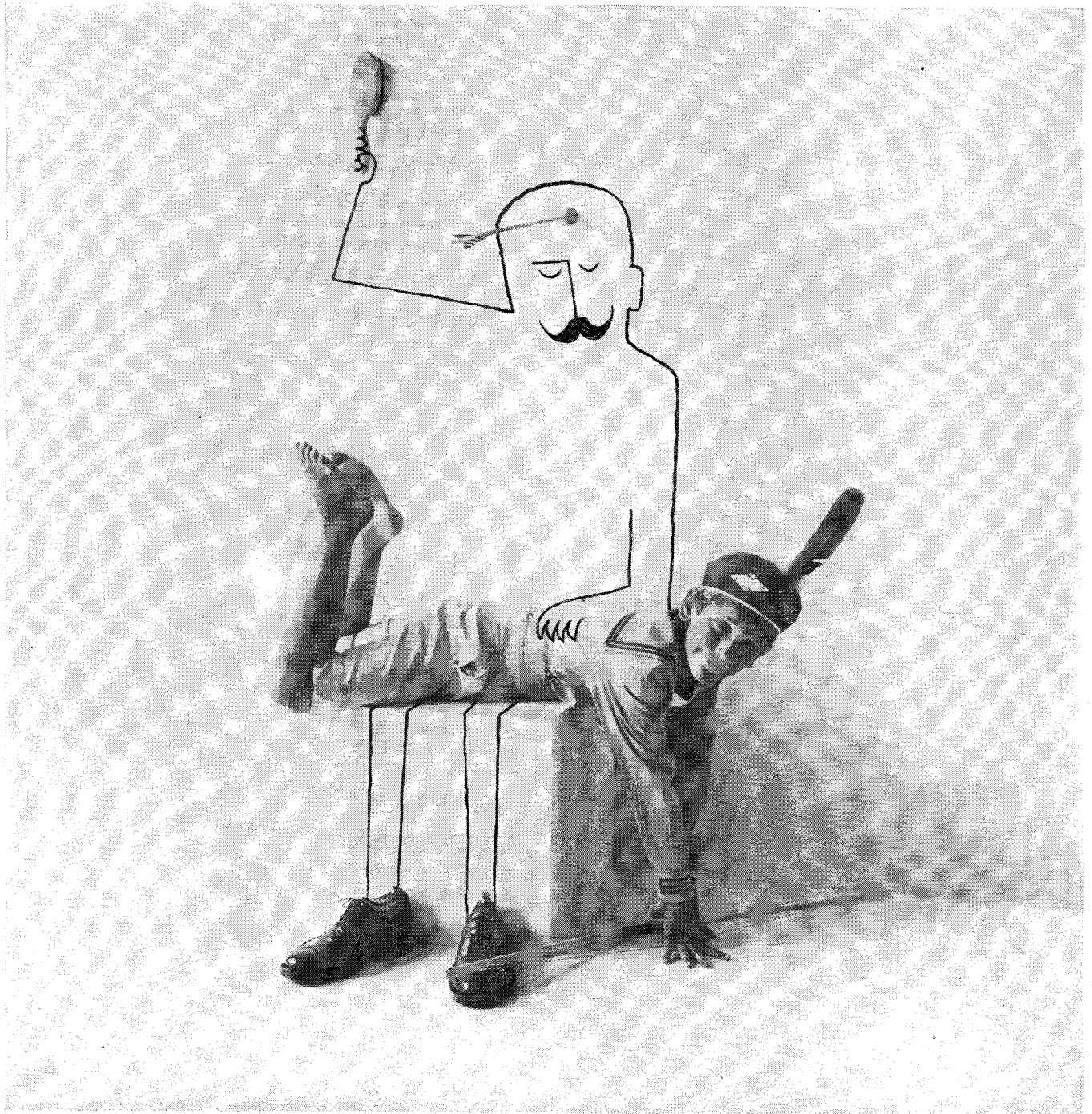
Another hypo-allergenic product from DuBarry

Royal Nectar—\$5.00, \$8.50
Royal Treatment Cream—\$5.00, \$8.50
prices plus tax

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Empress Chinchilla — the precious fur for a precious few



SPARE THE TOIL—AND SPOIL THE CORDOVANS

Cordovan is a stubborn leather. Moulding it to a proper pliancy takes a firm hand, and a skilled one, like Nettleton's. Every pair of Nettleton cordovan shoes, for example, is hand-boned with the shank of an elk. Wielding the shank is a fine art in itself, one that has been proudly passed down through successive generations of Nettleton craftsmen. This hand-boning gives the cordovans suppleness and lustre.

Then each pair of shoes is hand-rubbed to an old-wine finish that merely mellows as the years go by. Handwork such as this makes Nettleton cordovans a pleasure to wear from the first try-on. It also means they take four times longer to turn out than ordinary shoes. Yet they cost but little more. Confirmed cordovan wearers say: it's extravagant to pay less. Nettletons start from \$24.95.

Nettleton



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All *your* yesterdays. . . A gift of diamonds is a bridge for time. . . Beyond all other gifts it stars the cherished moments of a shared lifetime. . . It gives, as nothing else, enduring meaning to all your yesterdays by making them a part of your tomorrows. . . "A diamond is forever."

This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.



½ carat, \$200 to \$475
1 carat, \$550 to \$1200
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Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Prices shown cover range of quotations in October, 1957, by representative jewelers for their top-quality unmounted diamonds. (Federal tax extra.) Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher.

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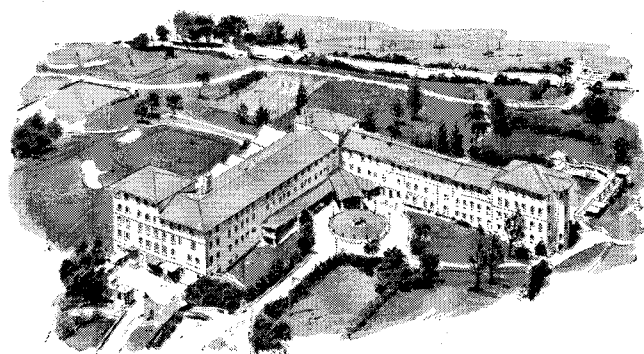
Enjoy a happy holiday in
a sunny mid-Atlantic island

BERMUDA

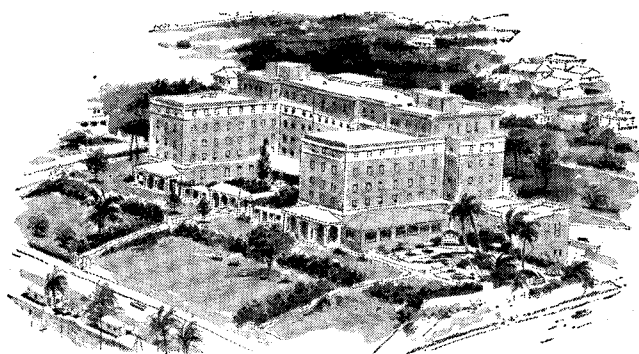
Her famous hotels and guest houses invite you to participate in the gaiety of the season here. Share our very special festive spirit, exchange holiday gifts from Bermuda's unhurried shops, enjoy fine food and friendly service.

Plan your holiday visit now! Daily flights on BOAC, Eastern, Pan American, Trans-Canada Airlines; weekly sailings on Queen of Bermuda and Ocean Monarch.

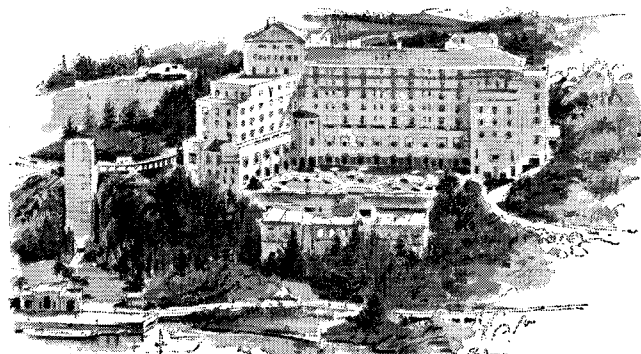
It saves time, costs no more to *plan wisely—with your travel agent!*



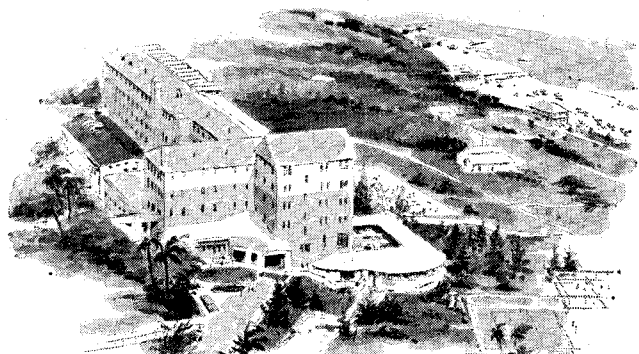
BELMONT MANOR HOTEL and GOLF CLUB is beautifully situated on its own 18-hole course. Swimming at Sapphire Pool or South Shore beach club; tennis. Cycling, picnics, fishing, sailing, water-skiing. 15-minute ferry ride to Hamilton shops. Rooms or suites . . . water or garden view; cottages. Excellent French cuisine. 200 guests.



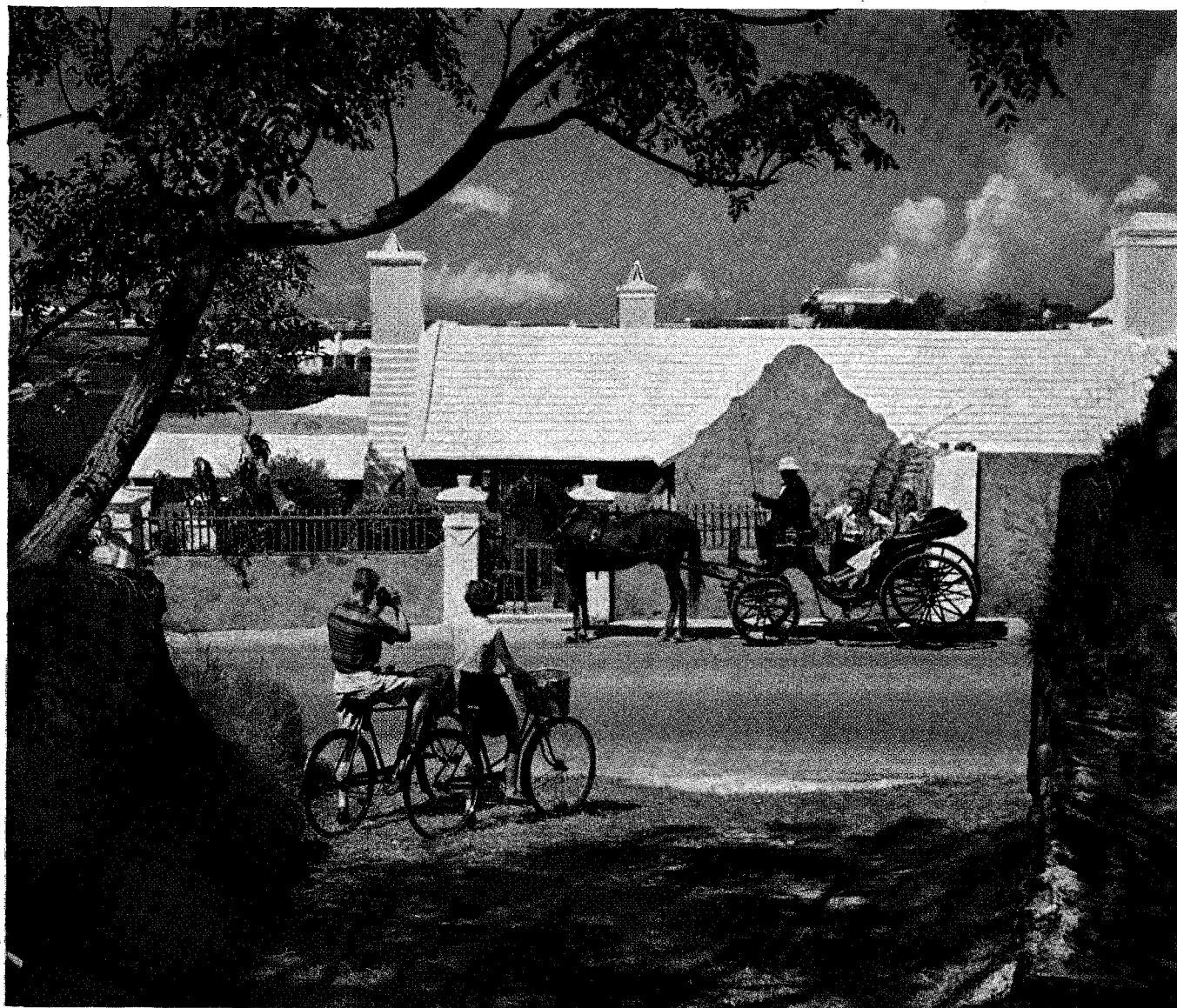
THE BERMUDIANA. Charming hotel in tropical garden estate, two minutes from shopping center of Hamilton. Swimming pool . . . South Shore beach club privileges with complimentary transportation. Dancing in the Sunken Garden or Moon Gate Garden. Attractive accommodations, gracious atmosphere. 300 guests.



CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL. A magnificent building that overlooks Harrington Sound and Castle Harbour, with its own golf course and tennis courts. Swimming pool, private beach, sailing and fishing. Spacious rooms, most with sea view. Dining and public rooms are air-conditioned. French cuisine . . . nightly dancing. 500 guests.



ELBOW BEACH SURF CLUB. One of the most luxurious and best equipped resort estates. Private beach on South Shore. En-tout-cas tennis courts, bicycle livery, Games House. Convenient to golf courses . . . only 10 minutes from Hamilton shopping district. Cocktail bars, nightly dancing featuring Calypso bands. 320 guests.

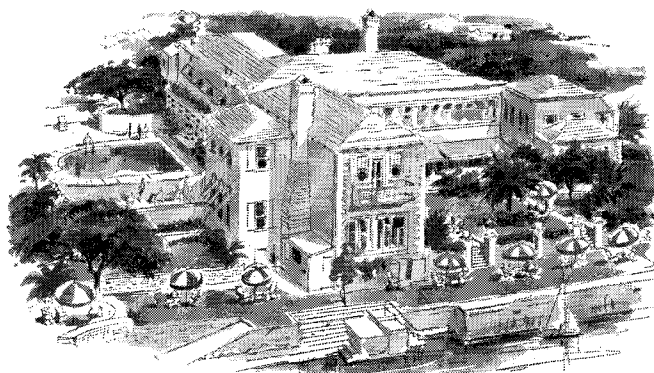


Bermuda is festive now with a holiday air everywhere. Traditional events, Boxing Day, Gombey Dancers, colourful celebrations you'll find nowhere else. Shop and sightsee in days of sunshine, join other guests in evening fun.

For a different vacation, one you'll remember happily for years, come to Bermuda. For our **FREE BERMUDA BROCHURE**, 16 full-color pages, write now to The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



PRINCESS HOTEL and COTTAGE COLONY overlooks Hamilton Harbour . . . colourful Cabana Pool and romantic terrace for dancing at water's edge. Princess launch leaves from your door for sightseeing. Near Hamilton shops. En-tout-cas tennis courts. Entertainment and dancing nightly. 350 guests.



WATERLOO HOUSE, a distinguished guest house more than a hundred years old, has recently added a charming wing and swimming pool. Delightfully secluded garden . . . five minutes walk from Hamilton shopping center. Easily accessible to golf, tennis . . . guest privileges at Coral Beach and Tennis Club. Excellent food. 55 guests.

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"Every time I dip into Ben Franklin's Autobiography my admiration for the man increases. After all, he's our first American success story. And what genius it took to get so much work done...in that cramped, drafty house on Philadelphia's Market Street!

"I asked myself, were he alive today, what kind of office would I design for this many-sided man—printer, inventor, statesman, and business executive? Then I picked up my sketch

pad and here's the result. I even considered a quill pen on his desk, in case he'd prefer it...

"Ben was first of all an individual, with habits and preferences all his own. *And so are you*, in your business life! Why not let me develop for you, through your Executive Furniture Guild member dealer and his staff, an office that reflects *your* individuality—a living and working environment that will become your most rewarding personal possession?"



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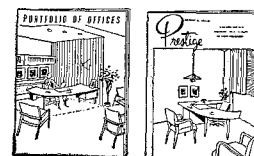
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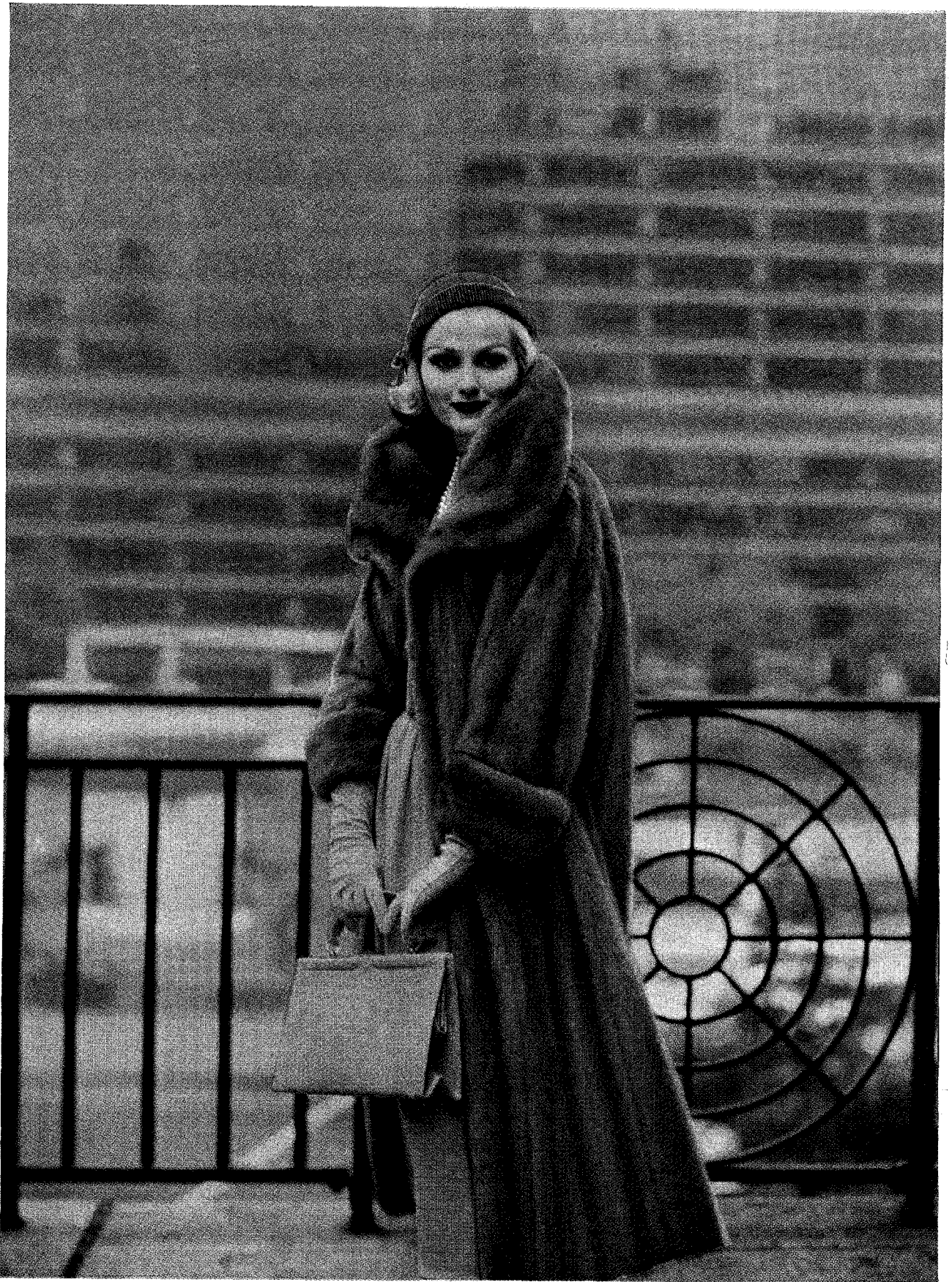
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AUTUMN HAZE ✱

brand, Emba* natural brown mutation mink...

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One of the Emba* royal collection...the magnificent Autumn Haze* brand, takes on new meaning in our glorious greatcoat.

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Photo: Bettman Archive

SOUNDS OF THE CIVIL WAR

If the sight of war is horrendous, its sounds can be strangely moving—especially if the war can give birth to such music as “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,” and the bugle call “Taps.” Here in a memorable new album called *The Union* are songs and sounds of the Northern cause, all superbly reproduced in as near authentic a manner as possible. Raymond Massey is not Lincoln, popular opinion to the contrary, but it is doubtful whether anyone else could deliver the Gettysburg Address with equal realism. Realistic too are the sounds of the 12-pound field pieces recorded at Bull Run. Like its companion piece *The Confederacy*, issued several years ago, *The Union* is magnificently packaged and includes a book in which many extraordinary and seldom seen Civil War photographs are reproduced.

THE UNION available soon.
DL-244 \$10.00



GOULD THE INCREDIBLE

24-year-old, Toronto-born pianist Glenn Gould has been heard only a few times in the U. S. and has made only two records. Yet he is probably the most talked about young artist in the country today. His eccentricities are legendary (at recording sessions he sits at the piano with his shoes off and an electric heater trained on him, soaks his hands in warm water for twenty minutes beforehand). Even more legendary is his playing—flawless, vital, deeply poetic, slightly incredible. You can hear it for yourself in this new album, Gould's first recordings with an orchestra.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major; **BACH:** Piano Concerto No. 1 in D-Minor—Glenn Gould, pianist, with Leonard Bernstein conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
ML 5211 \$2.98 (limited time only)



SRO AT THE WINTER GARDEN

Given a free choice of subjects from which to fashion a Broadway musical, it is unlikely that anyone except Jerome Robbins, Arthur Laurents, Stephen Sondheim and Leonard Bernstein would deliberately choose juvenile delinquency. Yet it is the conflict between a Puerto Rican “gang” on Manhattan's Upper West Side and their Yankee counterpart which is the concern of *West Side Story*, hailed by the critics as the best new show since *My Fair Lady*. It is an almost perfect musical. The score has the feeling of transplanted Puerto Rico, but the expression is pure Bernstein. The performance could not conceivably be improved upon, despite the fact that up to now, none of the actors, singers or dancers has been particularly well-known. Since the seating capacity of the Winter Garden Theatre allows for only 1,494 people per performance, this superb original cast recording may be as close as you'll get to *West Side Story* for some time, and unless we miss our guess, even it may be somewhat hard to get.

WEST SIDE STORY—Original Broadway Cast. OL 5230 \$4.98



THE DANCING

Back in 1953, when agreed that the good of big dance bands forever, we came across an orchestra—the property of two talented brothers, Les and Larry Elgart—that convinced us it wasn't so. We set out to convince everyone else with an Elgart album called *Sophisticated Swing*, and watched (somewhat while it marched briskly to the top of the best-seller list). That was nine Elgart albums ago. Today, Les and Larry (Larry sports the better happy proprietors of most constantly going. Their orchestra plays dates, wins more popular records than any dance band around. The secret: a winning combination of simple, easy-to-follow, flowing sound and inventive arrangements appeal to even the particular ear. They “The Dancing Sound” is the most danceable listenable music that has happened. Here's the

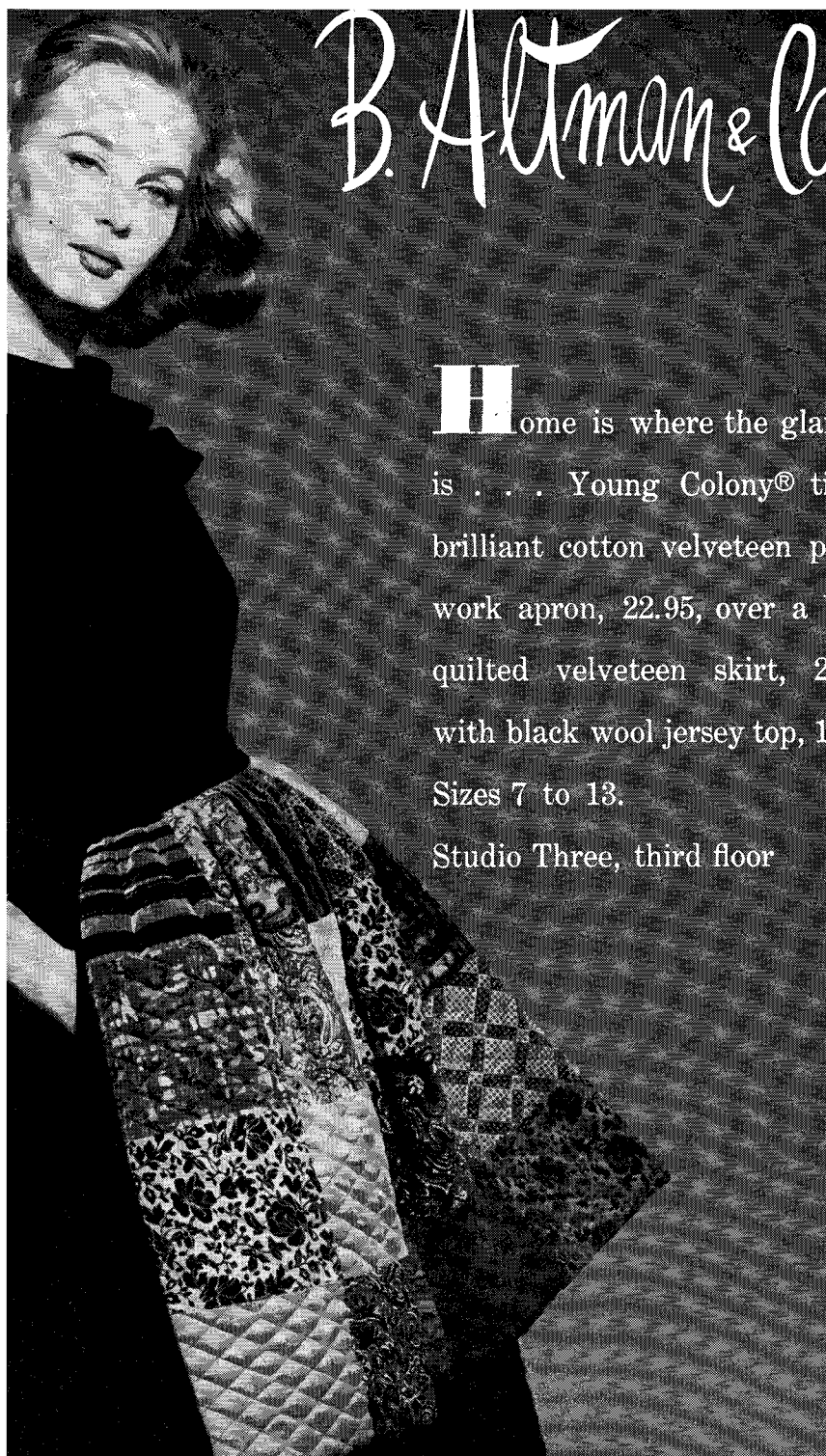
LES AND LARRY ELGART AND THEIR ORCHESTRA
CL 1052 \$3.98

THE SOUND OF GENIUS IS ON

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Home is where the glam
is . . . Young Colony® ti
brilliant cotton velveteen pa
work apron, 22.95, over a b
quilted velveteen skirt, 2
with black wool jersey top, 1
Sizes 7 to 13.

Studio Three, third floor



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A STUDY recently made by the Atomic Energy Commission discloses that any shortening of our lives as a result of fallout "can only be extremely small—a few days at worst." We don't care for the sound of that "at worst." It may be that we and the Russians and the British have to go on testing bombs pending a more tranquil world, but we don't see where a commission—ours or anyone else's—gets off describing any abbreviation of someone's span on earth as "extremely small." That day or two the Commission seems willing to accept from us might be a summer weekend on a sailboat or an autumn evening with a book, or even an argument with our wife on a lovely spring morning, and any one of these, we submit, would be a better way of spending time than lying stone-cold dead in a grave. No, we want those "few days." We want them, in fact, just as much as we do all those thousands of days that the Commission graciously implies we may have.

THE Philadelphia Phillies have been engaged as a television stand-in for New York's departed National League clubs, and the prospect of an electronic home team bothers us. We see unrequited love ahead. What if Willie Jones' batting average gets to mean as much to us as Willie Mays' did? Or if Robin Roberts' pitching worries us the way Johnny Podres' did? If that happens, we'll be eager to see our new heroes in the flesh, and there's the rub. Connie Mack Stadium isn't around the corner; it's ninety miles by rail. Going out to that ballpark won't be a matter of sweeping up some unambitious pal in the office and falling into a cab. It will mean a long, lonesome journey, with the possibility of a

postponed game at the end because we neglected to check Philadelphia weather conditions before leaving sunny Man-



hattan. If the game is played, we can just see ourself, an outlander in a strange park, pestering fans to tell us how much time to allow for making our train back to New York. The more we envision this would-be lark, the more thankful we are that our American League entry is still around, its athletes within easy rooting distance up in the Bronx. We may watch the Phillies on television now and then, but the chances are they'll be playing the San Francisco Giants or the Los Angeles Dodgers when we do.

Hall on Sweepstakes

I AM not, as the saying goes, a bad loser," says a longhand pen-and-ink document lugubriously deposited on our desk by our old-timey operative Hall, who is now installed once more in his apartment, on Murray Hill, after an overextended trip abroad, "but had I drawn the winning horse and received a cash prize of £50,000 as my share of that particular £120,000 prize unit, or had I been the winner of one of the many other prizes I purchased chances on when I lightheartedly bought a ticket on the now over-and-done-with Cambridgeshire, this report of my visit to the headquarters of the Irish Hospitals' Sweepstakes early in October would, I am sure, have been an ebullient, rather than a merely faithful, presentation of the facts and impressions gathered on the

aforementioned visit. So much for that.

"Let me go back to the beginning. When you suggested that I sail for home from Cobh, Ireland, instead of Southampton, England, in order to look in at the headquarters of the Irish Hospitals' Sweepstakes, in Dublin, the capital city of Ireland, and report to you on same, I was astonished but not displeased. Before I approach the subject of this report, however, perhaps you will allow me to describe my journey from London to Dublin. My train went from London to Holyhead with only two stops, arriving there at half past two in the morning. At Holyhead, I boarded a steamship for the crossing to Dunleary, the port of Dublin, and arrived there as the sun came up. Very beautiful and green, I must say, Ireland was at that enchanting hour. From Dunleary a train not equipped to serve refreshments of any sort took me to Dublin in half an hour. That, in brief, was the itinerary. The point I am trying to make is that the train trip from London to Holyhead and the boat trip from Holyhead to Dunleary represent a means of reaching Ireland before one actually sets foot on the shores of the Emerald Isle, because everybody on the train—which, incidentally, is known as the Irish Mail—is, or seems to be, Irish. In any case, no trace of English atmosphere or influence is anywhere to be felt or observed. Refreshments, in the form of tea and sandwiches, whis-



key, and so on, were available in abundance. The serving of these refreshments, however, was accomplished in a most unusual fashion. At about the mid-



"Right. . . . Right. . . . You're right, as always. . . . Goodbye, Nikita."

dle of the twelve-coach train was a small space in which tea was brewed and other drinks were mixed, by one or two attendants. Trays of same would then be handed out to six or seven other attendants, who would make their way down the corridors of the first- and second-class coaches. The passengers, myself included, soon found it was the thing to do, as you might say, to quit the confines of the compartments and stand in the corridors, the better to intercept one of the attendants carrying trays. This necessity led to a great upsurge of merriment and outspokenness, in which friendships were both renewed and formed, the spirits of the passengers being heightened not only by the circumstance of racial homogeneity but also because everybody was going to the same place; that is, to the steamship that would take them to Ireland. Tea and sandwiches were served at intervals of, I should say, about one hour and a half, and everybody, including me, consumed the tea and sandwiches with gusto. In the interims, there were the trays of whiskey, and so

on. The result of this system of serving refreshments was that there was not just one wave of conviviality sweeping over all concerned but successive waves. The ultimate result was what I can describe only as a glow comparable to the glow of the sunrise over Dunleary when the steamship reached that port.

"Now, as for the Irish Sweepstakes, these days not one but three Irish Hospitals' Sweepstakes are run in the course of each year—the Grand National, the Derby, and the Cambridgeshire—and the total amount of money available for distribution as prizes for each event has become so vast that it is divided into £120,000 prize units, and for one pound a single individual may win no more than £50,000, which, of course, is only \$140,000 or thereabouts. The headquarters of the mammoth operation, which is in an outlying section of Dublin called Ballsbridge, is mentioned in publicity material put out by the Sweepstakes people as 'one of the largest office buildings in the world,' but while it may easily become that in time, by

having additional stories erected, it is at present a smart, modernistic two-story structure covering only four acres of ground. Inside, the tickets are handled in bales as they come in from all over the globe, the money is counted, and, finally, the drawings are conducted, by means of the gigantic cylinder and the pretty Irish hospital nurses that are so familiar to many.

"The counting of the money is accomplished in enormous, well-lighted rooms. The ceilings and walls are sound-absorbent, but even if they weren't, it would be a quiet place, like a cathedral or like the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in Washington, which I once visited on a sightseeing spree when I was a college freshman. I find that I noted in my diary at that time that 'there appears to be something about the looking at and handling of vast sums of money not belonging to them that makes clerical personnel in such a place speak in the hushed tones one ordinarily associates with reverence'—and when I came upon that in the diary, I was pleased to note that it exactly, if somewhat immaturely, describes the way the thousands of clerks conduct themselves in Ballsbridge. Through their hard-working hands since 1930 has passed £97,092,442 in prize money, £39,580,067 in money on its way to the Irish hospitals and the Red Cross, and a not inconsiderable but vague number of additional pounds on its way to the three founders of the scheme—a Mr. Joseph McGrath, a Mr. Spencer Freeman, and the late Mr. Richard Duggan. Mr. McGrath and Mr. Freeman are ingenious Dubliners who are now also extraordinarily substantial, having Rolls-Royces and children who ride about in the same make of motorcar. Mr. McGrath, Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Duggan thought up the idea as a means of benefiting the hospitals and, in exchange for government sanction and so forth, put up the capital to guarantee the first sweepstake, stipulating that they would require a certain percentage of the total amount of money taken in to pay for the cost of running it, and also to pay themselves for their time and trouble. To indicate how far beyond their dreams was the reality, I need only mention that their share proved to be so great that they refused to accept all of it and turned some of it back to the hospitals, and they have ever since refused to accept the full percentage to which they are legally entitled. As an irreverent Dublin friend of mine, who shall be nameless, remarked to me one

evening in the Shelbourne bar, 'If they were glad to turn back a percentage of their percentage in 1930, when the total take was £549,383, think, man, with what pleasure they turned back the same percentage of their percentage of the Derby sweep last June, for example, when the total take was £3,810,233!' I was told all over Dublin that these skillful and lucky gentlemen are of the finest, most upstanding type, and nobody holds against them the fact that they have done so well out of their idea. People only laugh at the paradoxical side of it all—especially at the quandary these gentlemen found themselves in when they not only had to agree that they would be ashamed to take the entire percentage coming to them but also had to agree among themselves precisely how much to keep and how much to give back in order to feel good. I must say I thank God I have no such worries."

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: The lunch parlor called Meat 'n taters, at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, is featuring "From Hungary, Roumanian Tenderloin Steak."

Citizen

ADLAI E. STEVENSON was in town not long ago, and we went around late one afternoon to have a chat with him, at the Savoy-Plaza. We found him in Room 1024, in his shirt-sleeves, stretched out on a bed, reading his mail. Mountains of papers were stacked on a nearby desk, and an open valise rested on an adjoining bed. The phone was ringing. "Please sit down there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite the bed. He picked up the phone and took the call. We sat down and took a look at him. He has put on some weight since the campaign, but he looked fine. "Certainly, certainly," he said, into the phone. "Friday would be splendid." He hung up.

"I am sorry," he said to us. "California. I would find it hard to tell you how busy I am these days. I am a lawyer at heart, and I am in the law these days, and really and truly I love it. My Lord, I'm busy! It's like being a candidate. I fly everywhere. My principal residence is in Chicago, but I may be in St. Louis one day, then in Washington, then in New York. Planes, planes, planes. Some nights only five hours of sleep. Always on the move, it seems to me. And then I'll go to Cambridge and see my boys; I'm divorced, you know, and I have a deep concern for their education. Really, my life is movement. During the campaign—the last one—I don't think I slept in the same bed any two nights for ten whole months. I never cancelled for illness. I never missed a connection. I include the primaries. I have deep feelings about those primaries. I have strong views on them. Only twenty-five per cent of the voters are represented, and you have to perform so much to prove yourself. Primaries! I guess I went into every state except South Carolina, Texas, Alabama, Georgia, and, yes, Mississippi. I darn near got killed when a car I was in

turned over in the snow in Oregon. And always working, and talking, and flying, and seeing the press, and writing. It was a wearing, ghastly thing, and yet you try to maintain your dignity throughout. My correspondence these days is enormous, and I try to have a great deal of it handled by my staff, back in Chicago. And the phone calls! Someone wants to meet someone who might have a job; someone else wants me to make a speech. I make a lot of speeches. I've just got back from Princeton, for example. Stimulating and exciting. It was a conference on the emergence of sub-Sahara Africa. I have made several trips to South Africa recently, for clients, and have been to French West Africa, Kenya, Uganda, and Ghana. The whole continent fascinates me. Africa is very much on my mind. I spoke in Columbia, Missouri, on Africa, and in the audience there was a man from Ghana, and a Cambridge University graduate from Rhodesia. Small world."

Mr. Stevenson stretched his arms over his head. "I am interested in all sorts of things," he said. "There's so much to do. I am fascinated with the



"I was just seeing if the red light on the dashboard works when you go over the prescribed speed."

use of audio-visual aids in education. Think of what can be done with films in medical education! Think of the possibilities of teaching physiology, for example, by film! I spoke recently to a group of doctors about it. Education in general, of course, fascinates me. So much to be done! When I was Governor of Illinois, I asked for, and got, a one-hundred-per-cent increase in state aid for education. Rather than have seven education boards in the state, I tried to consolidate them into one Board of Regents. Hell, it isn't just books or bricks or mortar; it's what they're *teaching* that matters. But mostly it's the law that concerns me now. I don't have enough time for the theatre these days. I'm busy, thank heaven, and I'm alive, and I'm part of my generation. It's wonderful to be of some use." He rose from the bed, and crossed the room to the desk. "I've got to do my homework," he said. He smiled at us, and he didn't look the least bit tired.

Dream Street

A LADY who is a keen-eyed observer of the passing parade reports that while looking out the window of a stalled-in-traffic Madison Avenue bus the other day she saw a ragged chap shuffle up to a trash basket and retrieve a discarded newspaper. He rummaged some more, pulled out a Manila envelope, put the newspaper inside it, and—envelope under arm—moved on up the avenue, at a brisk, ad man's pace.

Personal

ONE day last week, we found ourselves in a welter of Dufys, Gauguins, Monets, Matisses, Picassos, Pissarros, Renoirs, Vlamincks, Bonnard, and Vuillards. How come? Well, the Parke-Bernet Galleries, which is auctioning off the Georges Lurcy collection of a hundred and twenty modern French paintings and drawings, along with a choice assortment of objets d'art—Chinese porcelains, Italian majolica, Oriental rugs, and so on—and eighteenth-century French furniture, this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, expects the sale to be the event not of the season but, nationally speaking, of all time. "No previous assemblage of major works by Impressionist and School of Paris artists of such superior quality has ever been offered

at public auction in this country," its press release depose, while Dr. Alfred M. Frankfurter, editor of *Art News*, in a foreword that graces the sale's two-volume de-luxe catalogue, writes:

The collection of Georges Lurcy was acquired over a period of about thirty-five years in France and the United States. Each acquisition was in its own way an embodiment of his high spirit and enthusiasm tempered by inborn flair and self-instructed knowledge... While his collection of nineteenth and twentieth century French paintings and eighteenth century French decorative art is, of course, not the largest in either field brought together in the United States in recent years, its own level of quality has not been surpassed in this country in this time.

What could we do but traipse up to Parke-Bernet and take in a preview of some of these high-spirited treasures? We hoped to learn something about Mr. Lurcy, who died, in his early sixties, in 1953, and we were in luck. Over highballs and hot-curry canapés (art's handmaiden is the collation) and under Monet's "Femme dans un Jardin," we bagged Dr. Frankfurter and two out of a possible three Lurcy trustees—the Messrs. Stanley J. Halle, of the venerable brokerage firm of Halle & Stieglitz, and Abraham L. Bienstock, who is also the attorney for the estate.

"I invited Georges to join our firm, as a partner, in 1950," Mr. Halle said. "He'd been a broker on the Paris

Bourse, and came to America in 1939, a few months before the fall of France. He came here as a mature banker. In 1937, he had married a North Carolina girl, whom he met in Paris, and he settled first in his wife's part of the country. He was independently well off—part of his fortune was in American securities—and studied economics at the University of North Carolina, I think to keep his mind occupied. Got a Master's degree there. Extraordinarily fertile mind! One day, the professor asked him to take the chair."

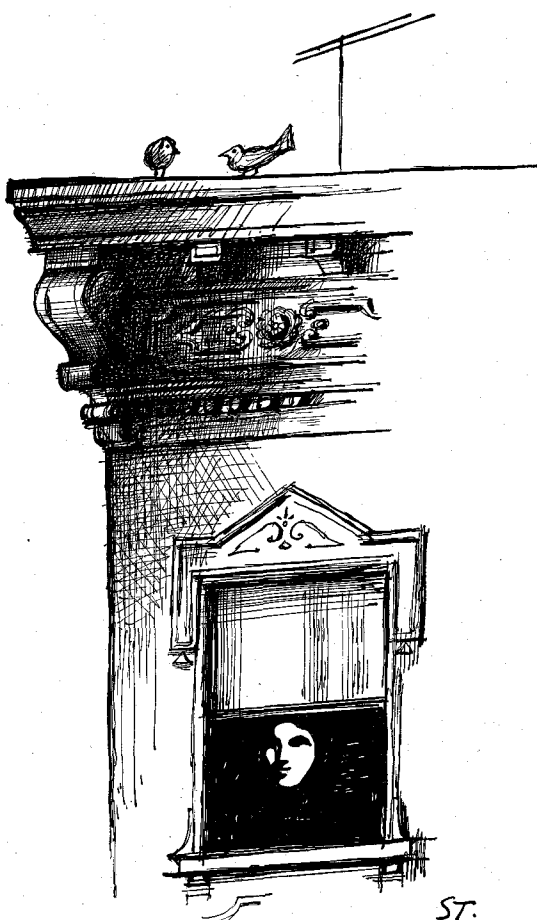
"Orphan," said Dr. Frankfurter. "Educated by the Fondation Rothschild."

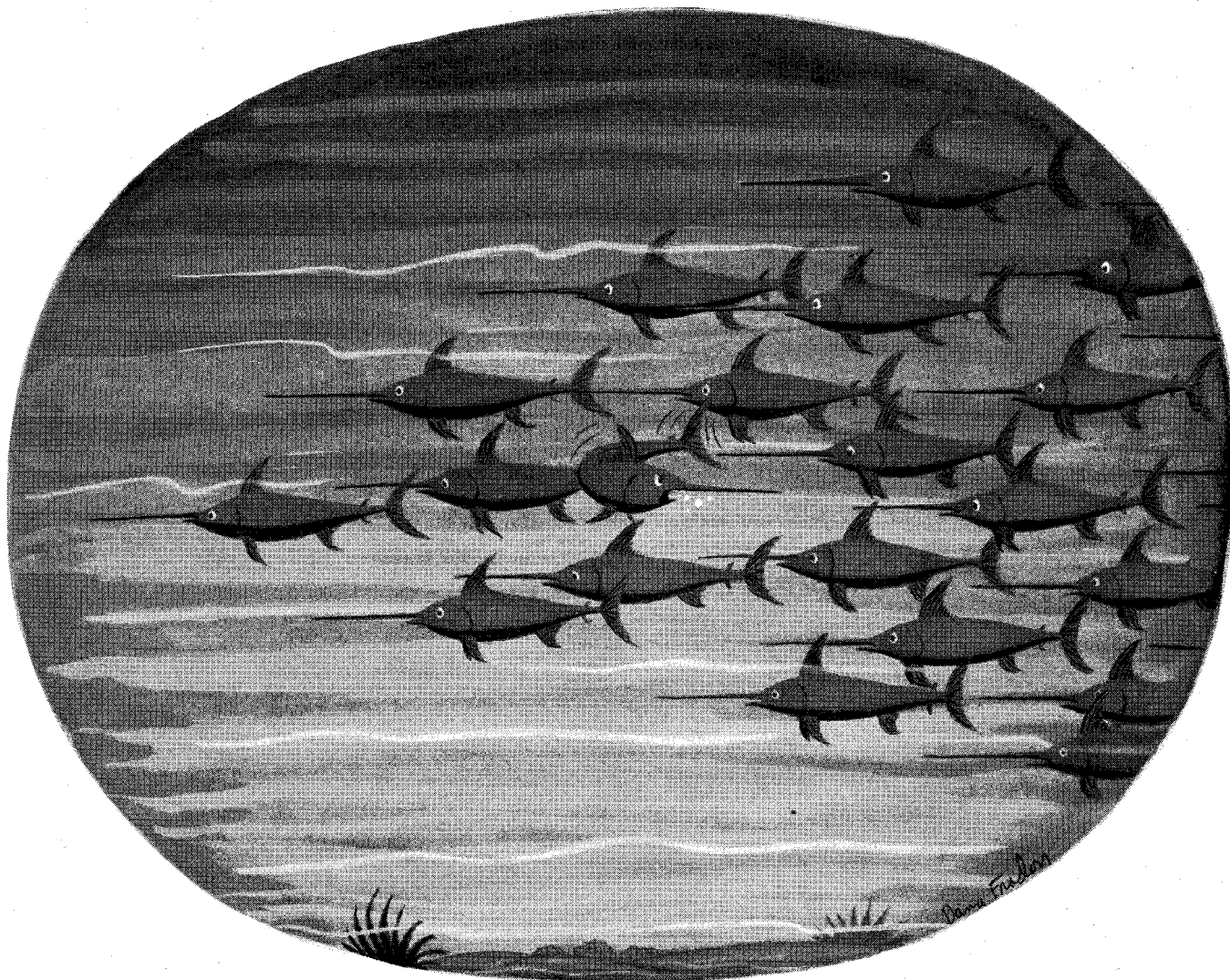
"No, no," said Mr. Halle. "His father died, but he had a mother. Great sense of humor. He even laughed at himself. One of the best-educated men I've ever known, a walking encyclopedia, but he always wanted to appear a debonair guy."

"Well, he was a broker to the Rothschilds," Dr. Frankfurter said. "I met him through one of the Rothschilds. He led a thoroughly unconventional life, for a banker. Good shot. Marvellous wine cellar. Really a very *bon vivant*. Great friend of Henry Bernstein, the playwright. He had a house at 813 Fifth Avenue, next to the Baches, and a place at Huntington, and he bought Ram Island, near Southampton. Duck shooting. The ducks came over from Gardiners Island. He had a marvellous, certain eye for paintings. Started collecting in the nineteen-twenties. Never made a mistake. The Germans got his collection, which he hadn't been able to ship out of France, but it was recovered after the war. Considerably increased since. Terribly *personal* pictures, not showy. He upgraded constantly. He swapped pictures all the time. The collection was always in flux. He'd get out from under if he didn't like a picture or tired of it. Not a single corny picture."

"The estate, including the proceeds from this sale, goes to the widow in trust, and will then be assigned by the trustees to charitable and educational institutions," Mr. Bienstock said. "Died childless. You know, I don't think he ever thought of himself as a collector."

"An *amateur*, in the French sense," said Dr. Frankfurter. "I was walking along Fifth Avenue one day, and there was a tapping at a second-floor window. It was





"Ouch, damn it!"

Lurcy, in his house. "I have a new picture!" he called down. I went up. It was the little Vuillard of the Tuileries. He was full of excitement."

"He learned about American railroad securities at Chapel Hill," Mr. Halle said. "He'd talk pictures all evening, but he'd mix it with Atchison, Topeka. He was always beautifully dressed. He had a great vision for Wall Street. He had a feel in his tentacles."

We were joined by Mr. Leslie A. Hyam, president of Parke-Bernet, and Mr. Louis J. Marion, its chief auctioneer and executive vice-president.

"We've had requests for more reservations for the opening night than the place will hold," Mr. Hyam said.

"We'll have eight hundred and fifty in the main salesroom and as many more in three supplementary salesrooms, which will have closed-circuit television on six-by-eight-foot screens," Mr. Marion said. "Assistant auctioneers in these rooms will relay bids to me over audio communication. They've had

television at Sotheby's, in London, but never here. We'll have lines of Pinkerton men. The bidding will certainly be spirited. I usually start bids at one-fourth of value, but this time I'll start at half. One hundred thousand dollars for a two-hundred-thousand-dollar picture."

"There's a substantial estate outside of the pictures," Mr. Bienstock said.

"First American sale to attract European dealers since the war," Dr. Frankfurter said. "Usually, it's the other way round. Look at that Gauguin 'Femme au Voile Rouge et Soleils'! Martinique influence. The figure is more West Indian than Polynesian. Beginning of the style that five years later became the Tahitian style."

A lady wearing a red-and-white hockey cap joined us. "There's a great preponderance of water in these pictures," she said.

"There's a great preponderance of water in the valley of the Seine, where the Impressionists painted," Dr. Frankfurter replied. "I think you need the re-

fraction of light by water. I think locales produce painters, not painters locales. Think of Venice! Think of Amsterdam! The Seine steadily widens as it goes to join the sea. What a lovely hat you're wearing!"

We drank a glass of water, and left.

Field Order

AS a postscript to Halloween, we offer this communication from one nine-year-old girl to another, next door, which was discovered by the latter's mother after the instructions had been carried out:

ANNE:

1. Hide behind *big* green sofa.
2. As I go like this with my horn (do do) you start in with yours like this (whooo). Make it ghostly.
3. When I give a long last blow ending like this (whooo do do) we start to crawl out. As they enter the door we prance upon them.
4. I will show you how to prance upon them before hand.

PATRICIA

THE TROUBLE OF MARCIE FLINT

"THIS is being written aboard the S.S. Augustus, three days at sea. My suitcase is full of peanut butter, and I am a fugitive from the suburbs of all large cities. What holes! The suburbs, I mean. God preserve me from the camaraderie of commuting trains, and even from the lovely ladies taking in their asters and their roses at dusk lest the frost kill them, and from ladies with their heads whirling with civic zeal. I'm off to Torino, where the girls love peanut butter and the world is a man's castle and..." There was absolutely nothing wrong with the suburb (Shady Hill) from which Charles Flint was fleeing, his age is immaterial, and he was no stranger to Torino, having been there for three months recently on business.

"God preserve me," he continued, "from women who dress like *toreros* to go to the supermarket, and from cowhide dispatch cases, and from flannels and gabardines. Preserve me from word games and adulterers, from basset hounds and swimming pools and frozen canapés and Bloody Marys and smugness and syringa bushes and P.-T.A. meetings." On and on he wrote, while the Augustus, travelling at seventeen knots, took a course due east; they would raise the Azores in a day.

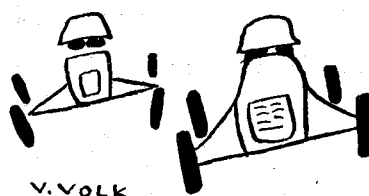
Like all bitter men, Flint knew less than half the story and was more interested in unloading his own peppery feelings than in learning the truth. Marcie, the wife from whom he was fleeing, was a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman—not young by any stretch of the imagination but gifted with great stores of feminine sweetness and gallantry. She had not told her neighbors that Charlie had left her; she had not even called her lawyer; but she had fired the cook, and she now took a south-southwest course between the stove and the sink, cooking the children's supper. It was not in her to review the past, as her husband would, or to inspect the forces that could put an ocean between a couple who had been cheerfully married for fifteen years. There had been, she felt, a slight difference in their points of view during his recent absence on business, for while he always wrote that he missed her, he also wrote that he was dining at the Superga six nights a week and having a wonderful time. He had only planned to be away for six weeks, and when this stretched out to three months, she found that it was something to be borne.

Her neighbors had stood by her handsomely during the first weeks, but

she knew, herself, that an odd woman can spoil a dinner party, and as Flint continued to stay away, she found that she had more and more lonely nights to get through. Now, there were two aspects to the night life of Shady Hill; there were the parties, of course, and then there was another side—a regular Santa Claus's workshop of madrigal singers, political discussion groups, recorder groups, dancing schools, confirmation classes, committee meetings, and lectures on literature, philosophy, city planning, and pest control. The bright banner of stars in heaven has probably never before been stretched above such a picture of nocturnal industry. Marcie, having a sweet, clear voice, joined a madrigal group that met on Thursdays and a political workshop that met on Mondays. Once she made herself available, she was sought as a committeewoman, although it was hard to say why; she almost never opened her mouth. She finally accepted a position on the Village Council, in the third month of Charlie's absence, mostly to keep herself occupied.

Virtuousness, reason, civic zeal, and loneliness all contributed to poor Marcie's trouble. Charlie, far away in Torino, could imagine her well enough standing in their lighted doorway on the evening of his return, but could he imagine her groping under the bed for the children's shoes or pouring bacon fat into an old soup can? "Daddy has to stay in Italy in order to make the money to buy the things we need," she told the children. But when Charlie called her from abroad, as he did once a week, he always seemed to have been drinking. Regard this sweet woman, then, singing "Hodie Christus Natus Est," studying Karl Marx, and sitting on a hard chair at meetings of the Village Council.

IF there was anything really wrong with Shady Hill, anything that you could put your finger on, it was the fact that the village had no public library—no foxed copies of Pascal, smelling of cabbage; no broken sets of Dostoevski and George Eliot; no Galsworthy, even; no Barrie and no Bennett. This was the chief concern of the Village Council during Marcie's term.



The library partisans were mostly newcomers to the village; the opposition whip was Mrs. Selfredge, a member of the Council and a very decorous woman, with blue eyes of astonishing brilliance and inexpressiveness. Mrs. Selfredge often spoke of the chosen quietness of their life. "We never go out," she would say, but in such a way that she seemed to be expressing not some choice but a deep vein of loneliness. She was married to a wealthy man much older than herself, and they had no children; indeed, the most indirect mention of sexual fact brought a deep color to Mrs. Selfredge's face. She took the position that a library belonged in that category of public service that might make Shady Hill attractive to a development. This was not blind prejudice. Carsen Park, the next village, had let a development inside its boundaries, with disastrous results to the people already living there. Their taxes had been doubled, their schools had been ruined. That there was any connection between reading and real estate was disputed by the partisans of the library, until a horrible murder—three murders, in fact—took place in one of the cheesebox houses in the Carsen Park development, and the library project was buried with the victims.

From the terraces of the Superga you can see all of Torino and the snow-covered mountains around, and a man drinking wine there might not think of his wife attending a meeting of the Village Council. This was a board of ten men and two women, headed by the Mayor, who screened the projects that came before them. The Council met in the Civic Center, an old mansion that had been picked up for back taxes. The board room had been the parlor. Easter eggs had been hidden here, children had pinned paper tails on paper donkeys, fires had burned on the hearth, and a Christmas tree had stood in the corner; but once the house had become the property of the village, a conscientious effort seems to have been made to exorcise these gentle ghosts. Raphael's self-portrait and the pictures of the Broken Bridge at Avignon and the Avon at Stratford were taken down and the walls were painted a depressing shade of green. The fireplace remained, but the flue was sealed up and the bricks were spread with green paint. A track of fluorescent tubing across the ceiling threw a withering light down into the faces of the Village Council members and made them all look haggard and tired. The room made Marcie uncomfortable. In its harsh light her sweetness was unavail-

ing, and she felt not only bored but somehow painfully estranged.

On this particular night they discussed water taxes and parking meters, and then the Mayor brought up the public library for the last time. "Of course, the issue is closed," he said, "but we've heard everyone all along, on both sides. There's one more man who wants to speak to us, and I think we ought to hear him. He comes from Maple Dell." Then he opened the door from the board room into the corridor and let Noel Mackham in.

Now, the neighborhood of Maple Dell was more like a development than anything else in Shady Hill. It was the kind of place where the houses stand cheek by jowl, all of them white frame, all of them built twenty years ago, and parked beside each was a car that seemed more substantial than the house itself, as if this were a fragment of some nomadic culture. And it was a kind of spawning ground, a place for bearing and raising the young and for nothing else—for who would ever come back to Maple Dell? Who, in the darkest night, would ever think with longing of the three upstairs bedrooms and the leaky toilet and the sour-smelling halls? Who would ever come back to the little living room where you couldn't swing a cat around without knocking down the colored photograph of Mount Rainier? Who would ever come back to the uncomfortable overstuffed easy chair and the obsolete TV set and the bent ashtray with its pressed-steel statue of a naked woman doing a scarf dance?

"I understand that the business is closed," Mackham said, "but I just wanted to go on record as being in favor of a public library. It's been on my conscience."

He was not much of an advocate for anything. He was tall. His hair had begun an erratic recession, leaving him with some sparse fluff to comb over his bald brow. His features were angular; his skin was bad. There were no deep notes to his voice. Its range seemed confined to a delicate hoarseness—a monotonous and laryngitic sound that aroused in Marcie, as if it had been some kind of Hungarian music, feelings



"It's always the same story. As a kid, I just missed making Eagle Scout. In college, I came within an inch of making All-America. Over and over again it's been the same thing. Now, because of just one lousy million dollars, 'Fortune' leaves me off its list of the seventy-six richest Americans."

of irritable melancholy. "I just wanted to say a few words in favor of a public library," he rasped. "When I was a kid we were poor. There wasn't much good about the way we lived, but there was this Carnegie Library. I started going there when I was about eight. I guess I went there regularly for ten years. I read everything—philosophy, novels, technical books, poetry, ships' logs. I even read a cookbook. For me, this library amounted to the difference between life and death. It meant the difference between success and failure. When I remember the thrill I used to get out of cracking a good book, I just hate to think of bringing my kids up in a place where there isn't any library."

"Well, of course we know what you mean," Mayor Simmons said. "But I don't think that's quite the question. The question is not one of denying books to children. Most of us in Shady Hill have libraries of our own."

Mark Barrett got to his feet. "And I'd like to throw in a word about poor boys and reading, if I might," he said, in a voice so full of color and virility that everyone smiled. "I was a poor boy myself," he said cheerfully, "and I'm not ashamed to say so, and I'd just like to throw in—for what it's worth—that I never put my nose inside a public library, except to get out

of the rain, or maybe follow a pretty girl. I just don't want anybody to be left with the impression that a public library is the road to success."

"I didn't say that a public library was the road to—"

"Well, you implied it!" Barrett shouted, and he seated himself with a big stir. His chair creaked, and by bulging his muscles a little he made his garters, braces, and shoes all sound.

"I only wanted to say—" Mackham began again.

"You implied it!" Barrett shouted.

"Just because you can't read," Mackham said, "it doesn't follow—"

"Damn it, man, I didn't say that I couldn't read!" Barrett was on his feet again.

"Please, gentlemen! Please! Please!" Mayor Simmons said. "Let's keep our remarks temperate."

"I'm not going to sit here and have someone who lives in Maple Dell tell me the reason he's such a hot rock is because he read a lot of books!" Barrett shouted. "Books have their place. I won't deny it. But no book ever helped me to get where I am, and from where I am I can spit on Maple Dell. As for my kids, I want them out in the fresh air playing ball, not reading cookbooks."

"Please, Mark. Please," the Mayor said. And then he turned to Mrs. Self-



redge and asked her to move that the meeting be adjourned.

"MY day, my hour, my moment of revelation," Charlie wrote, in his sun-deck cabin on the *Augustus*, "came on a Sunday, when I had been home eight days. Oh God, was I happy! I spent most of the day putting up storm windows, and I like working on my house. Things like putting up storm windows. When the work was done, I put the ladder away and grabbed a towel and my swimming trunks and walked over to the Townsends' swimming pool. They were away, but the pool hadn't been drained. I put on my trunks and dove in and I remember seeing—way, way way up in the top of one of the pine trees—a brassière that I guess the Townsend kids had snatched and heaved up there in midsummer, the screams of dismay from their victim having long since been carried away on the west wind. The water was very cold, and blood pressure or some other medical reason may have accounted for the fact that when I got out of the pool and dressed I was nearly busting with happiness. I walked back to the house, and when I stepped inside it was so quiet that I wondered if anything had gone wrong. It was not an ominous silence—it was just that I wondered why the clock should sound so loud. Then I went upstairs and found Marcie asleep in our bedroom. She was covered with a light wrap that had slipped from her shoulders and breasts. Then I heard Henry and Katie's voices, and I went to the back bedroom window. This looked out onto the garden, where a gravel path that needed weeding went up a little hill. Henry and Katie were there. Katie was scratching in the gravel with a stick—some message of love, I guess. Henry had one of those broad-winged planes—talismanic planes, really—made of balsa wood and

propelled by a rubber band. He twisted the band by turning the propeller, and I could see his lips moving as he counted. Then, when the rubber was taut, he set his feet apart in the gravel, like a marksman—Katie watched none of this—and sent the plane up. The wings of the plane were pale in the early dark, and then I saw it climb out of the shade up to where the sun washed it with yellow light. With not much more force than a moth, it soared and circled and meandered and came slowly down again into the shade and crashed on the peony hedge. 'I got it up again!' I heard Henry shout. 'I got it up into the light.' Katie went on writing her message in the dirt. And then, like some trick in the movies, I saw myself as my son, standing in a like garden and sending up out of the dark a plane, an arrow, a tennis ball, a stone—anything—while my sister drew hearts in the gravel. The memory of how deep this impulse to reach into the light had been completely charmed me, and I watched the boy send the plane up again and again.

"Then, still feeling very springy and full of fun, I walked back toward the door, stopping to admire the curve of Marcie's breasts and deciding, in a blaze of charity, to let her sleep. I felt so good that I needed a drink—not to pick me up but to dampen my spirits—a libation, anyhow—and I poured some whiskey in a glass. Then I went into the kitchen to get some ice, and I noticed that ants had got in somehow. This was surprising, because we never had much trouble with ants. Spiders, yes. Before the equinoctial hurricanes—even before the barometer had begun to fall—the house seemed to fill up with spiders, as if they sensed the trouble in the air. There would be spiders in the bathtubs and spiders in the living room and spiders in the kitchen, and, walking down the long upstairs hallway before a storm, you could sometimes feel the

thread of a web break against your face. But we had had almost no trouble with ants. Now, on this autumn afternoon, thousands of ants broke out of the kitchen woodwork and threw a double line across the drainboard and into the sink, where there seemed to be something they wanted.

"I found some ant poison at the back of the broom-closet shelf, a little jar of brown stuff that I'd bought from Timmons in the village years ago. I put a generous helping of this into a saucer and put it on the drainboard. Then I took my drink and a piece of the Sunday paper out onto the terrace in front of the house. The house faced west, so I had more light than the children, and I felt so happy that even the news in the papers seemed cheerful. No kings had been assassinated in the rainy back streets of Marseille; no storms were brewing in the Balkans; no clerks were brewing in the Englishman—the admiration of his landlady and his aunts—had dissolved the remains of a young lady in an acid bath; no jewels, even, had been stolen. And that sometime power of the Sunday paper to evoke an anxious, rain-wet world of fallen crowns and inevitable war seemed gone. Then the sun withdrew from my paper and from the chair where I sat, and I wished I had put on a sweater.

"It was late in the season—the salt of change was in the air—and this tickled me too. Last Sunday, or the Sunday before, the terrace would have been flooded with light. Then I thought about other places where I would like to be—Nantucket, with only a handful of people left and the sailing fleet depleted and the dunes casting, as they never do in the summer, a dark shadow over the bathing beach. And I thought about the Vineyard and the farina-colored bluffs and the purple autumn sea and that stillness in which you might hear, from way out in the Sound, the



rasp of a block on a traveller as a sailboat there came about. I tasted my whiskey and gave my paper a shake, but the view of the golden light on the grass and the trees was more compelling than the news, and now mixed up with my memories of the sea islands was the whiteness of Marcie's thighs.

"Then I was seized by some intoxicating pride in the hour, by the joy and the naturalness of my relationship to the scene, and by the ease with which I could put my hands on what I needed. I thought again of Marcie sleeping and that I would have my way there soon—it would be a way of expressing this pride. And then, listening for the voices of my children and not hearing them, I decided to celebrate the hour as it passed. I put the paper down and ran up the stairs. Marcie was still sleeping and I stripped off my clothes and lay down beside her, waking her from what seemed to be a pleasant dream, for she smiled and drew me to her."

TO get back to Marcie and her trouble: She put on her coat after the meeting was adjourned and said, "Good night. Good night. . . . I'm ex-

pecting him home next week." She was not easily upset, but she suddenly felt that she had looked straight at stupidity and unfairness. Going down the stairs behind Mackham, she felt a powerful mixture of pity and sympathy for the stranger and some clear anger toward her old friend Mark Barrett. She wanted to apologize, and she stopped Mackham in the door and said that she had some cheerful memories of her own involving a public library.

As it happened, Mrs. Selfredge and Mayor Simmons were the last to leave the board room. The Mayor waited, with his hand on the light switch, for Mrs. Selfredge, who was putting on her white gloves. "I'm glad the library's over and done with," he said. "I have a few misgivings, but right now I'm against anything public, anything that would make this community attractive to a development." He spoke with feeling, and at the word "development" a ridge covered with identical houses rose in his mind. It seemed wrong to him that the houses he imagined should be identical and that they should be built of green wood and false stone. It seemed wrong to him that young cou-

ples should begin their lives in an atmosphere that lacked grace, and it seemed wrong to him that the rows of houses could not, for long, preserve their slender claim on propriety and would presently become unsightly tracts. "Of course, it isn't a question of keeping children from books," he repeated. "We all have libraries of our own. There isn't any problem. I suppose you were brought up in a house with a library?"

"Oh yes, yes," said Mrs. Selfredge. The Mayor had turned off the light, and the darkness covered and softened the lie she had told. Her father had been a Brooklyn patrolman, and there had not been a book in his house. He had been an amiable man—not very sweet-smelling—who talked to all the children on his beat. Slovenly and jolly, he had spent the years of his retirement drinking beer in the kitchen in his underwear, to the deep despair and shame of his only child.

The Mayor said good night to Mrs. Selfredge on the sidewalk, and standing there she overheard Marcie speaking to Mackham. "I'm terribly sorry about Mark, about what he said," Marcie said. "We've all had to put up with him at

one time or another. But why don't you come back to my house for a drink? Perhaps we could get the library project moving again."

So it wasn't over and done with, Mrs. Selfredge thought indignantly. They wouldn't rest until Shady Hill was nothing but developments from one end to the other. The colorless, hard-pressed people of the Carsen Park project, with their flocks of children, and their monthly interest payments, and their picture windows, and their view of identical houses and treeless, muddy, unpaved streets seemed to threaten her most cherished concepts—her lawns, her pleasures, her property rights, even her self-esteem.

Mr. Selfredge, an intelligent and elegant old gentleman, was waiting up for his Little Princess and she told him her troubles. Mr. Selfredge had retired from the banking business—mercifully, for whenever he stepped out into the world today he was confronted with the deterioration of those qualities of responsibility and initiative that had made the world of his youth selective, vigorous, and healthy. He knew a great deal about Shady Hill—he even recognized Mackham's name. "The bank holds the mortgage on his house," he said. "I remember when he applied for it. He

works for a textbook company in New York that has been accused by at least one Congressional committee of publishing subversive American histories. I wouldn't worry about him, my dear, but if it would put your mind at ease, I could easily write a letter to the paper."

"**B**UT the children were not as far away as I thought," Charlie wrote, aboard the Augustus. "They were still in the garden. And the significance of that hour for them, I guess, was that it was made for stealing food. I have to make up or imagine what took place with them. They may have been drawn into the house by a hunger as keen as mine. Coming into the hall and listening for sounds, they would hear nothing, and they would open the icebox slowly, so that the sound of the heavy latch wouldn't be heard. The icebox must have been disappointing, because Henry wandered over to the sink and began to eat the sodium arsenate. 'Candy,' he said, and Katie joined him, and they had a fight over the remaining poison. They must have stayed in the kitchen for quite a while, because they were still in the kitchen when Henry began to retch. 'Well, don't get it all over everything,' Katie said. 'Come on outside.' She was beginning to feel sick herself, and they

went outside and hid under a syringa bush, which is where I found them when I dressed and came down.

"They told me what they had eaten, and I woke Marcie up and then ran downstairs again and called Doc Mullens. 'Jesus Christ!' he said. 'I'll be right over.' He asked me to read the label on the jar, but all it said was sodium arsenate; it didn't say the percentage. And when I told him I had bought it from Timmons, he told me to call and ask Timmons who the manufacturer was. The line was busy, and so, while Marcie was running back and forth between the two sick children, I jumped into the car and drove to the village. There was a lot of light in the sky, I remember, but it was nearly dark in the streets. Timmons' drugstore was the only place that was lighted, and it was the kind of place that seems to subsist on the crumbs from other tradesmen's tables. This late hour when all the other stores were shut was Timmons' finest. The crazy jumble of displays in his window—irons, ashtrays, Venus in a truss, ice bags, and perfumes—was continued into the store itself, which seemed like a pharmaceutical curiosity shop or fun house: a storeroom for cardboard beauties anointing themselves with sun oil; for cardboard mountain ranges in the alpine glow, advertising pine-scented soap; for bookshelves, and bins filled with card-table covers, and plastic water pistols. The drugstore was a little like a house, too, for Mrs. Timmons stood behind the soda fountain, a neat and anxious-looking woman, with photographs of her three sons (one dead) in uniform arranged against the mirror at her back, and when Timmons himself came to the counter, he was chewing on something and wiped the crumbs of a sandwich off his mouth with the back of his hand. I showed him the jar and said, 'The kids ate some of this about an hour ago. I called Doc Mullens, and he told me to come and see you. It doesn't say what the percentage of arsenate is, and he thought if you could remember where you got it, we could telephone the manufacturer and find out.'

"The children are poisoned?" Timmons asked.

"Yes!" I said.

"You didn't buy this merchandise from me," he said.

"The clumsiness of his lie and the stillness in that crazy store made me feel hopeless. 'I *did* buy it from you, Mr. Timmons,' I said. 'There's no question about that. My children are deathly sick. I want you to tell me where you got the stuff.'



"I know your cowardly type. Always trying to see the other person's point of view."

"You didn't buy this merchandise from me," he said.

"I looked at Mrs. Timmons, but she was mopping the counter; she was deaf. God damn it to hell, Timmons!" I shouted, and I reached over the counter and got him by the shirt. "You look up your records! You look up your God-damned records and tell me where this stuff came from."

"We know what it is to lose a son," Mrs. Timmons said at my back. There was nothing full to her voice; nothing but the monotonous, the gritty, music of grief and need. "You don't have to tell us anything about that."

"You didn't buy this merchandise from me," Timmons said once more, and I wrenched his shirt until the buttons popped, and then I let him go. Mrs. Timmons went on mopping the counter. Timmons stood with his head so bent in shame that I couldn't see his eyes at all, and I went out of the store.

"When I got back, Doc Mullens was in the upstairs hall, and the worst was over. 'A little more or a little less and you might have lost them,' he said cheerfully. 'But I've used a stomach pump, and I think they'll be all right. Of course, it's a heavy poison, and Marcie will have to keep specimens for a week—it's apt to stay in the kidneys—but I think they'll be all right.' I thanked him and walked out to the car with him, and then I came back to the house and went upstairs to where the children had been put to bed in the same room for company and made some foolish talk with them. Then I heard Marcie weeping in our bedroom, and I went there. 'It's all right, baby,' I said. 'It's all right now. They're all right.' But when I put my arm around her, her wailing and sobbing got louder, and I asked her what she wanted.

"I want a divorce," she sobbed.

"What?"

"I want a divorce. I can't bear living like this any more. I can't bear it. Every time they have a head cold,



"They're from the north country, and they want to know how about us and them pooling our know-how."

every time they're late from school, whenever anything bad happens, I think it's retribution. I can't stand it."

"Retribution for what?"

"While you were away, I made a mess of things."

"What do you mean?"

"With somebody."

"Who?"

"Noel Mackham. You don't know him. He lives in Maple Dell."

"Then for a long time I didn't say anything—what could I say? And suddenly she turned on me in fury.

"Oh, I knew you'd be like this, I knew you'd be like this, I knew you'd blame me!" she said. "But it wasn't my fault, it just wasn't my fault. I knew you'd blame me, I knew you'd blame me, I knew you'd be like this, and I..."

"I didn't hear much else of what she said, because I was packing a suitcase. And then I kissed the kids goodbye, caught a train to the city, and boarded the Augustus next morning."

WHAT happened to Marcie was this: The evening paper printed Selfredge's letter, the day after the Vil-

lage Council meeting, and she read it. She called Mackham on the telephone. He said he was going to ask the editor to print an answer he had written, and that he would stop by her house at eight o'clock to show her the carbon copy. She had planned to eat dinner with her children, but just before she sat down, the bell rang, and Mark Barrett dropped in. "Hi, honey," he said. "Make me a drink?" She made him some Martinis, and he took off his hat and topcoat and got down to business. "I understand you had that meatball over here for a drink last night."

"Who told you, Mark? Who in the world told you?"

"Helen Selfredge. It's no secret. She doesn't want the library thing reopened."

"It's like being followed. I hate it."

"Don't let that bother you, sweetie."

He held out his glass, and she filled it again. "I'm just here as a neighbor—a friend of Charlie's—and what's the use of having friends and neighbors if they can't give you advice? Mackham is a meatball, and Mackham is a wolf. With Charlie away, I feel kind of like an

older brother—I want to keep an eye on you. I want you to promise me that you won't have that meatball in your house again."

"I can't, Mark. He's coming tonight."

"No he isn't, sweetie. You're going to call him up and tell him not to come."

"He's human, Mark."

"Now, listen to me, sweetie. You listen to me. I'm about to tell you something. Of course he's human, but so is the garbage man and the cleaning woman. I'm about to tell you something very interesting. When I was in school, there was a meatball just like Mackham. Nobody liked him. Nobody spoke to him. Well, I was a high-spirited kid, Marcie, with plenty of friends, and I began to wonder about this meatball. I began to wonder if it wasn't my responsibility to befriend him and make him feel that he was a member of the group. Well, I spoke to him, and I wouldn't be surprised if I was the first person who did. I took a walk with him. I asked him up to my room. I did everything I could to make him feel accepted."

"It was a terrible mistake. First, he began going around the school telling everybody that he and I were going to do this and he and I were going to do that. Then he went to the Dean's office and had himself moved into my room without consulting me. Then his mother began to send me these lousy cookies, and his sister—I'd never laid eyes on her—began to write me love letters, and he got to be such a leech that I had to tell him to lay off. I spoke frankly to him; I told him the only reason I'd ever spoken to him was because I pitied him. This didn't make any difference. When you're stuck with a meatball, it doesn't matter what you tell them. He kept hanging around, waiting for me after classes, and after football practice he was always down in the locker room. It got so bad that we had to give him the works. We asked him up to Pete Fenton's room for a cup of cocoa, roughed him up, threw his clothes out the window, painted his rear end with iodine, and stuck his head in a pail of water until he damned near drowned."

Mark lighted a cigarette and finished his drink. "But what I mean to say is that if you get mixed up with a meatball you're bound to regret it. Your feelings may be kindly and generous in the beginning, but you'll do more harm than good before you're through. I want you to call up Mackham and tell him not to come. Tell him you're sick. I don't want him in your house."

"Mackham isn't coming here to visit

THE MOTHER TONGUE

I do not like the sound of "additive,"
The current video pitchman's fadditive.
From scrutiny of a thousand screens
I've now decided what it means:
You add a syllable, as in "moderen,"
"Prince Charels," "westeren," or "squaderon."
The additive, as a matter of factitive,
Logically leads to the subtractitive,
By eminent announcers endorsed,
In which the forest becomes the forst.
When I hear an orange called an ornych
I feel forgotten and forlornch—

Yet who am I to cavil thus?
My own faults are preposterous.
I've caught me, even without imbibery,
Referring to my reference library.
Occasionally, if still you follow me,
I prefer to pronounce the "P" in Ptolemy.
I also admit that almost half the
Time I omit the "h" in naphtha.

—OGDEN NASH

me, Mark. He's coming here to tell me about the letter he wrote for the paper."

"I'm ordering you to call him up."

"I won't, Mark."

"You go to that telephone."

"Please, Mark. Don't shout at me."

"You go to that telephone."

"Please get out of my house, Mark."

"You're an intractable, weak-headed, God-damned fool!" he shouted. "That's the trouble with you!" Then he went.

She ate supper alone, and was not finished when Mackham came. It was raining, and he wore a heavy coat and a shabby hat—saved, she guessed, for storms. The hat made him look like an old man. He seemed heavy-spirited and tired, and he unwound a long yellow woollen scarf from around his neck. He had seen the editor. The editor would not print his answer. Marcie asked him if he would like a drink, and when he didn't reply, she asked him a second time. "Oh, no, thank you," he said heavily, and he looked into her eyes with a smile of such engulfing weariness that she thought he must be sick. Then he came up to her as if he were going to touch her, and she went into the library and sat on the sofa. Halfway across the room he saw that he had forgotten to take off his rubbers.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid I've tracked mud—"

"It doesn't matter."

"It would matter if this were *my* house."

"It doesn't matter here."

He sat in a chair near the door and began to take off his rubbers, and it was the rubbers that did it. Watching him cross his knees and remove the rubber from one foot and then the other so filled Marcie with pity at this clumsy vision of humanity and its touching high purpose in the face of adversity that he must have seen by her pallor or her dilated eyes that she was helpless.

THE sea and the decks are dark. Charlie can hear the voices from the bar at the end of the passageway, and he has told his story, but he does not stop writing. They are coming into warmer water and fog, and the foghorn begins to blow at intervals of a minute. He checks it against his watch. And suddenly he wonders what he is doing aboard the Augustus with a suitcase full of peanut butter. "Ants, poison, peanut butter, foghorns," he writes, "love, blood pressure, business trips, inscrutability. I know that I will go back." The foghorn blasts again, and in the held note he sees a vision of his family running toward him up some steps—crumbling stone, wild pinks, lizards, and their much-loved faces. "I will catch a plane in Genoa," he writes. "I will go back. I will see my children grow and take up their lives, and I will gentle Marcie—sweet Marcie, dear Marcie, Marcie my love. I will shelter her with the curve of my body from all the harms of the dark." —JOHN CHEEVER





"I'm confused. Tell me again. Which countries have dictators we like?"

JOSEPHINE

JOSEPHINE CIANNI, as I remember her now, stood about five feet and could not have weighed more than ninety pounds. In 1953, she was twenty, but her angular little body had never developed into even the first stages of adolescence. Her face, though, was waxy and striated, like that of a middle-aged dwarf. I recall that when I saw her for the first time I had the thought that she might have stepped out of a photograph depicting the ravages of war; she was Goyaesque. One had no choice but to call her ugly. Her voice was ugly, too—rasping and metallic. But she bore her ugliness lightly, as if she were quite unaware of it. Probably she was. Once her ugliness had been accepted, one could be charmed by her smile and her natural gaiety. She came from a village near Salerno, and she and her father and an elder sister had migrated, illegally, to France at the end of the war. I did not learn this part of her story until after her death. In fact, it comes to me now that I did not know her last name until I read it on the obituary page of *Nice-Matin*.

My brief acquaintance with Josephine, now the source of so many painful memories, as well as quite a few sweet ones, began early in October of 1953. My wife and I and our three children had just taken a small villa about halfway between Cannes and the village to the west of it, La Bocca. It was a house of absurd architecture—"Florida Boom" was our name for it—and its six rooms were small and dark. Anywhere else, it would have been a place of unbearable gloom and quite unacceptable pretenses. But it suited us well, for it stood in the center of a rectangular piece of land, perhaps an acre in size, that gave on the sea at one end and on the Route de Fréjus, the main highway into Cannes, on the other. The land was beautifully planted, the beach was magnificent, the house was a house, and it afforded a fine view of the Esterel. We planned to spend a few months there, and my wife, Eleanor, and I wanted someone to help with the housework and the care of the children—two girls, ten and six, and a boy of eight.

Josephine was brought to us one day

by another Italian—a young woman we knew as Onelia, who was the maid of a neighbor. Our first impulse on seeing Josephine was to say that we would not so much as consider hiring her. The prospect of having a maid scarcely any larger than our ten-year-old daughter and far less robust was more than either Eleanor or I could endure. We are the sort who always feel a certain guilt about having any domestic help, and we knew that our guilt would be insupportable if we took on this asthenic creature to clean the house, cart groceries in, and dump heavy scuttles of coal on the little furnace that heated the place. "I couldn't bear it," Eleanor said. "I'd be doing it all myself."

Neither Josephine nor Onelia spoke a word of English; Josephine, in fact, spoke hardly any French. I explained, in French, our misgivings to Onelia, who said that we were deceived by appearances and that Josephine was really a husky girl, who had done heavy work in factories and would be able to do anything we asked of her. Onelia spoke a few words of Italian to Josephine, and Josephine, flashing a smile at us, bounded from the chair in which she had been sitting uneasily. She began picking up every large object in sight—chairs, tables, floor lamps—to show us her strength. She rolled back a sleeve and formed biceps for me to feel. The muscle was unquestionably there. While this display was going on, Onelia talked of Josephine's poverty and of her great need for the job. I could only reply that Josephine must be stronger than she looked, and that of course we would be happy to have her.

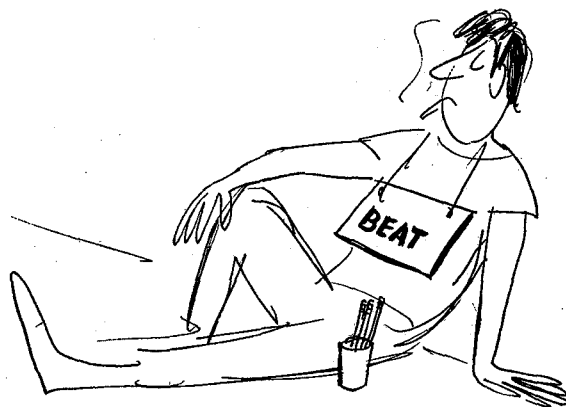
And so we were. Josephine was more than a good and conscientious servant. She was an unfailing delight. She was cheerful and responsive and sensible about everything. She had a native dignity and poise; she was never

either servile or insolent. We had no fault to find with anything she did for us. As for language, we got along well enough by drawing resourcefully on her small knowledge of French and our small knowledge of Italian, and by making signs with our hands.

The children loved her, and she handled them wonderfully well, though not in a manner that would have won the approval of authorities on child care. She joked and romped with them; she also bellowed at them, cursed them, and, when she felt like it, swatted them. When they angered her, she screamed at them—not as an unnerved adult might scream but as one child screams at another. I always supposed she was hurling Campanian street oaths and obscenities at them. But they never took offense, and neither did she. Josephine believed in direct action. When she wanted our son to sit down for a meal or get ready for bed, she would not command him to come to her but would take out after him and chase him through the house until she could bring him low with a flying tackle. He loved it, and so did the others. In general, all the children were eager to please her. They loved Josephine, and Josephine, we thought and still think, loved them. She often stayed to play with them when she was free to leave, though this may have sprung less from her fondness for them or for us than from her dislike of her own life and lodgings, both of which I imagined to be bleak.

I DO not believe that Josephine came into our house only to rob us. I assume she came primarily because she needed a job. She may, of course, have regarded the opportunity to steal as one of the benefits—one of the perquisites, as it were—of any job. This was in Cannes, after all—a city that reeks of inequality and injustice. Cannes cries out for levelling, and what more direct way of levelling is there than stealing?

But I simply have no idea what Josephine thought, and I do not trust even my efforts toward sympathy and understanding. I happen not to share the view that no man is an island; I think that every man is an island in the only sense that matters. How could I, a middle-class American of formidable insularity, well fed, satisfied almost to the point of smugness (no doubt



I should strike the "almost") with the course my life has taken—how could I conceivably presume to know anything of what this child from a countryside that Christ himself is said to have found impenetrable, this wasted and pathetic disaster of war who came to find herself in Babylon, felt or thought, or felt she thought, or thought she felt, assuming that thought or feeling had anything to do with it? I have a hard enough time deciding what I myself think and feel. About Josephine I know only what events in fact took place and what I made of some of them.

About two weeks after Josephine came to us, I had to make a trip to Germany. I was to stay in Bad Godesberg for several days. On the Monday morning of my departure, Eleanor and I went in to Cannes, to the American Express office, where I was to pick up my plane tickets and some money. While we were there, one of the cashiers asked us to look at some travellers' checks that had been brought in the preceding Saturday afternoon. The signatures—Eleanor's on one for fifty dollars, mine on one for ten dollars—were plainly forged. No one but Josephine could have got at our checkbooks, and Josephine exactly fitted the cashier's description of the girl who had brought them in and collected some twenty-one thousand francs. She had presented herself as an employee of ours and had said that the countersigned checks were wages, and with some misgiving, as the cashier told me, he had cashed them.

We might have agonized over what to do about this if the American Express manager had not settled the matter right away. He said that in a case like this it was company policy to press charges immediately. Having our assurance that the checks had not been signed by us or given, unsigned, by us to Josephine, he would file a complaint in the company's name. However, he thought it most unlikely that anything would ever come of it. Josephine, he supposed, had left Cannes as soon as she got the money. He was sure none of us would ever see her again.



"Do you realize Carol Reed probably makes more dough in a month than we get in a year?"

I had scarcely any time to talk the news over with Eleanor, for I had left only a few minutes in which to catch the Air France bus for the Nice airport. Eleanor returned to our ridiculous house shortly before noon. She found at the door two plainclothesmen from the Cannes Sûreté, ready to arrest Josephine, who would arrive, if she arrived at all, at one o'clock. (Her hours were from one until seven or eight in the evening.) The plainclothesmen were certain that their quest was futile. Only a fool, they said, would return to her employer after such an adventure in forgery.

Josephine, then, was a fool. Exactly at one, she arrived. She came down the gravelled walk as gay and smiling as ever, and rasped out a "Bonjour" to Eleanor, who met her at the door,

thoroughly dejected. Eleanor told her there were two men in the living room who wished to talk with her. Josephine showed neither surprise nor fear. She went straight to the living room and, in a few minutes, left with the men from the Sûreté. As far as Eleanor could tell, she was still jaunty.

BY evening, I had arrived in Bad Godesberg, and I phoned Cannes and learned these details. Telephoning each evening, I learned more as the week went on, and I heard the last part of the story directly from Eleanor at the end of the week, when I rejoined my family.

Tuesday morning, Eleanor was summoned to the Sûreté, where she found Josephine, the American Express manager, and several police officials. The

police began questioning Josephine in Eleanor's presence, and Josephine, with what appeared to be complete self-possession, offered two astonishing defenses. One story was that we had given her the checks and asked her to settle grocers' and butchers' bills with them; we had neglected to countersign them, so she did it to save us the bother. The other story was that she had regularly been cashing checks for me at black-market rates. So persistent had I been, according to her, in availing myself of her brokerage services that the very evening before—that is, the evening *after* her arrest in my house—I had shown up at her lodgings and implored her to cash some more checks. I had made this visit, she added, accompanied by a woman other than my wife. She described my companion—blond and very tall. My wife is brunette and of average height.

Josephine's manner with the police was, Eleanor said, bland and plausible and altogether pleasant. The police were immediately fetched. They especially liked the black-market story, and encouraged her to fill in more details. (To obtain details about the blonde, they took her out of Eleanor's presence. They did not wish to have Josephine provide my wife with grounds for divorce.) They asked none of the questions that seemed painfully obvious to Eleanor and the American Express man: Where did Josephine get the capital to run a *bureau de change*? And why, if she had been cashing my checks at a rate higher than the legal one, had she now taken a heavy loss by redeeming two of them at the legal rate, through American Express?

I suppose that Josephine presented the Sûreté with a portrait of an American that was already fixed in their minds. (Anti-Americanism was high in 1953.) Moreover, Cannes *was* full of tall, blond mistresses, and of men—American or otherwise—low enough to let a poor waif go to jail rather than confess their own waywardness. But better still, Josephine presented them with a story that seemed to have a plot. I have a feeling that policemen the world over are partial to the most fanciful and devious views of crime. Give them a really farfetched and exotic explanation of an event and their skepticism begins to dissolve. I first caught on to this back in the depression, when I earned a living of sorts writing for the "true crime" and "true detective" magazines. Once, wishing to know whom to be thankful to, I asked an editor what sort of people read that kind of stuff. "Cops," he said. "Who else?"

A PIECE OF HAPPINESS

In the kitchen's light were our friends, with their faulty faces,
Among the broken nutshells, the ill-aimed ashes
Strewing the table where supper, two hours past,
Was somehow finished and the dishes tossed
Long ago to one side; in that light I was content
To let the voices carry me where they went.
A piece of happiness, not to need to speak
Or even agree in silence, but let break
The unruly wave of discourse over the mind,
Thinking that these were our own people, our kind.

How out of patience, too, how irritable we've grown
With them, as with ourselves. And how alone
We are, as without ourselves, now they are gone!

—ADRIENNE RICH

Without cops, you'd be on W.P.A."

The Sûreté men were clucking over Josephine's revelations when the American Express manager interrupted to say that I could not have been at Josephine's the previous evening, with or without a blonde, because I had left early that day for Germany, on a trip arranged by his office. He asked Eleanor to confirm the details. She said she had seen me off on the airport bus and that I had phoned her that evening from Bad Godesberg.

The Sûreté men listened indulgently. The head officer said that while he was touched by my wife's confidence in me and had no reason to doubt that it was well founded, surely she would understand that it was the duty of the police to take nothing on faith. Would Madame not agree that seeing me off on a bus to the airport was scarcely proof that I had actually boarded a plane and left the country? And while it was entirely possible that I had telephoned from Germany, the call could just as well have come from any bar or hotel in Cannes or Nice or Monte Carlo. It was infuriating, Eleanor said, to see French logic and common sense come into play that late in the day.



Next, there was an interlude that we might today think of as comic if it had not been so quickly followed by disaster. The American Express man suggested that Josephine's story could quite easily be tested. I had flown on Air France Flight So-and-So. That could be checked. And Air France could easily find out whether I had deplaned in Germany. Also, there would be an exit-visa record at the passport-control office in the airport. The Sûreté agreed to investigate, and a detective was assigned to check immediately with Air France. (It was not until some weeks later that we learned that all this time another detective had been busily telephoning hotels up and down the Riviera, from Saint-Raphaël, to the west, to San Remo, in Italy, to learn whether anyone answering to my description had registered with a blonde the night before.) As for the call to Air France, the Sûreté must have known from experience what the outcome would be. Air France said that a ticket had been issued in my name and that a passenger holding the ticket had boarded the plane in Nice; however, the airline would not take the responsibility of saying that the user of the ticket and the man the Sûreté sought were one and the same person. Air France doesn't fingerprint its passengers.

The detective came back to the inquiry room and gravely reported what he had learned, or failed to learn. He was then instructed to check with the passport-control office. A short while later, he returned to say that the Nice airport had no record of my *sortie*. Of course, this might be explained by some procedural lag, but at the moment it appeared that I had not boarded the plane at Nice.

This seemed to settle it for the police. Josephine's story had met the test. The case would have to go to trial, if Ameri-



"Don't forget where you borrowed it."

can Express persisted, but it looked to the Sûreté like a feeble one. Josephine and Eleanor were dismissed, pending a further call. Then the American Express manager (he told us the story later) was taken aside and asked if he would withdraw the complaint. To go any further with this matter, the police said, would be simply to contribute to the destruction of a family. What had already come out was bad enough. And that was only a beginning. The police hinted that they knew a good deal about me, and that none of what they knew was good. (As it turned out, the Sûreté had borrowed from the telegraph office copies of all the wires I had sent from Cannes. The purpose of most of these had been to make appointments with various people I wished to meet. But the *fics*, with their love of intrigue, had read these communications as coded messages arranging assignments.) Their general idea seemed to be that it would be a poor bargain in human terms if American Express recovered sixty dollars at the cost of

a broken home. The American Express man explained to the police, as he had explained to us, that he had no choice in the matter.

IT is possible only to conjecture what happened after that. At some point, evidently, the passport office at Nice notified the Cannes Sûreté that my *sortie* card had turned up and that it was necessary to presume that I had reached Germany. This must have been disillusioning to the police; they had sold themselves on the idea that I was really at Eden Roc with my blonde, living riotously on money I had practically extorted from poor little Josephine. But, disillusioned or not, they must have got in touch with Josephine to advise her that because her story no longer seemed to hold together, they wished to see her in the morning.

I suppose that pathos follows the classic rule of tragedy, and that its measure is the distance between what might have been and what is. Chaucer says that there must be a "dite of pros-

perite" before the ending in "wrecchyddnesse." Did Josephine feel she was prospering when the police believed her absurd tale? Who could know, or even make an intelligent guess? I suspect it was luck, rather than art, that made her such a success with the police. She had had no practice at that sort of thing. She had never been arrested before—had no police record at all. This knowledge gave us *our* sense of what might have been. Since the offense was her first, nothing really terrible could have happened to her. The court would probably have been lenient with her as a first offender; she could have made some arrangement to pay back the sixty dollars, and for the rest she would probably have been given a suspended sentence. Possibly she would have been sent back to Italy—not too dreadful a fate by 1953.

If only the police had not made a big police deal out of the whole affair, Josephine could have been taken aside and had it explained that the sixty dollars wasn't a great amount—she could

earn the sum in about a month—and that she was a very foolish girl to attempt to brazen it out. But what might have been was not. The police must have told Josephine she was in deep trouble. That evening, someone in her building smelled a noxious odor outside her door, entered, and found Josephine Cianni with her head in the oven.

She was taken to the hospital and put in an oxygen tent. She did not die until the next evening, but she never regained consciousness.

I RETURNED from Bad Godesberg not knowing this, and hoping to help to clear things up. Eleanor and I had decided, in our phone talks, that we should offer to take Josephine back. We were transient in France, and if we

were simply to carry our checks around in our pockets, there would be nothing of value for her to steal. What Eleanor had to tell me when she met me at the airport was that unless we hurried, we would be late for Josephine's funeral. We hurried.

I hope that I shall never again have to go to a pauper's obsequies in France. Seven people attended. Besides ourselves, there were Josephine's father and sister; a girl who had tended a machine with Josephine in a factory; Onelia, the neighbor's maid, who had found her for us, and who had talked the church into giving her a Christian burial, probably advancing the theory that her death was not suicide but an accident; and the neighbor herself, Mme. Jaugey. Eleanor had not told the children of Josephine's death, and had ar-

ranged for them to be elsewhere that afternoon. Mme. Jaugey had not known Josephine, but had found it convenient to go along because it was All Souls', the Catholic day of remembrance, when it is customary to tend and decorate graves. We rode with her, in her '52 Vedette.

We were introduced by Onelia to Josephine's father and sister, but neither we nor they did more than acknowledge the introductions. Perhaps they thought us responsible for Josephine's death. They gave no sign of thinking anything. (That morning's *Nice-Matin* had said that Josephine left a note proclaiming her innocence. The note was not quoted, and when I later tried to learn about it from the police, I was rebuffed. I suspect there was no note and the story that one had been left was merely a face-saving invention of the police.) Eleanor had been told by someone that the father had a long record as a petty criminal, and that Josephine was probably acting under his instructions. We never particularly wanted to learn the truth of this.

The seven of us sat in the front of the church while an unshaven, expressionless young priest raced through the shortest possible service. Josephine's coffin was tossed onto a pickup truck. We had sent some flowers, and so had her factory friend. These hung from spikes at the sides of the truck. There was a great All Souls' Day throng in the cemetery, which was on a hill overlooking the sea and was surrounded by gorgeous thickets of mimosa. We had nothing to do with the throng. We proceeded to the paupers' section—an open ditch in which the cheap coffins were put down end to end. Josephine was hurriedly lowered into the ditch while the unshaven priest hastily mumbled a short prayer, after which an aged pensioner, almost ready for the ditch himself, began to shovel.

We returned to our preposterous villa as soon as Mme. Jaugey had arranged some flowers around her family tombs, which were expensive and chic.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE



"Oh, happy, happy, happy! How the hell many happy women do you know?"

Mr. Walter Harcourt-Palmer entertained Sunday evening at a small dinner party. As an entree, he served an Eskimo dish, "Mystery of the Sea," prepared from an old and secret recipe which he had picked up while living in Alaska with an Eskimo. The guests were unanimous in declaring that the dish could not be compared to anything they had ever tried and it was so well liked that none of the guests was able to take dessert.—*Brazil Herald, Rio de Janeiro.*

This thing isn't clear-cut.

PROFILES

THE DUKE IN HIS DOMAIN

MOST Japanese girls giggle. The little maid on the fourth floor of the Miyako Hotel, in Kyoto, was no exception. Hilarity, and attempts to suppress it, pinked her cheeks (unlike the Chinese, the Japanese complexion more often than not has considerable color), shook her plump peony-and-pansy-kimonoed figure. There seemed to be no particular reason for this merriment; the Japanese giggle operates without apparent motivation. I'd merely asked to be directed toward a certain room. "You come see Marron?" she gasped, showing, like so many of her fellow-countrymen, an array of gold teeth. Then, with the tiny, pigeon-toed skating steps that the wearing of a kimono necessitates, she led me through a labyrinth of corridors, promising, "I knock you Marron." The "I" sound does not exist in Japanese, and by "Marron" the maid meant Marlon—Marlon Brando, the American actor, who was at that time in Kyoto doing location work for the Warner Brothers-William Goetz motion-picture version of James Michener's novel "Sayonara."

My guide tapped at Brando's door, shrieked "Marron!" and fled away along the corridor, her kimono sleeves fluttering like the wings of a parakeet. The door was opened by another delicate Miyako maid, who at once succumbed to her own fit of quaint hysteria. From an inner room, Brando called, "What is it, honey?" But the girl, her eyes squeezed shut with mirth and her fat little hands jammed into her mouth, like a bawling baby's, was incapable of reply. "Hey, honey, what is it?" Brando again inquired, and appeared in the doorway. "Oh, hi," he said when he saw me. "It's seven, huh?" We'd made a seven-o'clock date for dinner; I was nearly twenty minutes late. "Well, take off your shoes and come on in. I'm just finishing up here. And, hey, honey," he told the maid, "bring us some ice." Then, looking after the girl as she scurried off, he cocked his hands on his hips and, grinning, declared, "They kill me. They really kill me. The kids, too. Don't you think they're wonderful, don't you love them—Japanese kids?"

The Miyako, where about half of the "Sayonara" company was staying, is the most prominent of the so-called Western-style hotels in Kyoto; the majority of its rooms are furnished with

sturdy, if commonplace and cumbersome, European chairs and tables, beds and couches. But, for the convenience of Japanese guests who prefer their own mode of décor while desiring the prestige of staying at the Miyako, or of those foreign travellers who yearn after authentic atmosphere yet are disinclined to endure the unheated rigors of a real Japanese inn, the Miyako maintains some suites decorated in the traditional manner, and it was in one of these that Brando had chosen to settle himself. His quarters consisted of two rooms, a bath, and a glassed-in sun porch. Without the overlying and underlying clutter of Brando's personal belongings, the rooms would have been textbook illustrations of the Japanese penchant for an ostentatious barrenness. The floors were covered with tawny *tatami* matting, with a discreet scattering of raw-silk pillows; a scroll depicting swimming golden carp hung in an alcove, and beneath it, on a stand, sat a vase filled with tall lilies and red leaves, arranged just so. The larger of the two rooms—the inner one—which the occupant was using as a sort of business office where he also dined and slept, contained a long, low lacquer table and a sleeping pallet. In these rooms, the divergent concepts of Japanese and Western decoration—the one seeking to impress by a lack of display, an absence of possession-exhibiting, the other intent on precisely the reverse—could both be observed, for Brando seemed unwilling to make use of the apartment's storage space, concealed behind sliding paper doors. All that he owned seemed to be out in the open. Shirts, ready for the laundry; socks, too; shoes and sweaters and jackets and hats and ties, flung around like the costume of a dismantled scarecrow. And cameras, a typewriter, a tape recorder, an electric heater that performed with stifling competence. Here, there, pieces of partly nibbled fruit; a box of the famous Japanese strawberries, each berry the size of an egg. And books, a deep-thought cascade, among which one saw Colin Wilson's "The Outsider" and



Marlon Brando

various works on Buddhist prayer, Zen meditation, Yogi breathing, and Hindu mysticism, but no fiction, for Brando reads none. He has never, he professes, opened a novel since April 3, 1924, the day he was born, in Omaha, Nebraska. But while he may not care to read fiction, he does desire to write it, and the long lacquer table was loaded with overfilled ashtrays and piled pages of his most recent creative effort, which happens to be a film script entitled "A Burst of Vermilion."

In fact, Brando had evidently been working on his story at the moment of my arrival. As I entered the room, a subdued-looking, youngish man, whom I shall call Murray, and who had previously been pointed out to me as "the fellow that's helping Marlon with his writing," was squatted on the matting fumbling through the manuscript of "A Burst of Vermilion." Weighing some pages on his hand, he said, "Tell ya, Mar, s'pose I go over this down in my room, and maybe we'll get together again—say, around ten-thirty?"

Brando scowled, as though unsympathetic to the idea of resuming their endeavors later in the evening. Having been slightly ill, as I learned later, he had spent the day in his room, and now seemed restive. "What's this?" he asked, pointing to a couple of oblong packages among the literary remains on the lacquer table.

Murray shrugged. The maid had delivered them; that was all he knew. "People are always sending Mar presents," he told me. "Lots of times we don't know who sent them. True, Mar?"

"Yeah," said Brando, beginning to rip open the gifts, which, like most Japanese packages—even mundane purchases from very ordinary shops—were beautifully wrapped. One contained candy, the other white rice cakes, which proved cement-hard, though they looked like puffs of cloud. There was no card in either package to identify the donor. "Every time you turn around, some Japanese is giving you a present. They're crazy about giving presents," Brando observed. Athletically crunching a rice cake, he



"I must have a sixth sense about these things. Something told me not to flunk him."

passed the boxes to Murray and me.

Murray shook his head; he was intent on obtaining Brando's promise to meet with him again at ten-thirty. "Give me a ring around then," Brando said, finally. "We'll see what's happening."

Murray, as I knew, was only one member of what some of the "Sayonara" company referred to as "Brando's gang." Aside from the literary assistant, the gang consisted of Marlon Brando, Sr., who acts as his son's business manager; a pretty, dark-haired secretary, Miss Levin; and Brando's private makeup man. The travel expenses of this entourage, and all its living expenses while on location, were allowed for in the actor's contract with Warner Brothers. Legend to the contrary, film studios are not usually so lenient financially. A Warner man to whom I talked later explained the tol-

erance shown Brando by saying, "Ordinarily we wouldn't put up with it. All the demands he makes. Except—well, this picture just *had* to have a big star. Your star—that's the only thing that really counts at the box office."

Among the company were some who felt that the social protection supplied by Brando's inner circle was preventing them from "getting to know the guy" as well as they would have liked. Brando had been in Japan for more than a month, and during that time he had shown himself on the set as a slouchingly dignified, amiable-seeming young man who was always ready to cooperate with, and even encourage, his co-workers—the actors particularly—yet by and large was not socially available, preferring, during the tedious lulls between scenes, to sit alone reading philosophy or scribbling in a schoolboy notebook. After the

day's work, instead of accepting his colleagues' invitations to join a group for drinks, a plate of raw fish in a restaurant, and a prowling through the old geisha quarter of Kyoto, instead of contributing to the one-big-family, houseparty bonhomie that picture-making on location theoretically generates, he usually returned to his hotel and stayed there. Since the most fervent of movie-star fans are the people who themselves work in the film industry, Brando was a subject of immense interest within the ranks of the "Sayonara" group, and the more so because his attitude of friendly remoteness produced, in the face of such curiosity, such wistful frustrations. Even the film's director, Joshua Logan, was impelled to say, after working with Brando for two weeks, "Marlon's the most exciting person I've met since Garbo. A genius. But I don't know what he's like. I don't know anything about him."

THE maid had reentered the star's room, and Murray, on his way out, almost tripped over the train of her kimono. She put down a bowl of ice and, with a glow, a giggle, an elation that made her little feet, hooflike in their split-toed white socks, lift and lower like a prancing pony's, announced, "Appapie! Tonight on menu appapie."

Brando groaned. "Apple pie. That's all I need." He stretched out on the floor and unbuckled his belt, which dug too deeply into the swell of his stomach. "I'm supposed to be on a diet. But the only things I want to eat are apple pie and stuff like that." Six weeks earlier, in California, Logan had told him he must trim off ten pounds for his role in "Sayonara," and before arriving in Kyoto he had managed to get rid of seven. Since reaching Japan, however, abetted not only by American-type apple pie but by the Japanese cuisine, with its delicious emphasis on the sweetened, the starchy, the fried, he'd regained, then doubled this poundage. Now, loosening his belt still more and thoughtfully massaging his midriff, he scanned the menu, which offered, in English, a wide choice of Western-style dishes, and, after reminding himself "I've *got* to lose weight," or-



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dered soup, beefsteak with French-fried potatoes, three supplementary vegetables, a side dish of spaghetti, rolls and butter, a bottle of *sake*, salad, and cheese and crackers.

"And appapie, Marron?"

He sighed. "With ice cream, honey."

Though Brando is not a teetotaler, his appetite is more frugal when it comes to alcohol. While we were awaiting the dinner, which was to be served to us in the room, he supplied me with a large vodka on the rocks and poured himself the merest courtesy sip. Resuming his position on the floor, he lolled his head against a pillow, drooped his eyelids, then shut them. It was as though he'd dozed off into a disturbing dream; his eyelids twitched, and when he spoke, his voice—an unemotional voice, in a way cultivated and genteel, yet surprisingly adolescent, a voice with a probing, asking, boyish quality—seemed to come from sleepy distances.

"The last eight, nine years of my life have been a mess," he said. "Maybe the last two have been a little better. Less rolling in the trough of the wave. Have you ever been analyzed? I was afraid of it at first. Afraid it might destroy the impulses that made me creative, an artist. A sensitive person receives fifty impressions where somebody else may only get seven. Sensitive people are so vulnerable; they're so easily brutalized and hurt just because they *are* sensitive. The more sensitive you are, the more certain you are to be brutalized, develop scabs. Never evolve. Never allow yourself to feel anything, because you always feel too much. Analysis helps. It helped me. But still, the last eight, nine years I've been pretty mixed up, a mess pretty much...."

THE voice went on, as though speaking to hear itself, an effect Brando's speech often has, for, like many persons who are intensely self-absorbed, he is something of a monologist—a fact that he recognizes and for which he offers his own explanation. "People around me never say anything," he says. "They just seem to want to hear what I have to say. That's why I do all the talking." Watching him now, with his eyes closed, his unlined face white under an overhead light, I felt as if the moment of my initial encounter with him were being recreated. The year of that meeting was 1947; it was a winter afternoon in New York, when I had occasion to attend a rehearsal of Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire," in which Brando was to play the role of Stanley Kowalski. It was this role that first

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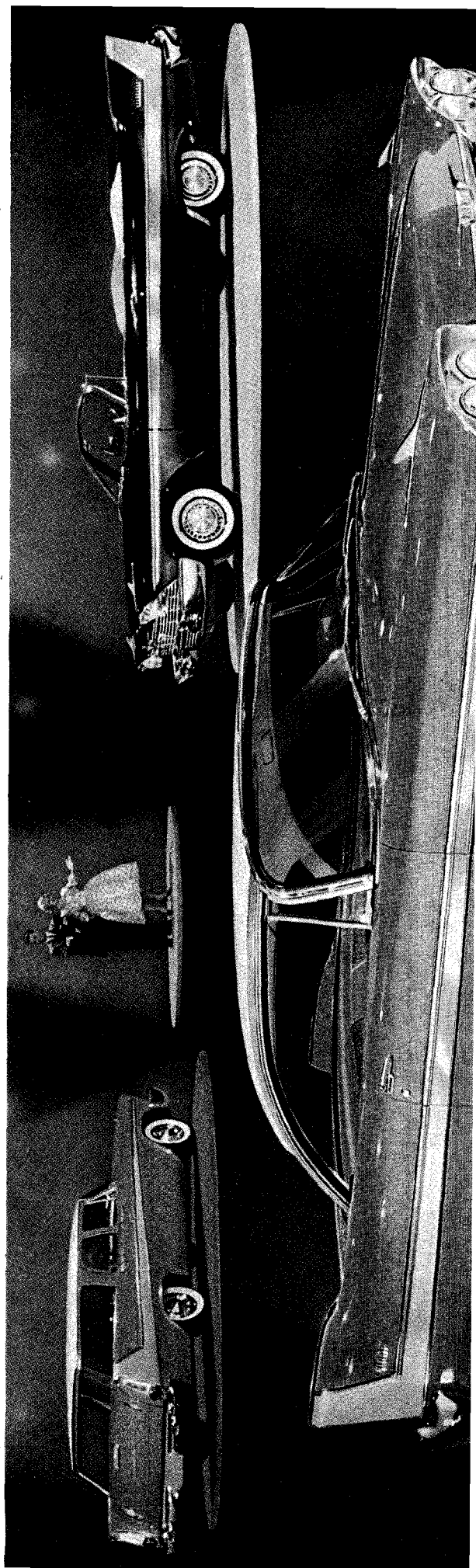
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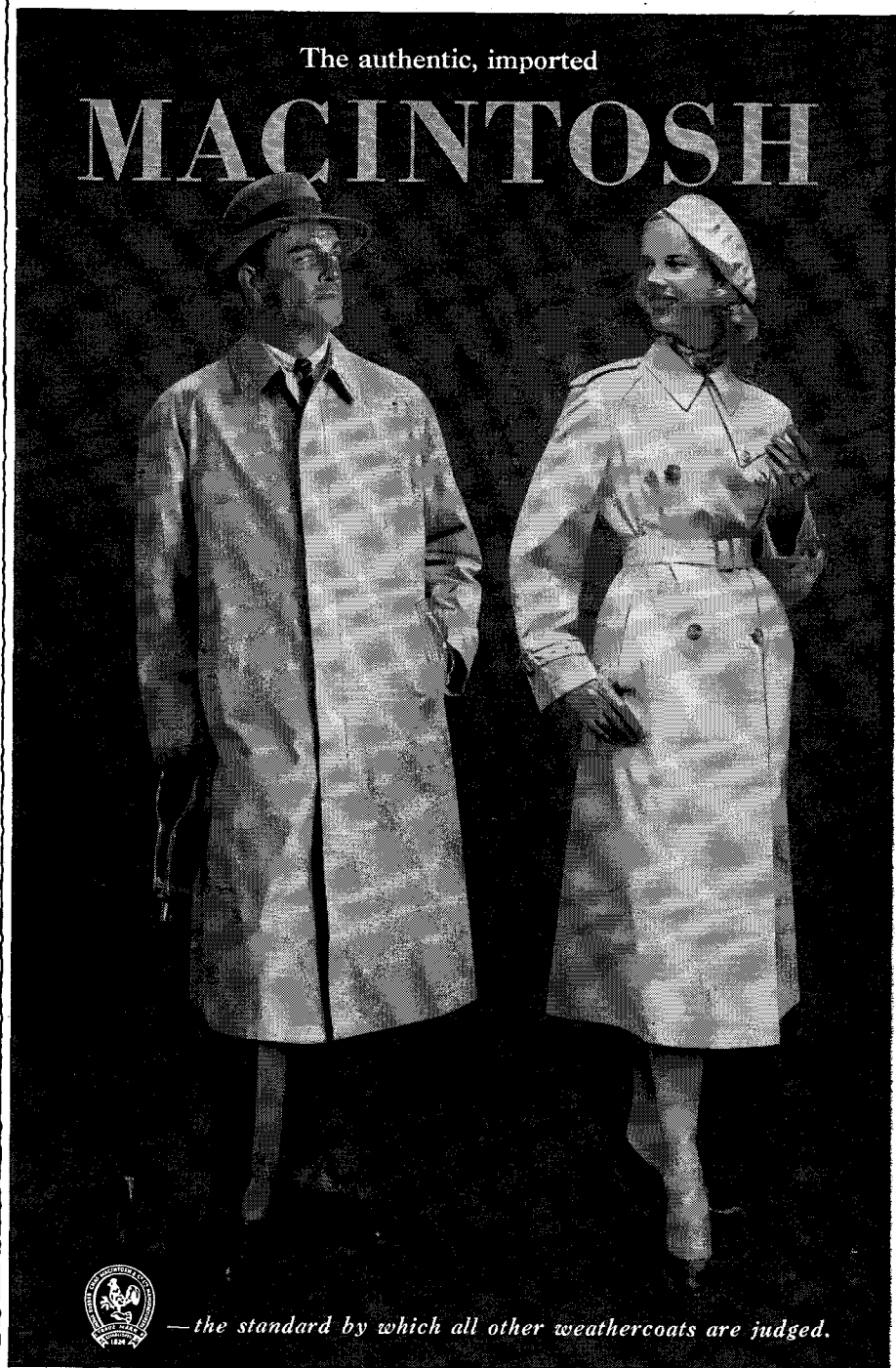
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brought him general recognition, although among the New York theatre's cognoscenti he had already attracted attention, through his student work with the drama coach Stella Adler and a few Broadway appearances—one in a play by Maxwell Anderson, "Truck-line Café," and another as Marchbanks opposite Katharine Cornell's Candida—in which he showed an ability that had been much praised and discussed. Elia Kazan, the director of "A Streetcar Named Desire," said at that time, and has recently repeated, "Marlon is just the best actor in the world." But ten years ago, on the remembered afternoon, he was still relatively unknown; at least, I hadn't a clue to who he might be when, arriving too early at the "Streetcar" rehearsal, I found the auditorium deserted and a brawny young man stretched out atop a table on the stage under the gloomy glare of work lights, solidly asleep. Because he was wearing a white T shirt and denim trousers, because of his squat gymnasium physique—the weight-lifter's arms, the Charles Atlas chest (though an opened "Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud" was resting on it)—I took him for a stagehand. Or did until I looked closely at his face. It was as if a stranger's head had been attached to the brawny body, as in certain counterfeit photographs. For this face was so very untough, superimposing, as it did, an almost angelic refinement and gentleness upon hard-jawed good looks: taut skin, a broad, high forehead, wide-apart eyes, an aquiline nose, full lips with a relaxed, sensual expression. Not the least suggestion of Williams' unpoetic Kowalski. It was therefore rather an experience to observe, later that afternoon, with what chameleon ease Brando acquired the character's cruel and gaudy colors, how superbly, like a guileful salamander, he slithered into the part, how his own persona evaporated—just as, in this Kyoto hotel room ten years afterward, my 1947 memory of Brando receded, disappeared into his 1957 self. And the present Brando, the one lounging there on the *tatami* and lazily puffing filtered cigarettes as he talked and talked, was, of course, a different person—bound to be. His body was thicker; his forehead was higher, for his hair was thinner; he was richer (from the producers of "Sayonara" he could expect a salary of three hundred thousand dollars, plus a percentage of the picture's earnings); and he'd become, as one journalist put it, "the Valentino of the bop generation"—turned into such a world celebrity that when he went out in public here in

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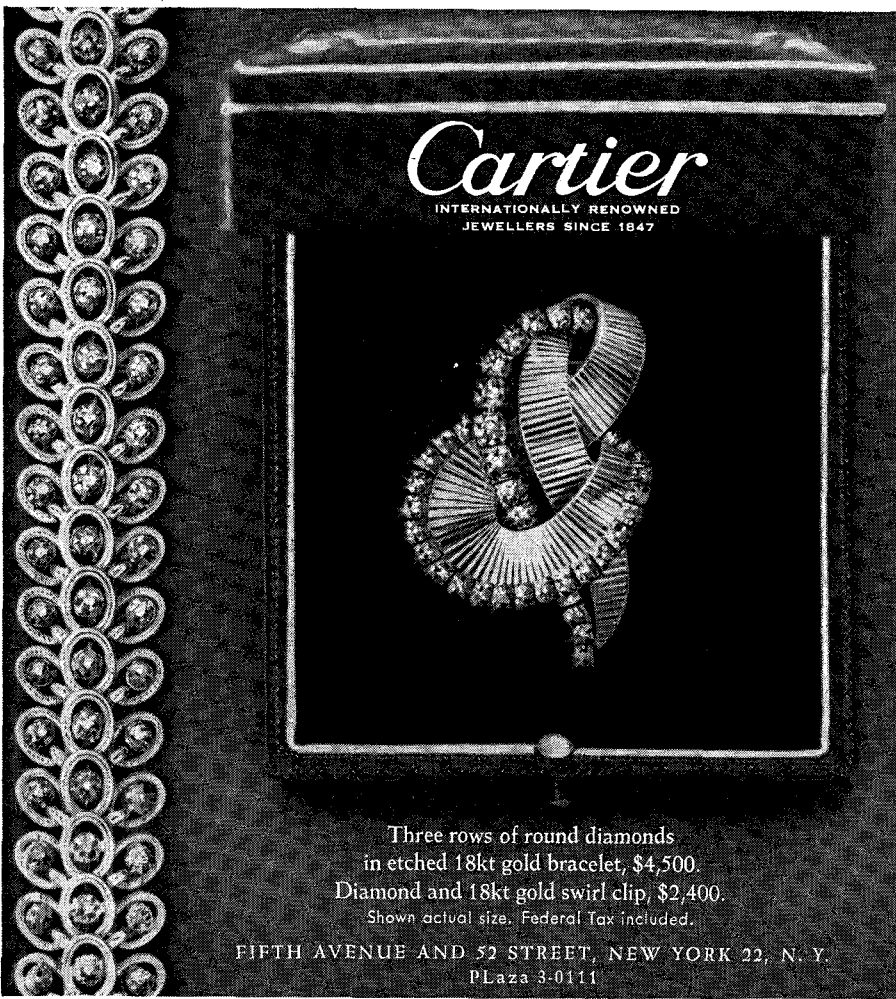
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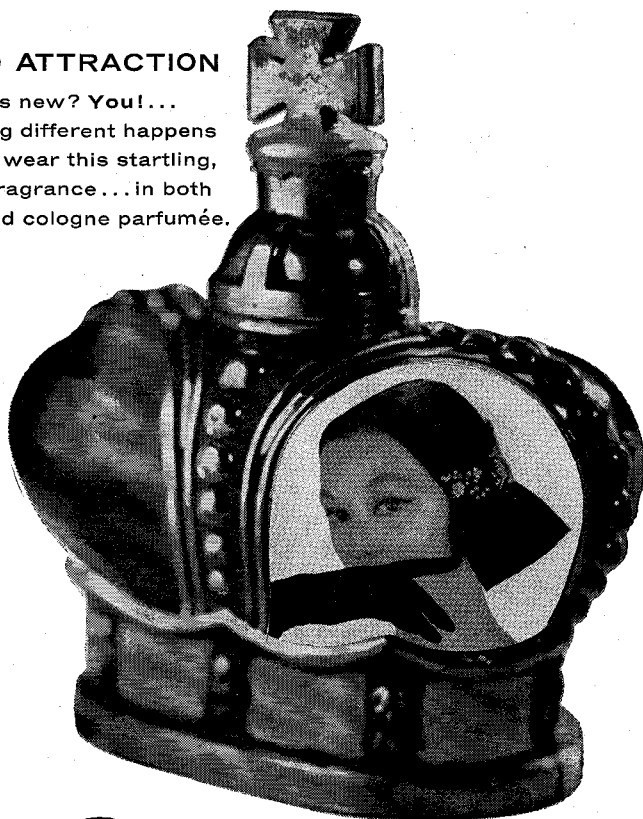
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Japan, he deemed it wise to hide his face not only by wearing dark glasses but by donning a surgeon's gauze mask as well. (The latter bit of disguise is not so *outré* in Japan as it may sound, since numerous Asians wear such masks, on the theory that they prevent the spreading of germs.) Those were some of the alterations a decade had made. There were others. His eyes had changed. Although their *caffè-espresso* color was the same, the shyness, any traces of real vulnerability that they had formerly held, had left them; now he looked at people with assurance, and with what can only be called a pitying expression, as though he dwelt in spheres of enlightenment where they, to his regret, did not. (The reactions of the people subjected to this gaze of constant commiseration range from that of a young actress who avowed that "Marlon is really a very *spiritual* person, wise and very sincere; you can see it in his eyes" to that of a Brando acquaintance who said, "The way he looks at you, like he was so damn sorry for you—doesn't it make you want to cut your throat?") Nevertheless, the subtly tender character of his face had been preserved. Or almost. For in the years between he'd had an accident that gave his face a more conventionally masculine aspect. It was just that his nose had been broken. And, maneuvering a word in edgewise, I asked, "How did you break your nose?"

"... by which I don't mean that I'm *always* unhappy. I remember one April I was in Sicily. A hot day, and flowers everywhere. I like flowers, the ones that smell. Gardenias. Anyway, it was April and I was in Sicily, and I went off by myself. Lay down in this field of flowers. Went to sleep. That made me happy. I was happy *then*. What? You say something?"

"I was wondering how you broke your nose."

He rubbed his nose and grinned, as though remembering an experience as happy as the Sicilian nap. "That was a long time ago. I did it boxing. It was when I was in 'Streetcar.' We, some of the guys backstage and me—we used to go down to the boiler room in the theatre and horse around, mix it up. One night, I was mixing it up with this guy and—crack! So I put on my coat and walked around to the nearest hospital—it was off Broadway somewhere. My nose was really busted. They had to give me an anesthetic to set it, and put me to bed. Not that I was sorry. 'Streetcar' had been running about a year and I was sick of it. But my nose healed

pretty quick, and I guess I would've been back in the show practically right away if I hadn't done what I did to Irene Selznick." His grin broadened as he mentioned Mrs. Selznick, who had been the producer of the Williams play. "There is one shrewd lady, Irene Selznick. When she wants something, she wants it. And she wanted me back in the play. But when I heard she was coming to the hospital, I went to work with bandages and iodine and mercurochrome, and—Christ!—when she walked in the door, I looked like my head had been cut off. At the least. And *sounded* as though I were dying. 'Oh, Marlon,' she said, 'you poor, *poor* boy!' And I said, 'Don't you worry about anything, Irene. I'll be back in the show tonight!' And she said, 'Don't you dare! We can manage without you for— for— well, a *few* days more.' 'No, no,' I said. 'I'm O.K. I want to work. Tell them I'll be back tonight.' So she said, 'You're in no condition, you poor darling. I *forbid* you to come to the theatre.' So I stayed in the hospital and had myself a ball." (Mrs. Selznick, recalling the incident recently, said, "They didn't set his nose properly at all. Suddenly his face was quite different. Kind of tough. For months afterward, I kept telling him, 'But they've *ruined* your face. You must have your nose broken again and reset.' Luckily for him, he didn't listen to me. Because I honestly think that broken nose made his fortune as far as the movies go. It gave him sex appeal. He was too beautiful before.")

Brando made his first trip to the Coast in 1949, when he went out there to play the leading role in "The Men," a picture dealing with paraplegic war veterans. He was accused, at the time, of uncouth social conduct, and criticized for his black-leather-jacket taste in attire, his choice of motorcycles instead of Jaguars, and his preference for obscure secretaries rather than movie starlets; moreover, Hollywood columnists studied their copy with hostile comments concerning his attitude toward the film business, which he himself summed up soon after he entered it by saying, "The only reason I'm here is that I don't yet have the moral courage to turn down the money." In interviews, he repeatedly stated that becoming "simply a movie actor" was the thing furthest from his thoughts. "I may do a picture now and then," he said on one occasion, "but mostly I intend to work on the stage." However, he followed "The Men," which was more of a *succès d'estime*

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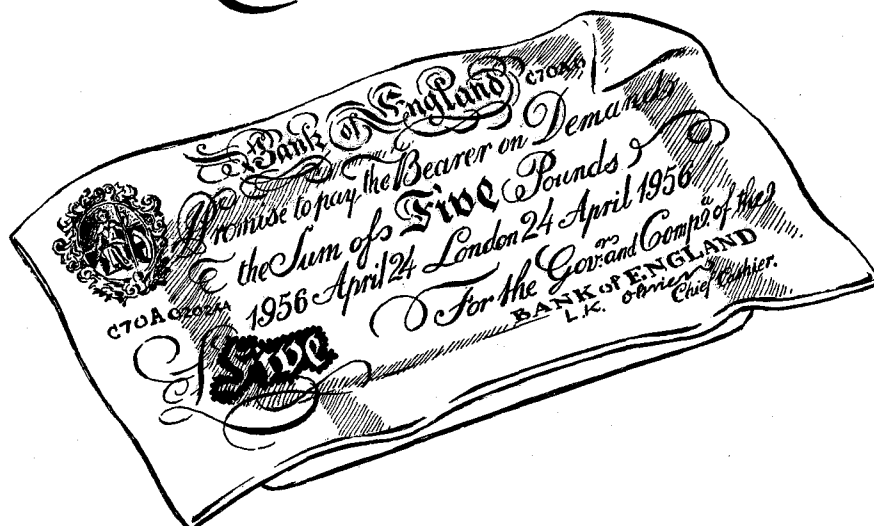
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than a commercial triumph, by recreating Kowalski in the screen treatment of "A Streetcar Named Desire," and this role, as it had done on Broadway, established him as a star. (Defined practically, a movie star is any performer who can account for a box-office profit regardless of the quality of the enterprise in which he appears; the breed is so scarce that there are fewer than ten actors today who qualify for the title. Brando is one of them; as a box-office draw, male division, he is perhaps outranked only by William Holden.) In the course of the last five years, he has played a Mexican revolutionary ("Viva Zapata!"), Mark Antony ("Julius Caesar"), and a motorcycle-mad juvenile delinquent ("The Wild One"); earned an Academy Award in the role of a dockyard thug ("On the Waterfront"); impersonated Napoleon ("Désirée"); sung and danced his way through the part of an adult delinquent ("Guys and Dolls"); and taken the part of the Okinawan interpreter in "The Tea-house of the August Moon," which, like "Sayonara," his tenth picture, was partly shot on location in Japan. But he has never, except for a brief period in summer stock, returned to the stage. "Why should I?" he asked with apathy when I remarked on this. "The movies have a greater potential. They can be a factor for good. For moral development. At least some can—the kind of movies I want to do." He paused, seemed to listen, as though his statement had been tape-recorded and he were now playing it back. Possibly the sound of it dissatisfied him; at any rate, his jaw started working, as if he were biting down on an unpleasant mouthful. He looked off into space suddenly and demanded, "What's so hot about New York? What's so hot about working for Cheryl Crawford and Robert Whitehead?" Miss Crawford and Whitehead are two of New York's most prominent theatrical producers, neither of whom has had occasion to employ Brando. "Anyway, what would I be in?" he continued. "There aren't any parts for me."

Stack them, and the playscripts offered him in any given season by hopeful Broadway managements might very well rise to a height exceeding the actor's own. Tennessee Williams wanted him for the male lead in each of his last five plays, and the most recent of these, "Orpheus Descending," which was pending production at the time of our talk, had been written expressly as a co-starring vehicle for Brando and the

Italian actress Anna Magnani. "I can explain very easily why I didn't do 'Orpheus,'" Brando said. "There are beautiful things in it, some of Tennessee's best writing, and the Magnani part is great; she stands for something, you can understand her—and she would wipe me off the stage. The character I was supposed to play, this boy, this Val, he never takes a stand. I didn't really know what he was for or against. Well, you can't act a vacuum. And I told Tennessee. So he kept trying. He rewrote it for me, maybe a couple of times. But—" He shrugged. "Well, I had no intention of walking out on any stage with Magnani. Not in that part. They'd have had to mop me up." Brando mused a moment, and added, "I think—in fact, I'm sure—Tennessee has made a fixed association between me and Kowalski. I mean, we're friends and he knows that as a person I am just the opposite of Kowalski, who was everything I'm against—totally insensitive, crude, cruel. But still Tennessee's image of me is confused with the fact that I played that part. So I don't know if he could write for me in a different color range. The only reason I did 'Guys and Dolls' was to work in a lighter color—yellow. Before that, the brightest color I'd played was red. From red down. Brown. Gray. Black." He crumpled an empty cigarette package and bounced it in his hand like a ball. "There aren't any parts for me on the stage. Nobody writes them. Go on. Tell me a part I could do."

In the absence of vehicles by worthy contemporaries, might he not favor the work of older hands? Several responsible persons who appeared with him in the film had admired his reading of Mark Antony in "Julius Caesar," and thought him equipped, provided the will was there, to essay many of the Mount Everest roles in stage literature—even, possibly, Oedipus.

Brando received reminders of this praise blankly—or, rather, he seemed to be indulging his not-listening habit. But, sensing silence again, he dissolved it: "Of course, movies *date* so quickly. I saw 'Streetcar' the other day and it was already an old-fashioned picture. Still, movies do have the greatest potential. You can say important things to a lot of people. About discrimination and hatred and prejudice. I want to make pictures that explore the themes current in the world today. In terms of entertainment. That's why I've started my own independent production company." He reached out affectionately to finger "A Burst of Vermilion," which will be

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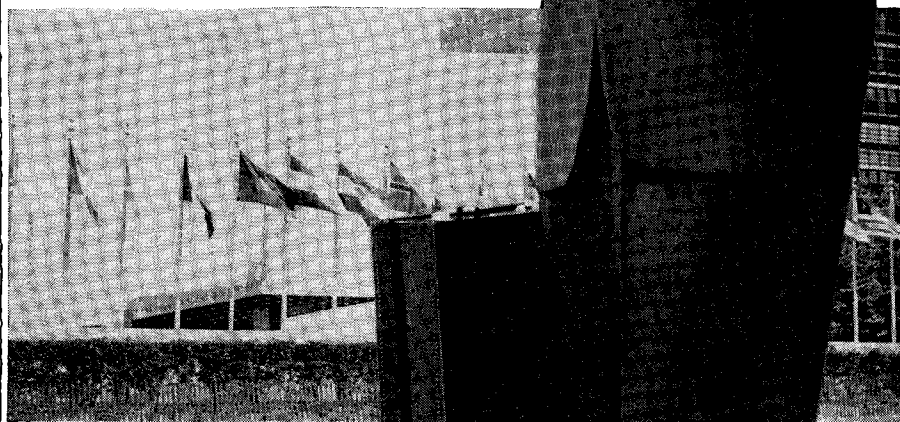
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the first script filmed by Pennebaker Productions—the independent company he has formed.

And did "A Burst of Vermilion" satisfy him as a basis for the kind of lofty aims he proposed?

He mumbled something. Then he mumbled something else. Asked to speak more clearly, he said, "It's a Western."

He was unable to restrain a smile, which expanded into laughter. He rolled on the floor and roared. "Christ, the only thing is, will I ever be able to look my friends in the face again?" Sobering somewhat, he said, "Seriously, though, the first picture *has* to make money. Otherwise, there won't be another. I'm nearly broke. No, no kidding. I spent a year and two hundred thousand dollars of my own money trying to get some writer to come up with a decent script. Which used my ideas. The last one, it was so terrible I said I can do better myself. I'm going to direct it, too."

Produced by, directed by, written by, and starring. Charlie Chaplin has managed this, and gone it one better by composing his own scores. But professionals of wide experience—Orson Welles, for one—have caved in under a lesser number of chores than Brando planned to assume. However, he had a ready answer to my suggestion that he might be loading the cart with more than the donkey could haul. "Take producing," he said. "What does a producer do except cast? I know as much about casting as anyone does, and that's all producing is. Casting." In the trade, one would be hard put to it to find anyone who concurred in this opinion. A good producer, in addition to doing the casting—that is, assembling the writer, the director, the actors, the technical crew, and the other components of his team—must be a diplomat of the emotions, smoothing and soothing, and, above all, must be a skilled mechanic when it comes to dollars-and-cents machinery. "But seriously," said Brando, now excessively sober, "'Burst' *isn't* just cowboys-and-Indians stuff. It's about this Mexican boy—hatred and discrimination. What happens to a community when those things exist."

"Sayonara," too, has moments when it purports to attack race prejudice, telling, as it does, the tale of an American jet pilot who falls in love with a Japanese music-hall dancer, much to the dismay of his Air Force superiors, and also to the dismay of her employers, though the latter's objection is not the racial unsuitability of her beau but simply that she

has a beau at all, for she is a member of an all-girl opera company—based on a real-life counterpart, the Takarazuka Company—whose management promotes a legend that offstage its hundreds of girls lead a conventlike existence, unsullied by male presences of any creed or color. Michener's novel concludes with the lovers forlornly bidding each other *sayonara*, a word meaning farewell. In the film version, however, the word, and consequently the title, has lost significance; here the fadeout reveals the twain of East and West so closely met that they are on their way to the matrimonial bureau. At a press conference that Brando conducted upon his Tokyo arrival, he informed some sixty reporters that he had contracted to do this story because "it strikes very precisely at prejudices that serve to limit our progress toward a peaceful world. Underneath the romance, it attacks prejudices that exist on the part of the Japanese as well as on our part," and also he was doing the film because it would give him the "invaluable opportunity" of working under Joshua Logan, who could teach him "what to do and what not to do."

But time had passed. And now Brando said, with a snort, "Oh, 'Sayonara,' I love it! This wondrous hearts-and-flowers nonsense that was supposed to be a serious picture about Japan. So what difference does it make? I'm just doing it for the money anyway. Money to put in the kick for my own company." He pulled at his lip reflectively and snorted again. "Back in California, I sat through twenty-two hours of script conferences. Logan said to me, 'We welcome any suggestions you have, Marlon. Any changes you want to make, you just make them. If there's anything you don't like—why, rewrite it, Marlon, write it your own way.'" Brando's friends boast that he can imitate anybody after fifteen minutes' observation; to judge by the eerie excellence with which he mimicked Logan's vaguely Southern voice, his sad-eyed, beaming, aquiver-with-enthusiasm manner, they are hardly exaggerating. "Rewrite? Man, I rewrote the whole damn script. And now out of that they're going to use maybe eight lines." Another snort. "I give up. I'm going to walk through the part, and that's that. Sometimes I think nobody knows the difference anyway. For the first few days on the set, I tried to act. But then I made an experiment. In this scene, I tried to do everything wrong I could think of. Grimaced and rolled my eyes, put in all kinds of gestures



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and expressions that had no relation to the part I'm supposed to be playing. What did Logan say? He just said, 'It's wonderful! Print it!'

A phrase that often occurs in Brando's conversation, "I only mean forty per cent of what I say," is probably applicable here. Logan, a stage and film director of widely recognized and munificently rewarded accomplishments ("Mister Roberts," "South Pacific," "Picnic"), is a man balanced on enthusiasm, as a bird is balanced on air. A creative person's need to believe in the value of what he is creating is axiomatic; Logan's belief in whatever project he is engaged in approaches euphoric faith, protecting him, as it seems designed to do, from the nibbling nuisance of self-doubt. The joy he took in everything connected with "Sayonara," a film he had been preparing for two years, was so nearly flawless that it did not permit him to conceive that his star's enthusiasm might not equal his own. Far from it. "Marlon," he occasionally announced, "says he's never been as happy with a company as he is with us." And "I've never worked with such an exciting, inventive actor. So pliable. He takes direction beautifully, and yet he always has something to add. He's made up this Southern accent for the part; I never would have thought of it myself, but, well, it's exactly right—it's perfection." Nevertheless, by the night I had dinner in Brando's hotel room Logan had begun to be aware that there was something lacking in his rapport with Brando. He attributed it to the fact that at this juncture, when most of the scenes being filmed concentrated on Japanese background (street crowds, views, spectacles) rather than actors, he had not yet worked with Brando on material that put either of them to much of a test. "That'll come when we get back to California," he said. "The interior stuff, the dramatic scenes. Brando's going to be great—we'll get along fine."

THERE was another reason for Logan's inability, at that point, to give his principal player the kind of attention that might have established closer harmony: he was in serious disharmony with the very Japanese elements that had contributed most to his decision to make the picture. Long infatuated with the Japanese theatre, Logan had counted heavily on interlacing "Sayonara" with authentic sequences taken from the classic Kabuki theatre, the masked Nō dramas, the Bunraku puppet plays; they were to be, so to say,

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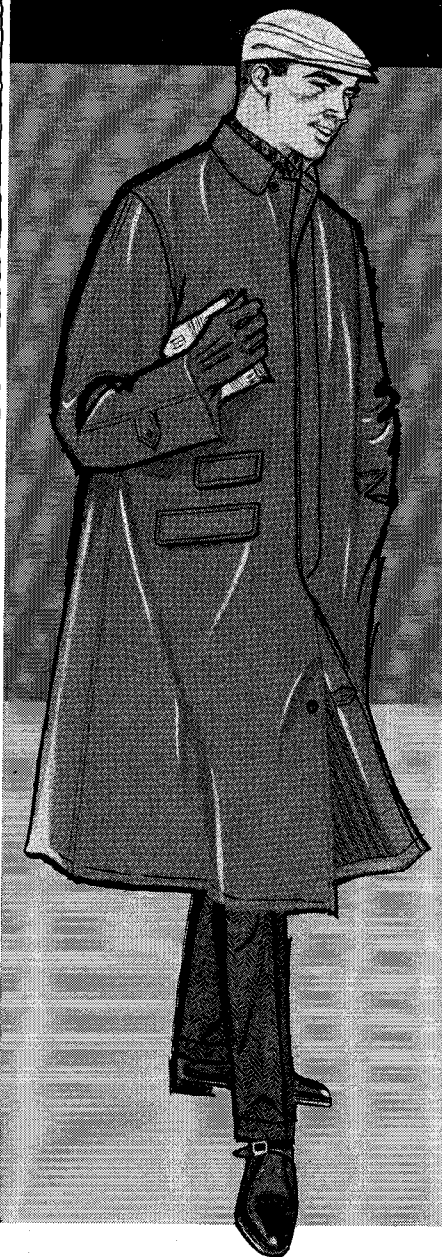


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the highbrow-lights of the film. And to this end Logan, along with William Goetz, the producer, had been in negotiation for over a year with Shochiku, the gigantic film company that controls a major part of Japan's live theatrical activities. The ruler of the Shochiku empire is a small, unsmiling eminence in his eighties, known as Mr. Otani; he has a *prénom*, Takejiro, but there are few men alive on such familiar terms that they would presume to use it. The son of a butcher (and therefore, in Japan's Buddhist society, a member of the outcast group), Otani, together with a brother now dead, founded Shochiku and nurtured it to the point where, for the last four years, its payroll has been the biggest of any single company in Japan. A tycoon to rival Kokichi Mikimoto, the late cultured-pearl potentate, Otani casts a cloaklike shadow over the entire Japanese entertainment industry; in addition to having monopolistic control of the classic theatre, he owns the country's most extensive chain of movie houses and music halls, produces many films, and has a hand in radio and television. From Otani's vantage point, any transactions with the Messrs. Logan and Goetz must have looked like very small *sake*. However, he was at first in sympathy with their project, largely because he was impressed by the fervor of Logan's veneration for Kabuki, Nō, and Bunraku, the three unquestionably genuine gems in the old man's crown, and the ones closest to his heart. (According to some specialists, these ancient arts owe their continued health mainly to his generosity.) But Otani is not all philanthropist; when Shochiku's negotiations with the "Sayonara" management were supposedly concluded, the former had given the latter, for a handsome price, franchise to photograph scenes in Tokyo's famed Kabuki Theatre, and, for a still handsomer honorarium, permission to make free use of the Kabuki troupe, the Nō plays and players, and the Bunraku puppeteers. Shochiku had also agreed to the participation of its own all-girl opera company—a necessary factor in the production of the film, since the Takarazuka troupe depicted in the novel had deeply resented Michener's "libel" and refused any cooperation whatever. Logan, leaving for Japan, was so elated he could have flown there under his own power. "Otani's given us carte blanche, and this is going to be it, the real thing," he said. "None of that fake Kabuki, that second-rate stuff, but the real thing—something that's never been put in a

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picture before." And was not destined to be; for, across the wide Pacific, Logan and his associates had a personal Pearl Harbor awaiting them. Otani is seldom seen; he usually appears in the person of bland assistants, and as Logan and Goetz disembarked from their plane, a group of these informed the film-makers that Shochiku had made an error in its financial reckoning; the bill was now much higher than the initial estimate. Producer Goetz objected. Otani, certain that he held the stronger cards (after all, here were these Hollywood people in Japan, accompanied by an expensive cast, an expensive crew, and expensive equipment), replied by raising the tab still more. Whereupon Goetz, himself a businessman as tough as tortoise shell, ended the negotiations and told his director they would have to make up their own Kabuki, Nō, Bunraku, and all-girl opera company from among unattached, free-lancing artists.

Meanwhile, the Tokyo press was publicizing the contretemps. Several papers, the *Japan Times* among them, implied that Shochiku was to be censured for having "acted in bad faith;" others, taking a pro-Shochiku, or perhaps simply an anti-"Sayonara," line, expressed themselves as delighted that the Americans would not have the opportunity to "degrade our finest artistic traditions" by representing them in a film version of "a vulgar novel that is in no way a compliment to the Japanese people." The papers antagonistic to the "Sayonara" project especially relished reporting the fact that Logan had cast a Mexican actor, Ricardo Montalban, in the part of a ranking Kabuki performer (Kabuki is traditionally an all-male enterprise; the grander, more difficult roles are those of women, played by female impersonators, and Montalban's assignment was to portray one such) and then had had the "effrontery" to try and hire a genuine Kabuki star to substitute for Montalban in the dance sequences, which, one Japanese writer remarked, was much the same as "asking Ethel Barrymore to be a stand-in." All in all, the local press was touchily interested in what was taking place down in Kyoto—the city, two hundred and thirty miles south of Tokyo, in which, because of its plethora of historic temples, its photogenic blue hills and misty lakes, and its carefully preserved old-Japan atmosphere, with elegant geisha quarter and paper-lantern-lighted streets, the "Sayonara" staff had decided to take most of their location shots. And, all in all, down in Kyoto the company was en-



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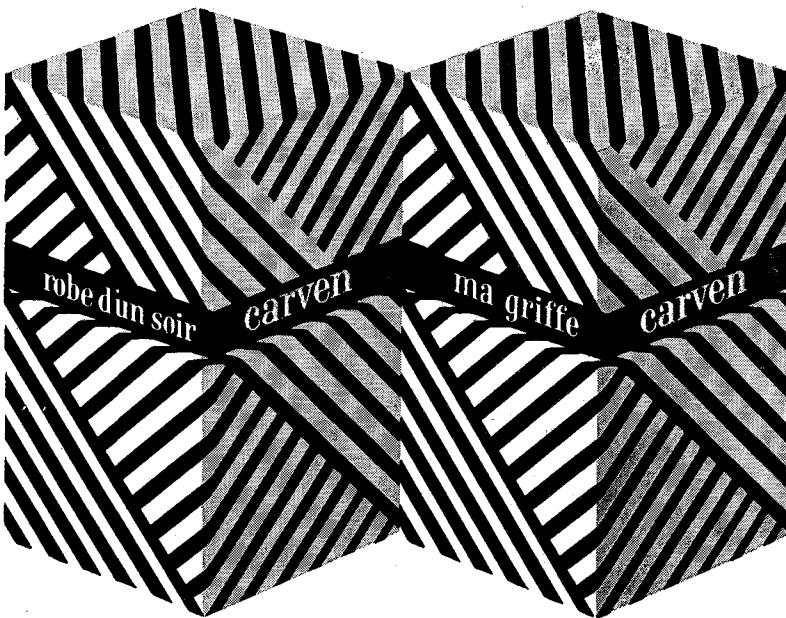
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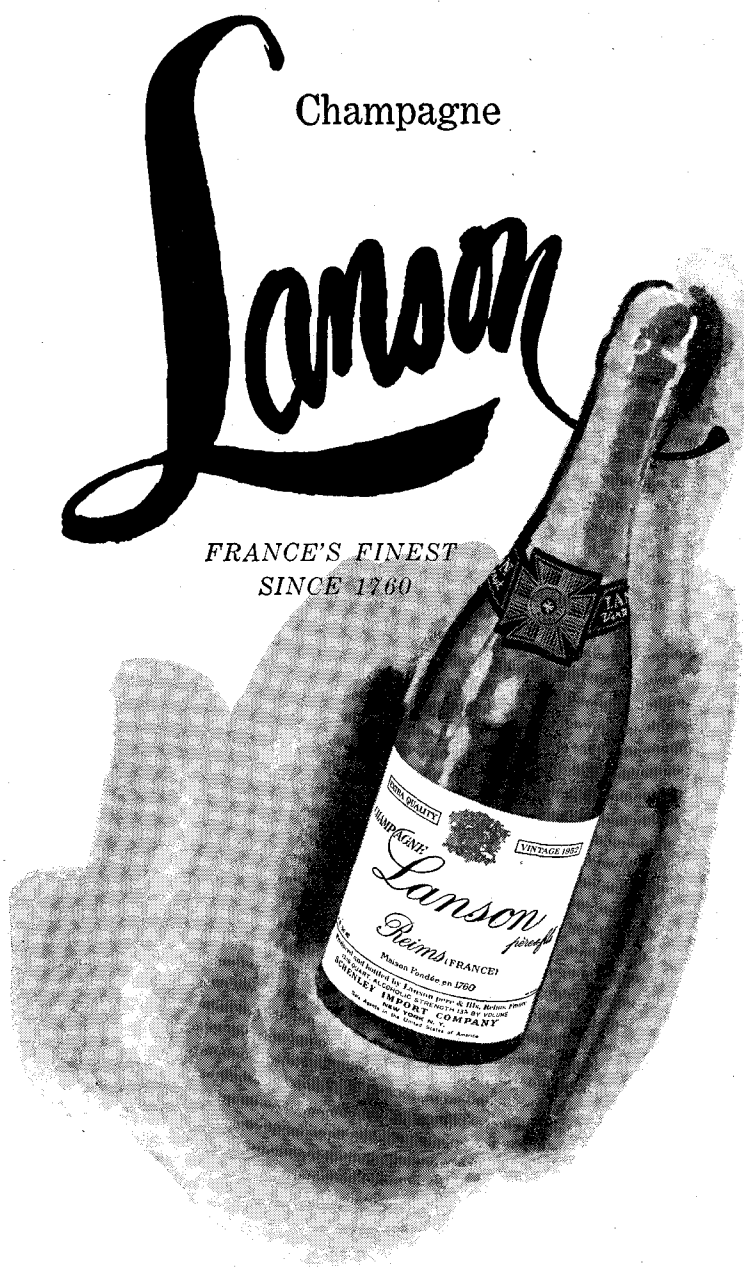
countering as many difficulties as its ill-wishers could have hoped for. In particular, the Americans were finding it a problem to muster nationals willing to appear in their film—an interesting phenomenon, considering how desirous the average Japanese is of having himself photographed. True, the movie-makers had rounded up a ragbag-picking of Nō players and puppeteers not under contract to Shochiku, but they were having the devil's own time assembling a presentable all-girl opera company. (These peculiarly Japanese institutions resemble a sort of single-sex, innocent-minded Folies-Bergère; oddly, few men attend their performances, the audiences being, on the whole, as all-girl as the cast.) In the hope of bridging this gap, the "Sayonara" management had distributed posters advertising a contest to select "the one hundred most beautiful girls in Japan." The affair, for which they expected a big turnout, was scheduled to take place at two o'clock on a Thursday afternoon in the lobby of the Kyoto Hotel. But there were no winners, because there were no contestants; none showed up. Producer Goetz, one of the disappointed judges, resorted next, and with some success, to the expedient of luring ladies out of Kyoto's cabarets and bars. Kyoto—or, for that matter, any Japanese city—is a barfly's Valhalla. Proportionately, the number of premises purveying strong liquor is higher than in New York, and the diversity of these saloons—which range from cozy bamboo closets accommodating four customers to many-storied, neon-hued temples of fun featuring, in accordance with the Japanese aptitude for imitation, cha-cha bands and rock 'n' rollers and hill-billy quartets and *chanteuses existentialistes* and Oriental vocalists who sing Cole Porter songs with American Negro accents—is extraordinary. But however low or however de-luxe the establishment may be, one thing remains the same: there is always on hand a pride of hostesses to cajole and temper the clientele. Great numbers of these sleekly coifed, smartly costumed, relentlessly festive *jolies jeunes filles* sit sipping Parfaits d'Amour (a syrupy violet-colored cocktail currently fashionable in these surroundings) while performing the duties of a poor man's geisha girl; that is, lightening the spirits, without necessarily corrupting the morals, of weary married men and tense, anxious-to-be-amused bachelors. It is not unusual to see four to a customer. But when the "Sayonara" officials began to try to corral them, they

had to contend with the circumstance that nightworkers, such as they were dealing with, have no taste for the early rising that picture-making demands. To acquire their talents, and see that the ladies were on the set at the proper hour, certain of the film's personnel did everything but distribute engagement rings.

Still another annoyance for the makers of "Sayonara" involved the United States Air Force, whose coöperation was vital, but which, though it had previously promised help, now had fits of shilly-shallying, because it gravely objected to one of the basic elements of the plot—that during the Korean War some American Air Force men who married Japanese were shipped home. This, the Air Force complained, may have been the *practice*, but it was not official Pentagon policy. Given the choice of cutting out the offending premise, and thereby removing a sizable section of the script's entrails, or permitting it to remain, and thereby forfeiting Air Force aid, Logan selected surgery.

Then, there was the problem of Miss Miiko Taka, who had been cast as the Takarazuka dancer capable of arousing Air Force Officer Brando's passion. Having first tried to obtain Audrey Hepburn for the part, and found that Miss Hepburn thought not, Logan had started looking for an "unknown," and had come up with Miss Taka, poised, pleasant, an unassuming, quietly attractive nisei, innocent of acting experience, who stepped out of a clerking job with a Los Angeles travel bureau into what she called "this Cinderella fantasy." Although her acting abilities—as well as those of another "Sayonara" principal, Red Buttons, an ex-burlesque, ex-television jokester, who, like Miss Taka, had had meagre dramatic training—were apparently causing her director some concern, Logan, admirably undaunted, cheerful despite all, was heard to say, "We'll get away with it. As much as possible, I'll just keep their faces straight and their mouths shut. Anyway, Brando, he's going to be so great *he'll* give us what we need." But, as for giving, "I give up," Brando repeated. "I'm going to give up. I'm going to sit back. Enjoy Japan."

AT that moment, in the Miyako, Brando was presented with something Japanese to enjoy: an emissary of the hotel management, who, bowing and beaming and soaping his hands, came into the room saying "Ah, Missa Marron Brando—" and was silent,



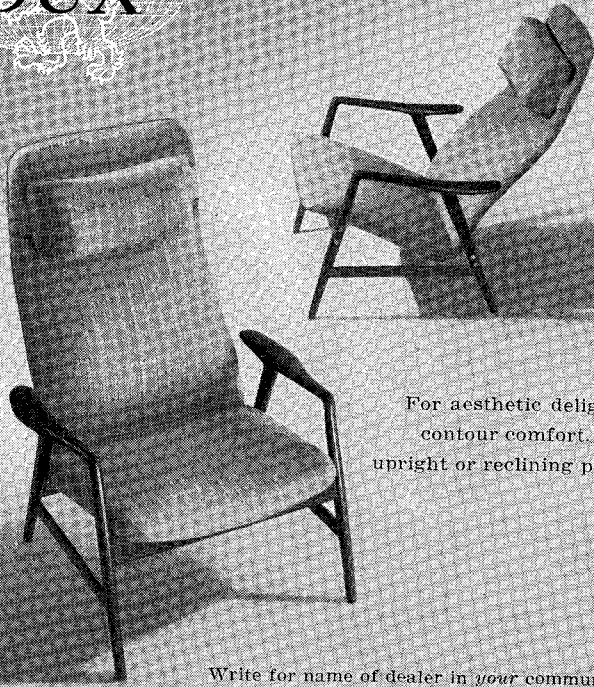
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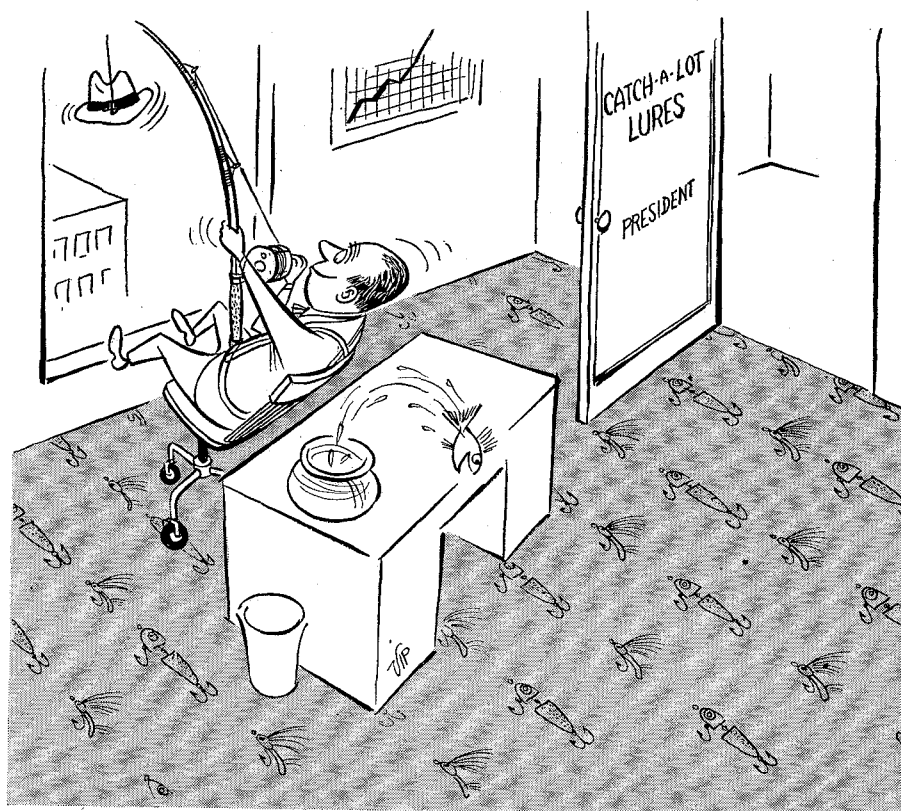


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tongue-tied by the awkwardness of his errand. He'd come to reclaim the "gift" packages of candy and rice cakes that Brando had already opened and avidly sampled. "Ah, Missa Marron Brando, it is a missake. They were meant for derivery in another room. Aporogies! Aporogies!" Laughing, Brando handed the boxes over. The eyes of the emissary, observing the plundered contents, grew grave, though his smile lingered—indeed, became fixed. Here was a predicament to challenge the rightly renowned Japanese politesse. "Ah," he breathed, a solution limbering his smile, "since you rike them very much, you muss keep one box." He handed the rice cakes back. "And they"—apparently the rightful owner—"can have the other. So, now everyone is preased."

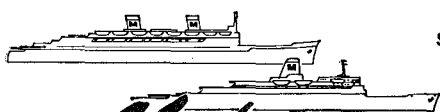
It was just as well that he left the rice cakes, for dinner was taking a long while to simmer in the kitchen. When it arrived, I was replying to some inquiries Brando had made about an acquaintance of mine, a young American disciple of Buddhism who for five years had been leading a contemplative, if not entirely unworldly, life in a settlement inside the gates of Kyoto's Nishi-Honganji Temple. The notion of a person's retiring from the world to lead a spiritual existence—an Oriental one, at that—made Brando's face become still, in a dreaming way. He listened with surprising attention to what I could tell him about the young man's present life, and was puzzled—chagrined, really—that it was not all, or at all, a matter of withdrawal, of silence and prayer-sore knees. On the contrary, behind Nishi-Honganji's walls my Buddhist friend occupied three snug, sunny rooms brimming with books and phonograph records; along with attending to his prayers and performing the tea ceremony, he was quite capable of mixing a Martini; he had two servants, and a Chevrolet, in which he often conveyed himself to the local cinemas. And, speaking of that, he had read that Marlon Brando was in town, and longed to meet him. Brando was little amused. The puritan streak in him, which has some width, had been touched; his conception of the truly devout could not encompass anyone as *du monde* as the young man I'd described. "It's like the other day on the set," he said. "We were working in a temple, and one of the monks came over and asked me for an autographed picture. Now, *what* would a monk want with my autograph? A picture of me?"

He stared questioningly at his scat-



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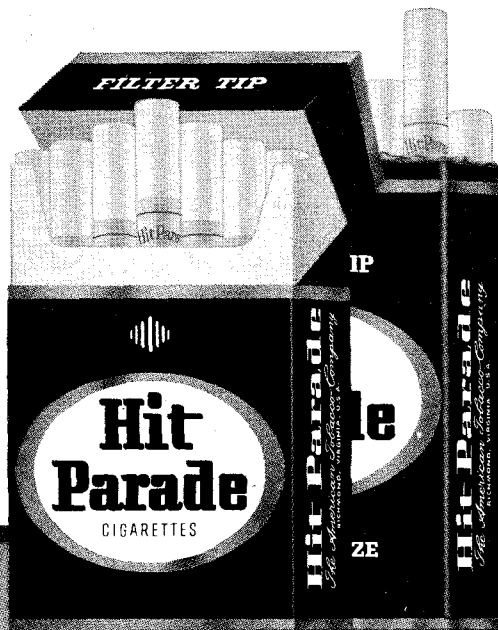
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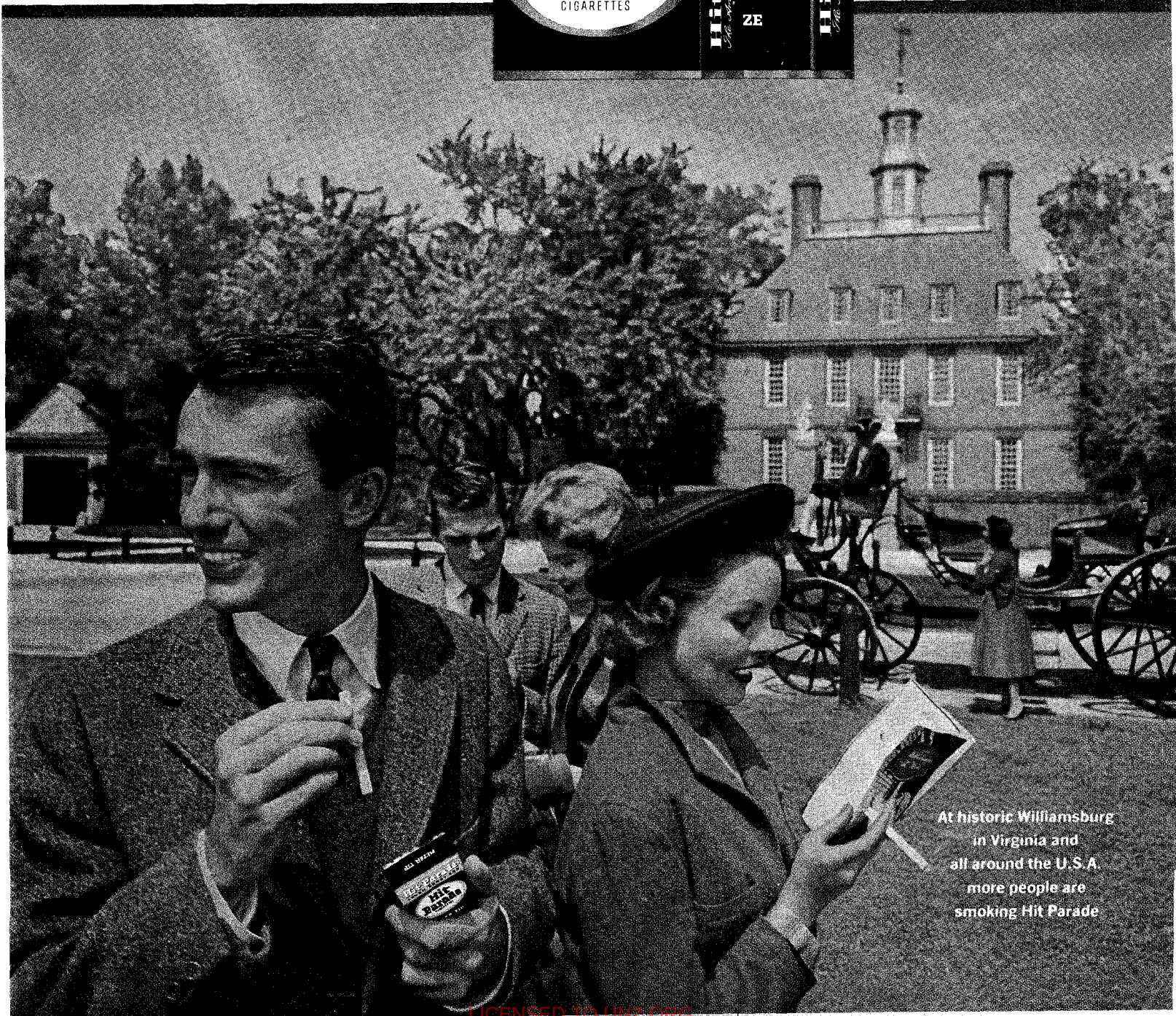


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tered books, so many of which dealt with mystical subjects. At his first Tokyo press conference, he had told the journalists that he was glad to be back in Japan, because it gave him another chance to "investigate the influence of Buddhism on Japanese thought, the determining cultural factor." The reading matter on display offered proof that he was adhering to this scholarly, if somewhat obscure, program. "What I'd like to do," he presently said, "I'd like to talk to someone who *knows* about these things. Because—" But the explanation was deferred until the maid, who just then skated in balancing vast platters, had set the lacquer table and we had knelt on cushions at either end of it.

"Because," he resumed, wiping his hands on a small steamed towel, the usual preface to any meal served in Japan, "I've seriously considered—I've very *seriously* thought about—throwing the whole thing up. This business of being a successful actor. What's the point, if it doesn't evolve into anything? All right, you're a success. At last you're *accepted*, you're welcome everywhere. But that's it, that's all there is to it, it doesn't lead anywhere. You're just sitting on a pile of candy gathering thick layers of— of *crust*." He rubbed his chin with the towel, as though removing stale makeup. "Too much success can ruin you as surely as too much failure." Lowering his eyes, he looked without appetite at the food that the maid, to an accompaniment of constant giggles, was distributing on the plates. "Of course," he said hesitantly, as if he were slowly turning over a coin to study the side that seemed to be shinier, "you can't *always* be a failure. Not and survive. Van Gogh! There's an example of what can happen when a person never receives any recognition. You stop relating; it puts you outside. But I guess success does that, too. You know, it took me a long time before I was aware that that's what I was—a big success. I was so absorbed in myself, my own problems, I never looked around, took account. I used to walk in New York, miles and miles, walk in the streets late at night, and never *see* anything. I was never sure about acting, whether that was what I really wanted to do; I'm still not. Then, when I was in 'Streetcar,' and it had been running a couple of months, one night—dimly, dimly—I began to hear this roar. It was like I'd been asleep, and I woke up here sitting on a pile of candy."

Before Brando achieved this sugary perch, he had known the vicissitudes of

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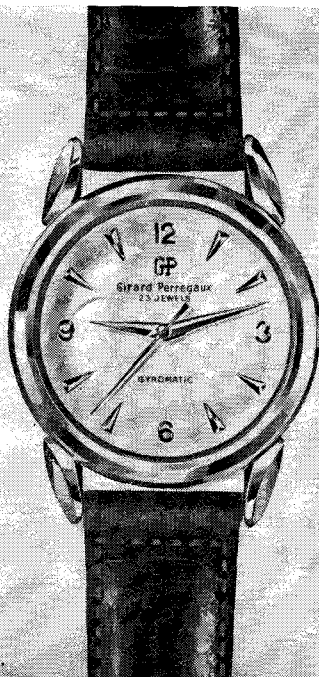
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any unconnected, unfinanced, only partly educated (he has never received a high-school diploma, having been expelled before graduation from Shattuck Military Academy, in Faribault, Minnesota, an institution he refers to as "the asylum") young man who arrives in New York from more rural parts—in his case, Libertyville, Illinois. Living alone in furnished rooms, or sharing underfurnished apartments, he had spent his first city years fluctuating between acting classes and a fly-by-night enrollment in Social Security; Best's once had him on its payroll as an elevator boy. A friend of his, who saw a lot of him in those pre-candy days, corroborates to some extent the rather somnambulist portrait Brando paints of himself. "He was a brooder, all right," the friend has said. "He seemed to have a built-in hideaway room and was always rushing off to it to worry over himself, and gloat, too, like a miser with his gold. But it wasn't all Gloomsville. When he wanted to, he could rocket right out of himself. He had a wild, kid kind of fun thing. Once, he was living in an old brownstone on Fifty-second Street, near where some of the jazz joints are. He used to go up on the roof and fill paper bags with water and throw them down at the stiffies coming out of the clubs. He had a sign on the wall of his room that said, 'You Ain't Livin' If You Don't Know It.' Yeah, there was always something jumping in that apartment—Marlon playing the bongos, records going, people around, kids from the Actors' Studio, and a lot of down-and-outers he'd picked up. And he could be sweet. He was the least opportunistic person I've ever known. He never gave a damn about anybody who could help him; you might say he went out of his way to avoid them. Sure, part of that—the kind of people he didn't like and the kind he



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did, both—stemmed from his insecurities, his inferiority feelings. Very few of his friends were his equals—anybody he'd have to *compete* with, if you know what I mean. Mostly they were strays, idolizers, characters who were dependent on him one way or another. The same with the girls he took out. Plain sort of somebody's-secretary-type girls—nice enough but nothing that's going to start a stampede of competitors." (The last-mentioned preference of Brando's was true of him as an adolescent, too, or so his grandmother has said. As she put it, "Marlon always picked on the cross-eyed girls.")

The maid poured *sake* into thimble-size cups, and withdrew. Connoisseurs of this palely pungent rice wine pretend they can discern variations in taste and quality in over fifty brands. But to the novice all *sake* seems to have been brewed in the same vat—a toddy, pleasant at first, cloying afterward, and not likely to echo in your head unless it is devoured by the quart, a habit many of Japan's *bons vivants* have adopted. Brando ignored the *sake* and went straight for his filet. The steak was excellent; Japanese take a just pride in the quality of their beef. The spaghetti, a dish that is very popular in Japan, was not; nor was the rest—the conglomeration of peas, potatoes, beans. Granted that the menu was a queer one, it is on the whole a mistake to order Western-style food in Japan, yet there arise those moments when one retches at the thought of more raw fish, sukiyaki, and rice with seaweed, when, however temptingly they may be prepared and however prettily presented, the unaccustomed stomach revolts at the prospect of eel broth and fried bees and pickled snake and octopus arms.

As we ate, Brando returned to the possibility of renouncing his movie-star status for the satisfactions of a life that "led somewhere." He decided to compromise. "Well, when I get back to Hollywood, what I *will* do, I'll fire my secretary and move into a smaller house," he said. He sighed with relief, as though he'd already cast off old encumbrances and entered upon the simplicities of his new situation. Embroidering on its charms, he said, "I won't have a cook or maid. Just a cleaning woman who comes in twice a week. But"—he frowned, squinted, as if something were blurring the bliss he envisioned—"wherever the house is, it has to have a *fence*. On account of the people with pencils. You don't know what it's like. The people with pencils. I need a fence to keep them out. I sup-



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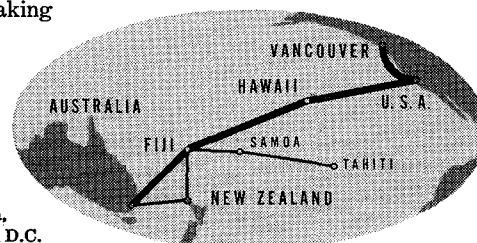
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"It's tapped. Mine is."

"Tapped? Really? By whom?"

He chewed his steak, mumbled. He seemed reluctant to say, yet certain it was so. "When I talk to my friends, we speak French. Or else a kind of bop lingo we made up."

Suddenly, sounds came through the ceiling from the room above us—footfalls, muffled voices like the noise of water flowing through a pipe. "Sh-h-h!" whispered Brando, listening intently, his gaze alerted upward. "Keep your voice down. *They* can hear everything." They, it appeared, were his fellow-actor Red Buttons and Buttons' wife, who occupied the suite overhead. "This place is made of paper," he continued, in tiptoe tones, and with the absorbed countenance of a child lost in a very earnest game—an expression that half explained his secretiveness, the looking-over-his-shoulder, coded-bop-for-telephones facet of his personality that occasionally causes conversation with him to assume a conspiratorial quality, as though one were discussing subversive topics in perilous political territory. Brando said nothing; I said nothing. Nor did Mr. and Mrs. Buttons—not anything distinguishable. During the siege of silence, my host located a letter buried among the dinner plates, and read it while he ate, like a gentleman perusing his breakfast newspaper. Presently, remembering me, he remarked, "From a friend of mine. He's making a documentary, the life of James Dean. He wants me to do the narration. I think I might." He tossed the letter aside and pulled his apple pie, topped with a melting scoop of vanilla ice cream, toward him. "Maybe not, though. I get excited about something, but it never lasts more than seven minutes. Seven minutes exactly. That's my limit. I never know why I get up in the morning." Finishing his pie, he gazed speculatively at my portion; I passed it to him. "But I'm really considering this Dean thing. It could be important."

James Dean, the young motion-picture actor killed in a car accident in 1955, was promoted throughout his phosphorescent career as the All-American "mixed-up kid," the symbol of misunderstood hot-rodding youth with a switch-blade approach to life's little problems. When he died, an expensive film in which he had starred, "Giant," had yet to be released, and the picture's press agents, seeking to offset any ill

effects that Dean's demise might have on the commercial prospects of their product, succeeded by "glamorizing" the tragedy, and, in ironic consequence, created a Dean legend of rather necrophilic appeal. Though Brando was seven years older than Dean, and professionally more secure, the two actors came to be associated in the collective movie-fan mind. Many critics reviewing Dean's first film, "East of Eden," remarked on the well-nigh plagiaristic resemblance between his acting mannerisms and Brando's. Off-screen, too, Dean appeared to be practicing the sincerest form of flattery; like Brando, he tore around on motorcycles, played bongo drums, dressed the role of rowdy, spouted an intellectual rigmarole, cultivated a cranky, colorful newspaper personality that mingled, to a skillfully potent degree, plain bad boy and sensitive sphinx.

"No, Dean was never a friend of mine," said Brando, in response to a question that he seemed surprised to have been asked. "That's not why I may do the narration job. I hardly knew him. But he had an *idée fixe* about me. Whatever I did he did. He was always trying to get close to me. He used to call up." Brando lifted an imaginary telephone, put it to his ear with a cunning, eavesdropper's smile. "I'd listen to him talking to the answering service, asking for me, leaving messages. But I never spoke up. I never called him back. No, when I—"

The scene was interrupted by the ringing of a real telephone. "Yeah?" he said, picking it up. "Speaking. From where? ... Manila? ... Well, I don't know anybody in Manila. Tell them I'm not here. No, when I finally met Dean," he said, hanging up, "it was at a party. Where he was throwing himself around, acting the madman. So I spoke to him. I took him aside and asked him didn't he know he was sick? That he needed help?" The memory evoked an intensified version of Brando's familiar look of enlightened compassion. "He listened to me. 'He knew he was sick. I gave him the name of an analyst, and he went. And at least his *work* improved. Toward the end, I think he was beginning to find his own way as an actor. But this glorifying of Dean is all wrong. That's why I believe the documentary could be important. To show he wasn't a hero; show what he really was—just a lost boy trying to find himself. That ought to be done, and I'd like to do it—maybe as a kind of expiation for some of my own sins. Like making 'The Wild



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One." He was referring to the strange film in which he was presented as the Führer of a tribe of Fascistlike delinquents. "But. Who knows? Seven minutes is my limit."

From Dean the conversation turned to other actors, and I asked which ones, specifically, Brando respected. He pondered; though his lips shaped several names, he seemed to have second thoughts about pronouncing them. I suggested a few candidates—Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Montgomery Clift, Gérard Philipe, Jean-Louis Barrault. "Yes," he said, at last coming alive, "Philippe is a good actor. So is Barrault. Christ, what a wonderful picture that was—'Les Enfants du Paradis'! Maybe the best movie ever made. You know, that's the only time I ever fell in love with an actress, somebody on the screen. I was mad about Arletty." The Parisian star Arletty is well remembered by international audiences for the witty, womanly allure she brought to the heroine's part in Barrault's celebrated film. "I mean, I was really in love with her. My first trip to Paris, the thing I did right away, I asked to meet Arletty. I went to see her as though I were going to a shrine. My ideal woman. Wow!" He slapped the table. "Was that a mistake, was that a disillusionment! She was a tough article."

The maid came to clear the table; *en passant*, she gave Brando's shoulder a sisterly pat, rewarding him, I took it, for the cleaned-off sparkle of his plates. He again collapsed on the floor, stuffing a pillow under his head. "I'll tell you," he said, "Spencer Tracy is the kind of actor I like to watch. The way he holds back, *holds back*—then darts in to make his point, darts back. Tracy, Muni, Cary Grant. They know what they're doing. You can learn something from them."

Brando began to weave his fingers in the air, as though hoping that gestures would describe what he could not precisely articulate. "Acting is such a tenuous thing," he said. "A fragile, shy thing that a sensitive director can help lure out of you. Now, in movie-acting the important, the *sensitive* moment comes around the third take of a scene; by then you just need a whisper from the director to crystallize it for you. Gadge"—he was using Elia Kazan's nickname—"can usually do it. He's wonderful with actors."

Another actor, I suppose, would have understood at once what Brando was saying, but I found him difficult to follow. "It's what happens inside you on

the third take," he said, with a careful emphasis that did not lessen my incomprehension. One of the most memorable film scenes Brando has played occurs in the Kazan-directed "On the Waterfront;" it is the car-ride scene in which Rod Steiger, as the racketeering brother, confesses he is leading Brando into a death trap. I asked if he could use the episode as an example, and tell me how his theory of the "sensitive moment" applied to it.

"Yes. Well, no. Well, let's see." He puckered his eyes, made a humming noise. "That was a seven-take scene, and I didn't like the way it was written. Lot of dissension going on there. I was fed up with the whole picture. All the location stuff was in New Jersey, and it was the dead of winter—the cold, Christ! And I was having problems at the time. Woman trouble. That scene. Let me see. There were seven takes because Rod Steiger couldn't stop crying. He's one of those actors loves to cry. We kept doing it over and over. But I can't remember just when, just how it crystallized itself for me. The first time I saw 'Waterfront,' in a projection room with Gadge, I thought it was so terrible I walked out without even speaking to him."

A month earlier, a friend of Brando's had told me, "Marlon always turns against whatever he's working on. Some element of it. Either the script or the director or somebody in the cast. Not always because of anything very rational—just because it seems to comfort him to be dissatisfied, let off steam about something. It's part of his pattern. Take 'Sayonara.' A dollar gets you ten he'll develop a hoss on it somewhere along the line. A hoss on Logan, maybe. Maybe against Japan—the whole damn country. He loves Japan *now*. But with Marlon you never know from one minute to the next."

I was wondering whether I might mention this supposed "pattern" to Brando, ask if he considered it a valid observation about himself. But it was as though he had anticipated the question. "I ought to keep my mouth shut," he said. "Around here, around 'Sayonara,' I've let a few people know the way I feel. But I don't always feel the same way two days running."

IT was ten-thirty, and Murray called on the dot.

"I went out to dinner with the girls," he told Brando, his telephone voice so audible that I could hear it, too; it spoke above a blend of dance-band rumble

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and barroom roar. Obviously he was patronizing not one of the more traditional, cat-quiet Kyoto restaurants but, rather, a place where the customers wore shoes. "We're just finishing. How about it? You through?"

Brando looked at me thoughtfully, and I, in turn, at my coat. But he said, "We're still yakking. Call me back in an hour."

"O.K. Well . . . O.K. Listen. Miiko's here. She wants to know did you get the flowers she sent you?"

Brando's eyes lazily rolled toward the glassed-in sun porch, where a bowl of asters was centered on a round bamboo table. "Uh-huh. Tell her thanks very much."

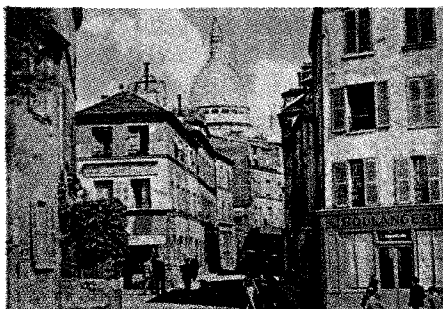
"Tell her yourself. She's right here."

"No! Hey, wait a minute! Christ, *that's* not how you do it." But the protest came too late. Murray had already put down the phone, and Brando, reiterating "*That's* not how you do it," blushed and squirmed like an embarrassed boy.

The next voice to emanate from the receiver belonged to his "Sayonara" leading lady, Miss Miiko Taka. She asked about his health.

"Better, thanks. I ate the bad end of an oyster, that's all. Miiko? . . . Miiko, that was very *sweet* of you to send me the flowers. They're beautiful. I'm looking at them right now. Asters," he continued, as though shyly venturing a line of verse, "are my favorite flowers. . . ."

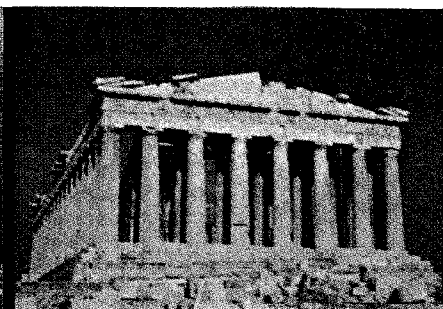
I retired to the sun porch, leaving Brando and Miss Taka to conduct their conversation in stricter seclusion. Below the windows, the hotel garden, with its ultra-simple and *soigné* arrangements of rock and tree, floated in the mists that crawl off Kyoto's waterways—for it is a watery city, crisscrossed with shallow rivers and cascading canals, dotted with pools as still as coiled snakes and mirthful little waterfalls that sound like Japanese girls giggling. Once the imperial capital and now the country's cultural museum, such an aesthetic treasure house that American bombers let it go unmolested during the war, Kyoto is surrounded by water, too; beyond the city's containing hills, thin roads run like causeways across the reflecting silver of flooded rice fields. That evening, despite the gliding mists, the blue encircling hills were discernible against the night, for the upper air had purity; a sky was there, stars were in it, and a scrap of moon. Some portions of the town could be seen. Nearest was a neighborhood of curving roofs, the dark façades of aristocratic



1. ☐ Luxembourg City, Luxembourg
☐ Maria Theresa Street, Innsbruck, Austria
☐ Montmartre Street Scene, Paris, France



2. ☐ Torquay, Devon, England
☐ The Principality of Monaco
☐ View of Estoril, Portugal



3. ☐ The Parthenon, Athens, Greece
☐ Diocletian's Palace, Split, Yugoslavia
☐ Temple of Concord, Agrigento, Italy



4. ☐ The Castle of Chillon, Switzerland
☐ Dromoland Castle, Co. Clare, Ireland
☐ Frederiksborg Castle, Denmark



5. ☐ Ottoman Fort, Istanbul, Turkey
☐ The Alcazaba, Malaga, Spain
☐ Turku Castle, Turku, Finland



6. ☐ Tännforsen Waterfall, Sweden
☐ Radau Waterfall, Germany
☐ Godafoss Waterfall, Iceland



7. ☐ Hanseatic League Houses, Bergen, Norway
☐ Town Hall, Middleburg, Netherlands
☐ Gothic Guild Houses, Antwerp, Belgium

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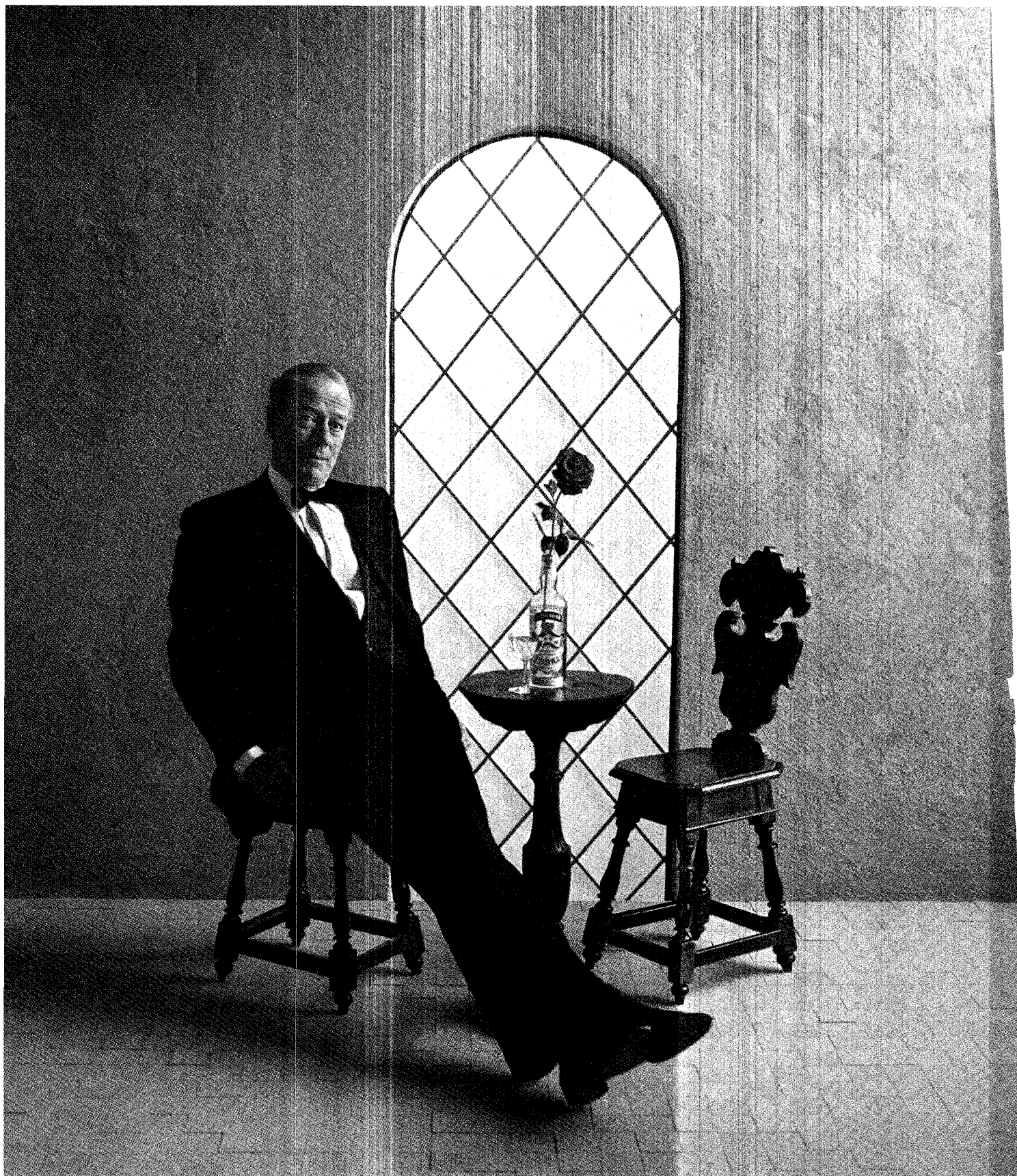
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ANSWERS:

1. Montmartre Street Scene, Paris, France. 2. The Principality of Monaco. 3. The Parthenon, Athens, Greece. 4. The Castle of Chillon, Switzerland. 5. The Alcazaba, Malaga, Spain. 6. Godafoss Waterfall, Iceland. 7. Gothic Guild Houses, Antwerp, Belgium.



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houses fashioned from silky wood yet austere, northern, as secret-looking as any stone Siena palace. How brilliant they made the street lamps appear, and the doorway lanterns casting keen kimono colors—pink and orange, lemon and red. Farther away was a modern flatness—wide avenues and neon, a skyscraper of raw concrete that seemed less enduring, more perishable, than the papery dwellings stooping around it.

Brando completed his call. Approaching the sun porch, he looked at me looking at the view. He said, "Have you been to Nara? Pretty interesting."

I had, and yes, it was. "Ancient, old-time Nara," as a local cicerone unfailingly referred to it, is an hour's drive from Kyoto—a postcard town set in a show-place park. Here is the apotheosis of the Japanese genius for hypnotizing nature into unnatural behavior. The great shrine-infested park is a green salon where sheep graze, and herds of tame deer wander under trim pine trees and, like Venetian pigeons, gladly pose with honeymooning couples; where children yank the beards of unreluctant goats; where old men wearing black capes with mink collars squat on the shores of lotus-quilted lakes and, by clapping their hands, summon swarms of fish, speckled and scarlet carp, fat, thick as trout, who allow their snouts to be tickled, then gobble the crumbs that the old men sprinkle. That this serpentless Eden should strongly appeal to Brando was a bit surprising. With his liberal taste for the off-trail and not-overly-trammelled, one might have thought he would be unresponsive to so ruly, subjugated a landscape. Then, as though apropos of Nara, he said, "Well, I'd like to be married. I want to have children." It was not, perhaps, the non sequitur it seemed; the gentle safety of Nara just could, by the association of ideas, suggest marriage, a family.

"You've got to have love," he said. "There's no other reason for living. Men are no different from mice. They're born to perform the same function. Procreate." ("Marlon," to quote his friend Elia Kazan, "is one of the gentlest people I've ever known. Possibly the gentlest." Kazan's remark had meaning when one observed Brando in the company of children. As far as he was concerned, Japan's youngest generation—lovely, lively, cherry-cheeked kids with bowlegs and bristling bangs—was always welcome to lark around the "Sayonara" sets. He was good with the children, at ease, playful,



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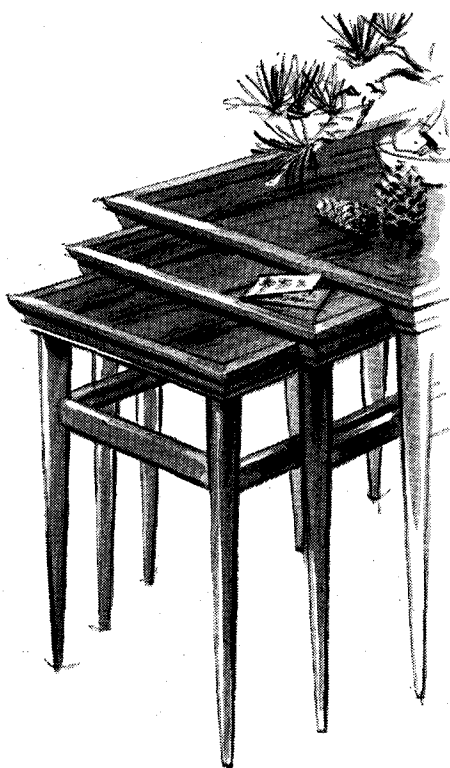
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appreciative; he seemed, indeed, their emotional contemporary, a co-conspirator. Moreover, the condoling expression, the slight look of dispensing charitable compassion, peculiar to his contemplation of some adults was absent from his eyes when he looked at a child.)

Touching Miss Taka's floral offering, he went on, "What other reason is there for living? Except love? That has been my main trouble. My inability to love anyone." He turned back into the lighted room, stood there as though hunting something—a cigarette? He picked up a pack. Empty. He slapped at the pockets of trousers and jackets lying here and there. Brando's wardrobe no longer smacks of the street gang; as a dresser, he has graduated, or gone back, into an earlier style of outlaw chic, that of the prohibition sharpie—black snap-brim hats, striped suits, and sombre-hued George Raft shirts with pastel ties. Cigarettes were found; inhaling, he slumped on the pallet bed. Beads of sweat ringed his mouth. The electric heater hummed. The room was tropical; one could have grown orchids. Overhead, Mr. and Mrs. Buttons were again bumping about, but Brando appeared to have lost interest in them. He was smoking, thinking. Then, picking up the stitch of his thought, he said, "I can't. Love anyone. I can't trust anyone enough to give myself to them. But I'm ready. I want it. And I may, I'm almost on the point, I've really got to..." His eyes narrowed, but his tone, far from being intense, was indifferent, dully objective, as though he were discussing some character in a play—a part he was weary of portraying yet was trapped in by contract. "Because—well, what else is there? That's all it's all about. To love somebody."

(At this time, Brando was, of course, a bachelor, who had, upon occasion, indulged in engagements of a quasi-official character—once to an aspiring authoress and actress, by name Miss Blossom Plumb, and again, with more public attention, to Mlle. Josanne Mariani-Bérenger, a French fisherman's daughter. But in neither instance were banns ever posted. One day last month, however, in a sudden and somewhat secret ceremony at Eagle Rock, California, Brando was married to a dark, sari-swathed young minor actress who called herself Anna Kashfi. According to conflicting press reports, either she was a Darjeeling-born Buddhist of the purest Indian parentage or she was the Calcutta-born daughter of

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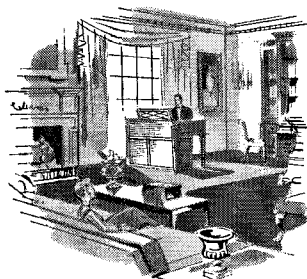
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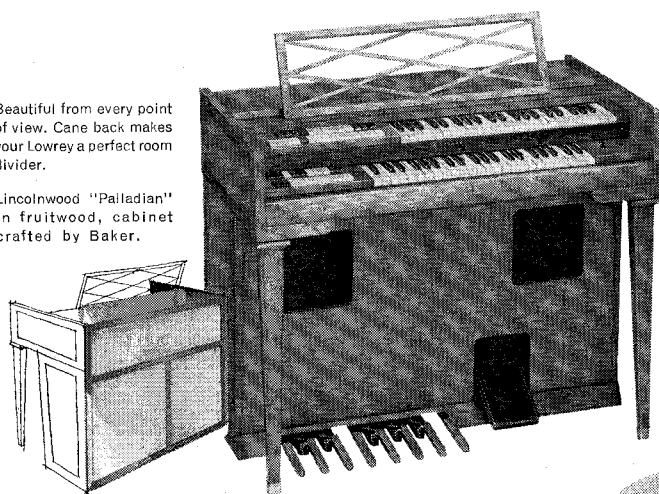


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an English couple named O'Callaghan, now living in Wales. Brando has not yet done anything to clear up the mystery.)

"Anyway, I have *friends*. No. No, I don't," he said, verbally shadowboxing. "Oh, sure I do," he decided, smoothing the sweat on his upper lip. "I have a great many friends. Some I don't hold out on. I let them know what's happening. You have to trust somebody. Well, not all the way. There's nobody I rely on to tell *me* what to do."

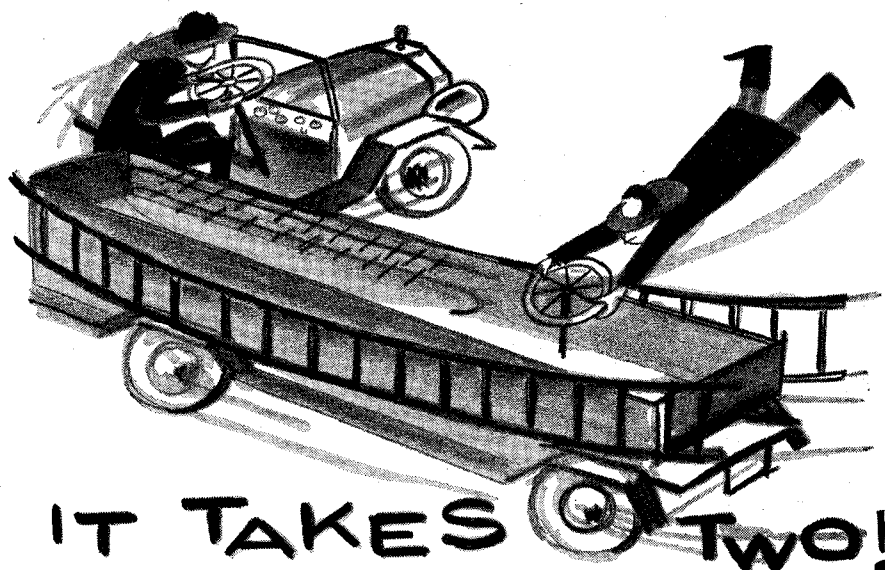
I asked if that included professional advisers. For instance, it was my understanding that Brando very much depended on the guidance of Jay Kanter, a young man on the staff of the Music Corporation of America, which is the agency that represents him. "Oh, Jay," Brando said now. "Jay does what I tell *him* to. I'm alone like that."

The telephone sounded. An hour seemed to have passed, for it was Murray again. "Yeah, still yakking," Brando told him. "Look, let *me* call *you*. . . . Oh, in an hour or so. You be back in your room? . . . O.K."

He hung up, and said, "Nice guy. He wants to be a director—eventually. I was saying something, though. We were talking about friends. Do you know how I make a friend?" He leaned a little toward me, as though he had an amusing secret to impart. "I go about it very gently. I circle around and around. I circle. Then, gradually, I come nearer. Then I reach out and touch them—ah, so gently. . . ." His fingers stretched forward like insect feelers and grazed my arm. "Then," he said, one eye half shut, the other, à la Rasputin, mesmerically wide and shining, "I draw back. Wait awhile. Make them wonder. At just the right moment, I move in again. Touch them. Circle." Now his hand, broad and blunt-fingered, travelled in a rotating pattern, as though it held a rope with which he was binding an invisible presence. "They don't know what's happening. Before they realize it, they're all entangled, involved. I have them. And suddenly, sometimes, I'm all *they* have. A lot of them, you see, are people who don't fit anywhere; they're not accepted, they've been hurt, crippled one way or another. But I want to help them, and they can focus on me; I'm the duke. Sort of the duke of my domain."

(A past tenant on the ducal preserve, describing its seigneur and his subjects, has said, "It's as though Marlon lived in a house where the doors are never

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locked. When he lived in New York, the door always *was* open. Anybody could come in, whether Marlon was there or not, and everybody did. You'd arrive and there would be ten, fifteen characters wandering around. It was strange, because nobody seemed to really know anybody else. They were just there, like people in a bus station. Some type asleep in a chair. People reading the tabs. A girl dancing by herself. Or painting her toenails. A comedian trying out his night-club act. Off in a corner, there'd be a chess game going. And drums—bang, boom, bang, boom! But there was never any drinking—nothing like that. Once in a while, somebody would say, 'Let's go down to the corner for an ice-cream soda.' Now, in all this Marlon was the common denominator, the only connecting link. He'd move around the room drawing individuals aside and talking to them alone. If you've noticed, Marlon can't, *won't*, talk to two people simultaneously. He'll never take part in a *group* conversation. It always has to be a cozy tête-à-tête—one person at a time. Which is necessary, I suppose, if you use the same kind of charm on everyone. But even when you know that's what he's doing, it doesn't matter. Because when *your* turn comes, he makes you feel you're the only person in the room. In the world. Makes you feel that you're under his protection and that your troubles and moods concern him deeply. You have to believe it; more than anyone I've known, he radiates *sincerity*. Afterward, you may ask yourself, 'Is it an act?' If so, what's the point? What have you got to give him? Nothing except—and this is the point—affection. Affection that lends him authority over you. I sometimes think Marlon is like an orphan who later on in life tries to compensate by becoming the kindly head of a huge orphanage. But even outside this institution he wants everybody to love him." Although there exist a score of witnesses who might well contradict the last opinion, Brando himself is credited with having once informed an interviewer, "I can walk into a room where there are a hundred people—if there is *one* person in that room who doesn't like me, I know it and have to get out." As a footnote, it should be added that within the clique over which Brando presides he is esteemed as an intellectual father, as well as an emotional big brother. The person who probably knows him best, the comedian Wally Cox, declares him to be "a creative philosopher, a very deep thinker," and

adds, "He's a real liberating force for his friends.")

BRANDO yawned; it had got to be a quarter past one. In less than five hours he would have to be showered, shaved, breakfasted, on the set, and ready for a makeup man to paint his pale face the mulatto tint that Technicolor requires.

"Let's have another cigarette," he said as I made a move to put on my coat.

"Don't you think you should go to sleep?"

"That just means getting up. Most mornings, I don't know why I do. I can't face it." He looked at the telephone, as though remembering his promise to call Murray. "Anyway, I may work later on. You want something to drink?"

Outside, the stars had darkened and it had started to drizzle, so the prospect of a nightcap was pleasing, especially if I should have to return on foot to my own hotel, which was a mile distant from the Miyako. I poured some vodka; Brando declined to join me. However, he subsequently reached for my glass, sipped from it, set it down between us, and suddenly said, in an offhand way that nonetheless conveyed feeling, "My mother. She broke apart like a piece of porcelain."

I had often heard friends of Brando's say, "Marlon worshipped his mother." But prior to 1947, and the premiere of "A Streetcar Named Desire," few, perhaps none, of the young actor's circle had met either of his parents; they knew nothing of his background except what he chose to tell them. "Marlon always gave a very colorful picture of home life back in Illinois," one of his acquaintances told me. "When we heard that his family were coming to New York for the opening of 'Streetcar,' everybody was very curious. We didn't know what to expect. On opening night, Irene Selznick gave a big party at '21.' Marlon came with his mother and father. Well, you can't imagine two more attractive people. Tall, handsome, charming as they could be. What impressed me—I think it amazed everyone—was Marlon's attitude toward them. In their presence, he wasn't the lad we knew. He was a model son. Reticent, respectful, very polite, considerate in every way."

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, where his father was a salesman of limestone products, Brando, the family's third child and only son, was soon taken to live in Libertyville, Illinois. There the Brandos settled down in a rambling



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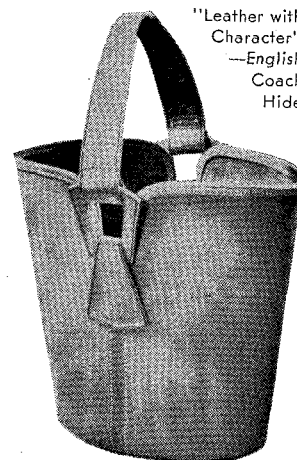
VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

house in a countrified neighborhood; at least, there was enough country around the house to allow the Brandos to keep geese and hens and rabbits, a horse, a Great Dane, twenty-eight cats, and a cow. Milking the cow was the daily chore that belonged to Bud, as Marlon was then nicknamed. Bud seems to have been an extroverted and competitive boy. Everyone who came within range of him was at once forced into some variety of contest: Who can eat fastest? Hold his breath longest? Tell the tallest tale? Bud was rebellious, too; rain or shine, he ran away from home every Sunday. But he and his two sisters, Frances and Jocelyn, were devotedly close to their mother. Many years later, Stella Adler, Brando's former drama coach, described Mrs. Brando, who died in 1954, as "a very beautiful, a heavenly, lost, girlish creature." Always, wherever she lived, Mrs. Brando had played leads in the productions of local dramatic societies, and always she had longed for a more brightly foot-lighted world than her surroundings provided. These yearnings inspired her children. Frances took to painting; Jocelyn, who is at present a professional actress, interested herself in the theatre. Bud, too, had inherited his mother's theatrical inclinations, but at seventeen he announced a wish to study for the ministry. (Then, as now, Brando searched for a belief. As one Brando disciple once summed it up, "He needs to find something in life, something in himself, that is permanently true, and he needs to lay down his life for it. For such an intense personality, nothing less than that will do.") Talked out of his clerical ambitions, expelled from school, rejected for military service in 1942 because of a trick knee, Brando packed up and came to New York. Whereupon Bud, the plump, towheaded, unhappy adolescent, exits, and the man-sized and very gifted Marlon emerges.

Brando has not forgotten Bud. When he speaks of the boy he was, the boy seems to inhabit him, as if time had done little to separate the man from the hurt, desiring child. "My father was indifferent to me," he said. "Nothing I could do interested him, or pleased him. I've accepted that now. We're friends now. We get along." Over the past ten years, the elder Brando has supervised his son's financial affairs; in addition to Pennebaker Productions, of which Mr. Brando, Sr., is an employee, they have been associated in a number of ventures, including a Nebraska grain-and-cattle ranch, in which a large percentage of the younger Brando's earn-

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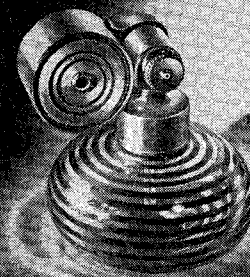
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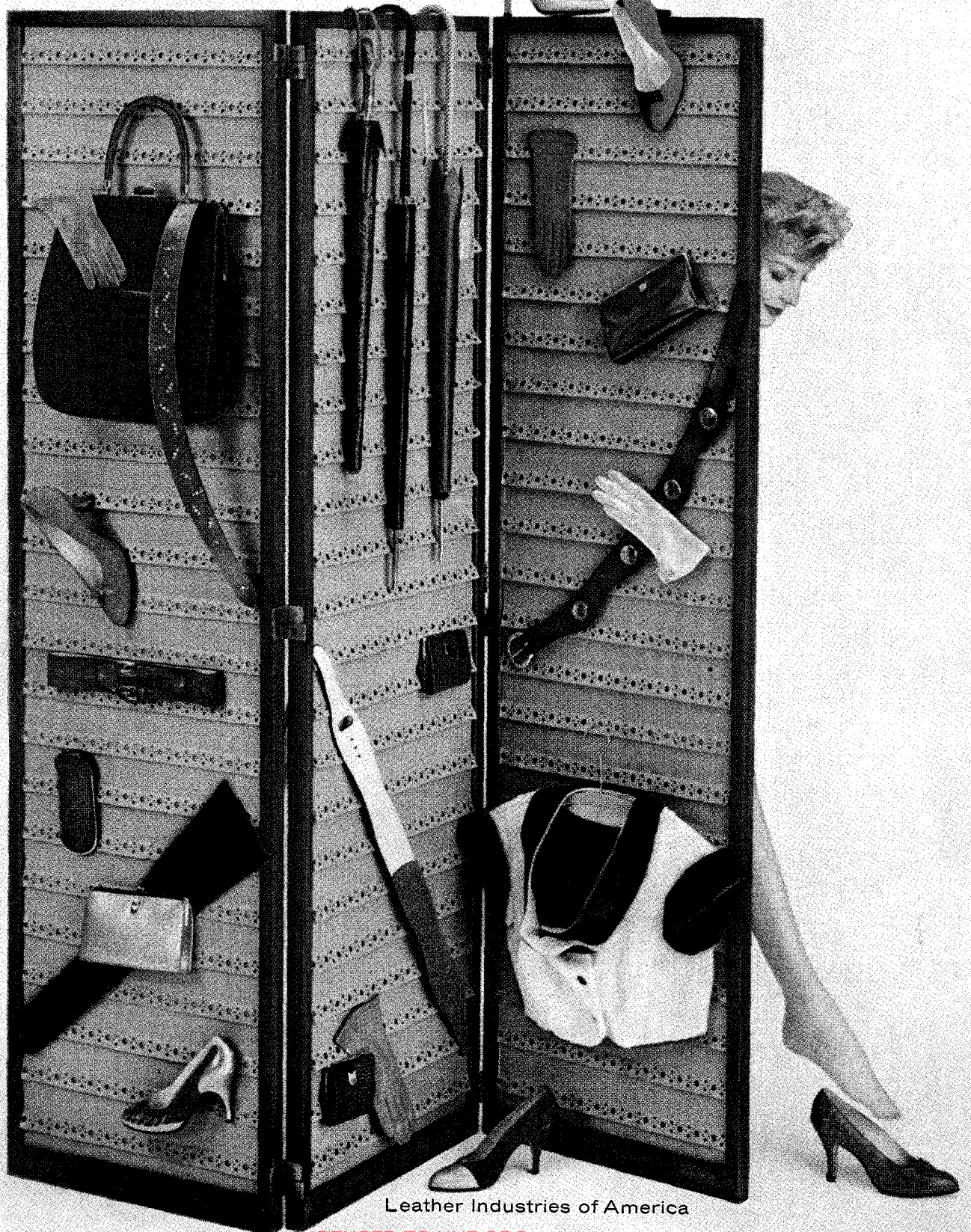
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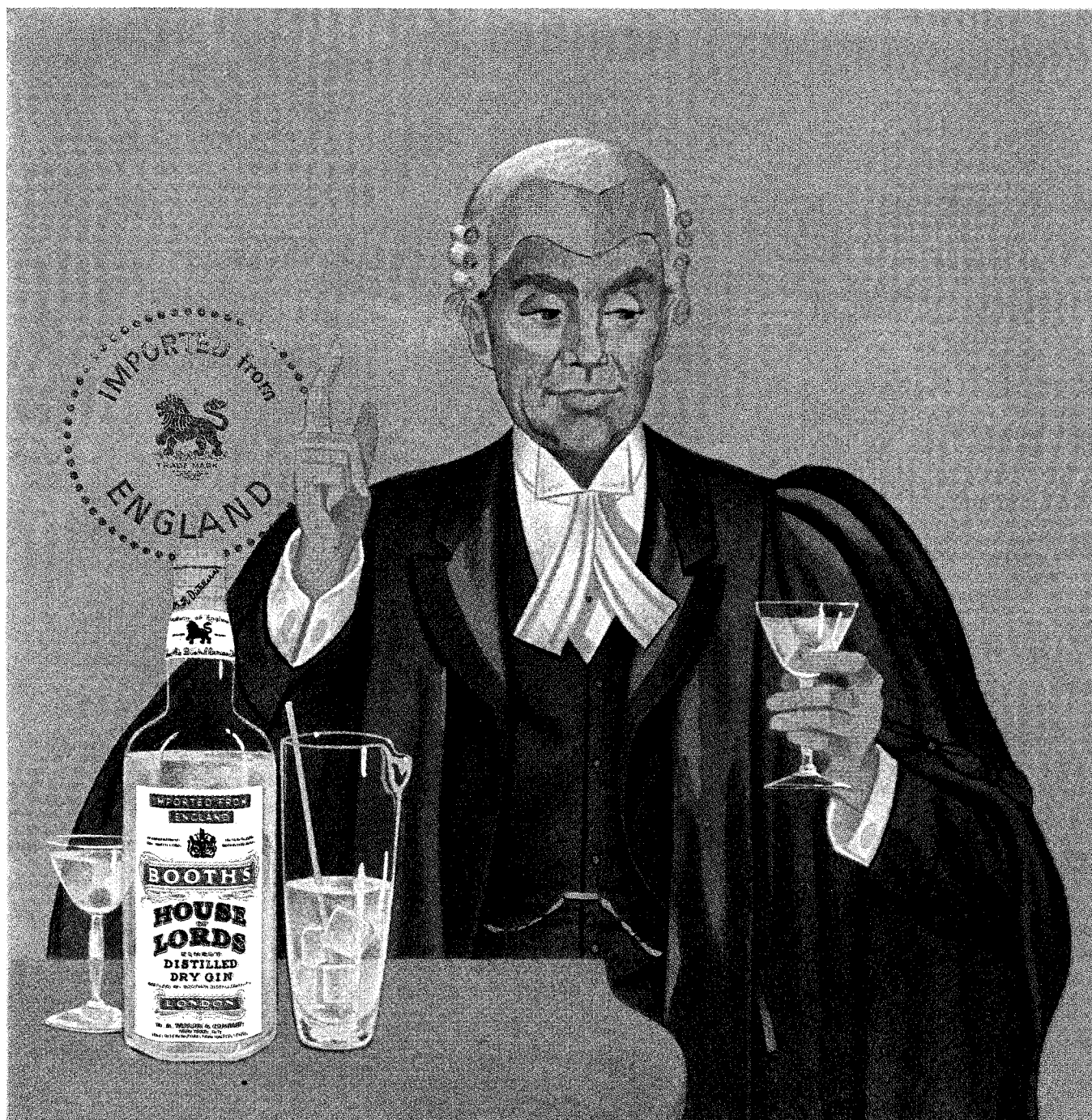
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ings was invested. "But my mother was everything to me. A whole world. I tried so hard. I used to come home from school . . ." He hesitated, as though waiting for me to picture him: Bud, books under his arm, scuffling his way along an afternoon street. "There wouldn't be anybody home. Nothing in the icebox." More lantern slides: empty rooms, a kitchen. "Then the telephone would ring. Somebody calling from some bar. And they'd say, 'We've got a lady down here. You better come get her.'" Suddenly, Brando was silent. In the silence the picture faded, or, rather, became fixed: Bud at the telephone. At last, the image moved again, leaped forward in time. Bud is eighteen, and: "I thought if she loved me enough, trusted me enough, I thought, then we can be together, in New York; we'll live together and I'll take care of her. Once, later on, that really happened. She left my father and came to live with me. In New York, when I was in a play. I tried so hard. But my love wasn't enough. She couldn't care enough. She went back. And one day"—the flatness of his voice grew flatter, yet the emotional pitch ascended until one could discern, like a sound within a sound, a wounded bewilderment—"I didn't care any more. She was there. In a room. Holding on to me. And I let her fall. Because I couldn't take it any more—watch her breaking apart, in front of me, like a piece of porcelain. I stepped right over her. I walked right out. I was indifferent. Since then, I've been indifferent."

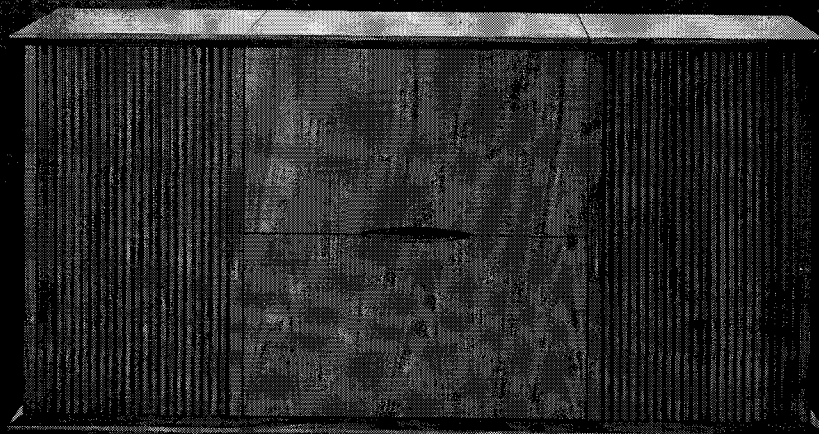
The telephone was signalling. Its racket seemed to rouse him from a daze; he stared about, as though he'd wakened in an unknown room, then smiled wryly, then whispered, "Damn, damn, damn," as his hand lurched toward the telephone. "Sorry," he told Murray. "I was just going to call you. . . . No, he's leaving now. But look, man, let's call it off tonight. It's after one. It's nearly two o'clock. . . . Yeah. . . . Sure thing. Tomorrow."

Meanwhile, I'd put on my overcoat, and was waiting to say good night. He walked me to the door, where I put on my shoes. "Well, *sayonara*," he mockingly bade me. "Tell them at the desk to get you a taxi." Then, as I walked down the corridor, he called, "And listen! Don't pay too much attention to what I say. I don't always feel the same way."

IN a sense, this was not my last sight of him that evening. Downstairs, the Miyako's lobby was deserted. There was

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no one at the desk, nor, outside, were there any taxis in view. Even at high noon, the fancy crochet of Kyoto's streets had played me tricks; still, I set off through the marrow-chilling drizzle in what I hoped was a homeward direction. I'd never before been abroad so late in the city. It was quite a contrast to daytime, when the central parts of the town, caroused by crowds of fiesta massiveness, jangle like the inside of a *pachinko* parlor, or to early evening—Kyoto's most exotic hours, for then, like night flowers, lanterns wreath the side streets, and resplendent geishas, with their white ceramic faces and their ballooning lacquered wigs strewn with silver bells, their hobbled wiggle-walk, hurry among the shadows toward meticulously tasteful revelries. But at two in the morning these exquisite grotesques are gone, the cabarets are shuttered; only cats remained to keep me company, and drunks and red-light ladies, the inevitable old beggar-bundles in doorways, and, briefly, a ragged street musician who followed me playing on a flute a medieval music. I had trudged far more than a mile when, at last, one of a hundred alleys led to familiar ground—the main-street district of department stores and cinemas. It was then that I saw Brando. Sixty feet tall, with a head as huge as the greatest Buddha's, there he was, in comic-paper colors, on a sign above a theatre that advertised "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Rather Buddhalike, too, was his pose, for he was depicted in a squatting position, a serene smile on a face that glistened in the rain and the light of a street lamp. A deity, yes; but, more than that, really, just a young man sitting on a pile of candy.

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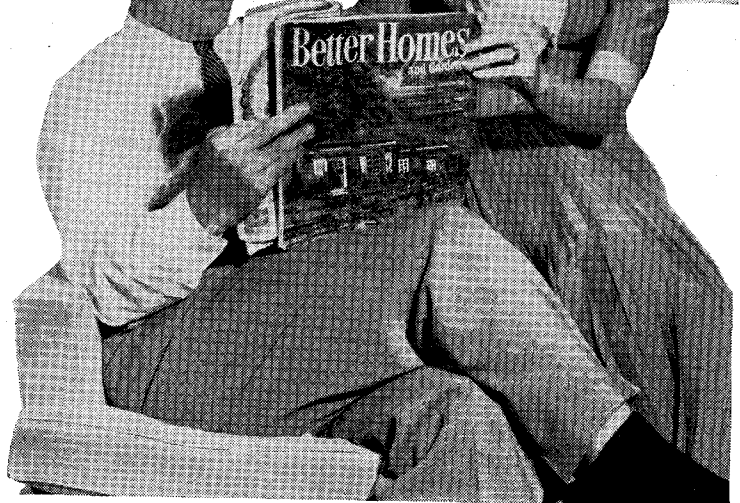
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MUSIC AND WORDS

A GREAT musical comedy—we are not concerned here with social documents to which music has been applied—generally offers a carefully balanced diet of riches. There will be talented personalities whom the audience can identify with romance, and others guaranteed to make it laugh; beautiful songs explaining for the most part that love is well worth all the awful bother it entails, and funny ones, often to the opposite effect, full of cheerful improprieties and ingenious rhymes; dances, both stately and athletic, executed by delectable young men and women in arresting costumes against expensive backgrounds; and a plot unlikely to tax the mind but still telling a coherent and interesting story with charm, gaiety, and even a certain amount of suspense. Judged by these standards, “Jamaica,” at the Imperial, is far from being a majestic contribution to the art, since it fulfills none of these requirements perfectly and the last one, I’m afraid, almost not at all. It is, in fact, a remarkably uneven entertainment, and to assist you in making up your mind about it perhaps we’d better examine it piece by piece.

The particular star, to take first things first, is Lena Horne, a delicately beautiful and most agreeably constructed young woman, who has hitherto displayed her gifts mainly in night clubs. Miss Horne has a small but true voice and admirable diction, and these assets, combined with her stylish demeanor (she is one of the few performers in the world who can do a lady-like bump), make her rendering of her songs a delight both to the eye and to the ear. Since she has never previously been called on to speak a word on the stage, her acquaintance with formal acting is limited and her regard for it, I should say, moderate and possibly a little supercilious. When she addresses another actor, indeed, her

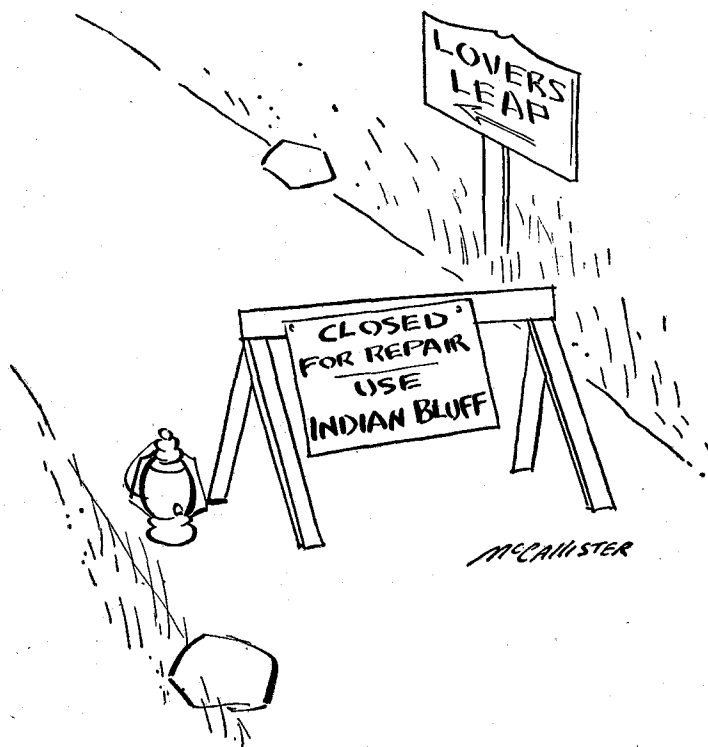
expression is usually as vacant as the moon and she speaks between her teeth, with precision but no great enthusiasm. In view of the fact that her lines are seldom of the slightest consequence, this may easily be the most intelligent way to handle them. Anyway, she is a fine, showy girl to have around. Her principal assistant is Ricardo Montalban, who reminds me somehow of a young and spectacularly muscled Al Jolson, and his performance, which consists chiefly of courting Miss Horne in a virile but respectful manner, is attractive, if not especially notable musically. Elsewhere in the background are Josephine Premice, a rag-doll comic with a style and languor all her own; Adelaide Hall, who plays a jocular and tuneful grandma most fetchingly; Ossie Davis, who, as a man alternately drawn to and repelled by Miss Premice, does very nicely with the broad humor that this involves; Joe Adams, capably representing an oily scoundrel from New York; and an alarmingly precocious child named Augustine Rios, who manages to be extremely winning all the same. Altogether, they are a pleasant, gifted crew, and the lesser players who sur-

round them are unusually handsome and agile, too.

The songs, for which Harold Arlen provided the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics, rise, I suppose, to no great heights, but they are almost invariably smooth, professional, and literate, and the prevailing atmosphere is one of easy charm. Among the numbers entrusted to Miss Horne are “Pretty to Walk With,” “Push the Button” (a dream of the wonders of life in Manhattan), “Cocoanut Sweet,” and “Take It Slow, Joe,” and if, thanks to the peculiar force of her personality and the perfection of her technique, these seem the most memorable of the evening’s fare, a lot of the others (“Incompatibility,” “Savannah,” “For Every Fish”) are also very bright and engaging. If I have any complaint at all, it is about an item called “Leave the Atom Alone,” a facetious treatment of a topic that doesn’t readily lend itself to humor. It appeared to entertain the audience, though, and it may be that I am oversqueamish, at least where nuclear fission is concerned. The dances, staged by Jack Cole, are predominantly Caribbean in inspiration and wonderfully lively, if not altogether unfamiliar, in execution, and the sets and costumes, designed by Oliver Smith and Miles White, respectively, are incomparably the most striking we have seen this season, being almost, if not quite, in a class with the tropical splendors we saw a couple of years ago in “House of Flowers.” This leaves us, finally, with the plot, which was cooked up by Mr.

Harburg and Fred Saidy. As nearly as possible, this is nothing. The heroine wishes the hero to take her away from Pigeon Island, where life is just one damn mackerel after another, and to New York, where, of course, everybody has champagne for breakfast. They argue about this off and on all evening, repeating themselves a good deal and getting nowhere, and the tone of their discussion is flat and disconsolate. Ah, well, we can’t have everything.

IN sanguine theory, “The Square Root of Wonderful,” by Carson McCullers, at the National, is a play about a woman who comes of age, spirit-



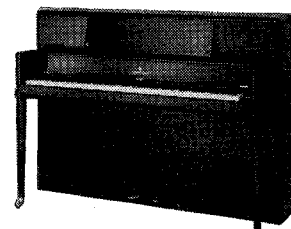


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ually, just before it is too late. She has been married twice to a drunken writer of some talent who inspired in her a peculiar combination of passion and pity, but fortunately another man, a decent young architect, comes along and, with his assistance, she is set free from her degrading bondage. This is the theory. In melancholy fact, I'm afraid, Mrs. McCullers' play presents us with a heroine who is, and remorselessly remains, a pinhead, and with a hero and a villain who are a rather stifling moralist and a boozily grandiloquent psychopath, respectively. Her choice between these two men, furthermore, seems to be dictated less by any increasing perception on her part of their relative merits than by the convenient circumstance that the writer eliminates himself from the contest by committing suicide. In addition to this central trio, we are asked to consider the writer's dominating mother, who functions simultaneously and confusingly as the deadly enemy of hope and promise in her children's lives and as a dialect comedian; her daughter, a spinster librarian with glasses, who is an uneasy blend of pathos and broad humor; and a small boy, who dislikes his drunken father and admires his mother's suitor—himself, of course, a boy at heart.

With the exception of the architect, all these people are Southerners, though the action, for no particular reason, takes place on an apple farm in Rockland County, New York, and much of their speech and many of their mannerisms have the air of having been transplanted from other and far better plays about the South—including Mrs. McCullers' own fine and touching "The Member of the Wedding"—into a kind of wan and aimless parody of the genre. This is sad enough, but the frequent occasions when the author's muse deserts its homeland and wings, or flaps, west to Hollywood are even worse. When this Choctaw mood sets in, we get such passages as:

"You never told me you were married."

"You never asked me."

"What was she like?"

"She was very beautiful."

"What—"

"She died."

"Oh."

Or:

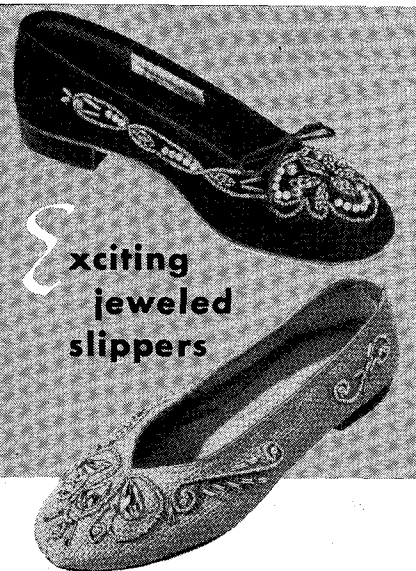
"Do you believe in God?"

"I do tonight—altogether."

Or even:

"I love your body. I love the wisdom in your funny heart. I love you period."

For one reason and another, I de-



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cline to believe that Mrs. McCullers wrote these horrid lines herself, preferring to attribute them to some skulking littérateur in the ranks of the management. Nevertheless, they are delivered loud and clear on the stage of the National, and with each of them the poor play collapses more helplessly into absurdity.

As the lady so unhappily torn between a lunatic and a bore, Anne Baxter struggles valiantly with the problem of playing character and charm into a role that is conspicuously lacking in either of these qualities, and the fact that she is even partially and intermittently successful suggests that she has a useful future on the stage. She is supported by Jean Dixon, who, as a sort of roustabout version of the mother in "The Glass Menagerie," shows her usual indomitable skill; by Martine Bartlett, who caricatures the spinster ably enough; by Philip Abbott and William Smithers, who, as the architect and the writer, in that order, portray these parts for all they're worth, which isn't much; and by Kevin Coughlin, who is rather appealing as the boy. George Keathley's direction and Jo Mielziner's set have no especially arresting features. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

WITH OUR BUMBERSHOOTS AT THE READY

[A plan for the use of umbrellas at the wreath ceremonies, Arlington National Cemetery, sent to the Commanding Officer, 1st Battle Group, 3d Infantry, Fort Myer, from Captain Pierre D. Bynum, Headquarters, Military District of Washington]

UMBRELLA PLAN—WREATH CEREMONIES, ANC, 17 OCTOBER 1957

1. In case of inclement weather at the wreath ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery during the visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the following will constitute the plan for the use of umbrellas.

2. Responsibilities

a. The Quartermaster, MDW will:

(1) Make necessary arrangements to utilize the same umbrellas that will be used by the State Department at the MATS Arrival Ceremony (4), borrow two (2) from Arlington National Cemetery and rent ten (10).

(2) Deliver the umbrellas to a representative of the 1st Battle Group, 3d Infantry at the Guard Room, Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Arlington National Cemetery, no later than 151200 October (except those from MATS—by 171300 October).

(3) Return the borrowed umbrellas to the State Department upon conclusion of the wreath ceremonies.

(4) Return rented umbrellas on Monday, 21 October.

b. Commanding Officer, 1st Battle



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Group, 3d Infantry, or his representative, will:

(1) Receive and sign for the umbrellas from the Quartermaster, Military District of Washington.

(2) Appoint an officer to bear the umbrella for the Queen.

(3) Designate two (2) non-commissioned officers to bear umbrellas for two (2) Ladies-in-Waiting to the Queen.

(4) Designate two (2) enlisted men to deliver the balance of the umbrellas to dignitary spectators as required.

(5) Rehearse umbrella bearers (with representative from British Embassy present).

(6) Inform the AC of S, G-3, MDW, of rehearsal time and date.

c. AC of S, G-3, MDW, or his representative, will:

(1) Coordinate the use of umbrellas as described herein with the British Mission and the State Department.

(2) Be at the Queen's dismount point on Roosevelt Avenue to make the decision on the use of umbrellas. Such decision will be passed to the officer indicated in paragraph 2b(2) above.

3. Plan

a. Personnel noted in paragraphs 2b(2), (3), and (4), will if notified by the AC of S, G-3, MDW by 171300 October, report to the AC of S, G-3, MDW with umbrellas, at the Queen's dismount point on Roosevelt Avenue, no later than 171430 October.

b. If umbrellas are to be used, the individuals noted in paragraphs 2b(2), and (3), will meet their respective dignitary as they alight from their automobiles, with the umbrella in the open position, insuring that they are protected from the elements. The umbrella bearers will then follow their respective dignitary through the entire ceremony until the dignitary remounts her car at the conclusion of the ceremony at the Canadian Cross. During the time the dignitaries are in the Trophy Room, Amphitheater, umbrellas will be in the closed position. Umbrellas will be raised as the dignitary uncovers the canopy at the West Entrance of the Amphitheater.

c. Umbrella bearers will maintain a position of one (1) step to the right and one (1) step to the rear of the dignitary when the umbrella is in the raised position. While the dignitary is in the Trophy Room, Amphitheater, the umbrella bearer will proceed to the Canopy, West Entrance of the Amphitheater and await the arrival of the dignitary. Under no circumstances will the bearer allow the umbrella or his person to touch the dignitary.

d. Individuals noted in paragraph 2b(4) will deliver umbrellas to dignitary spectators upon order of the AC of S, G3, MDW, and will secure umbrellas from these spectators upon conclusion of the ceremony.

e. Uniform—Ceremonial Blue, without arms. Officers—yellow gloves. Enlisted men—white gloves.

4. General

a. Brigadier Liardet, Chief of Staff, British Mission states only the Queen and the two (2) Ladies-in-Waiting will require umbrellas in case of rain.

b. Mr. Purse and Mr. Conger, Protocol, State Department concur in the use of umbrellas as stated herein.

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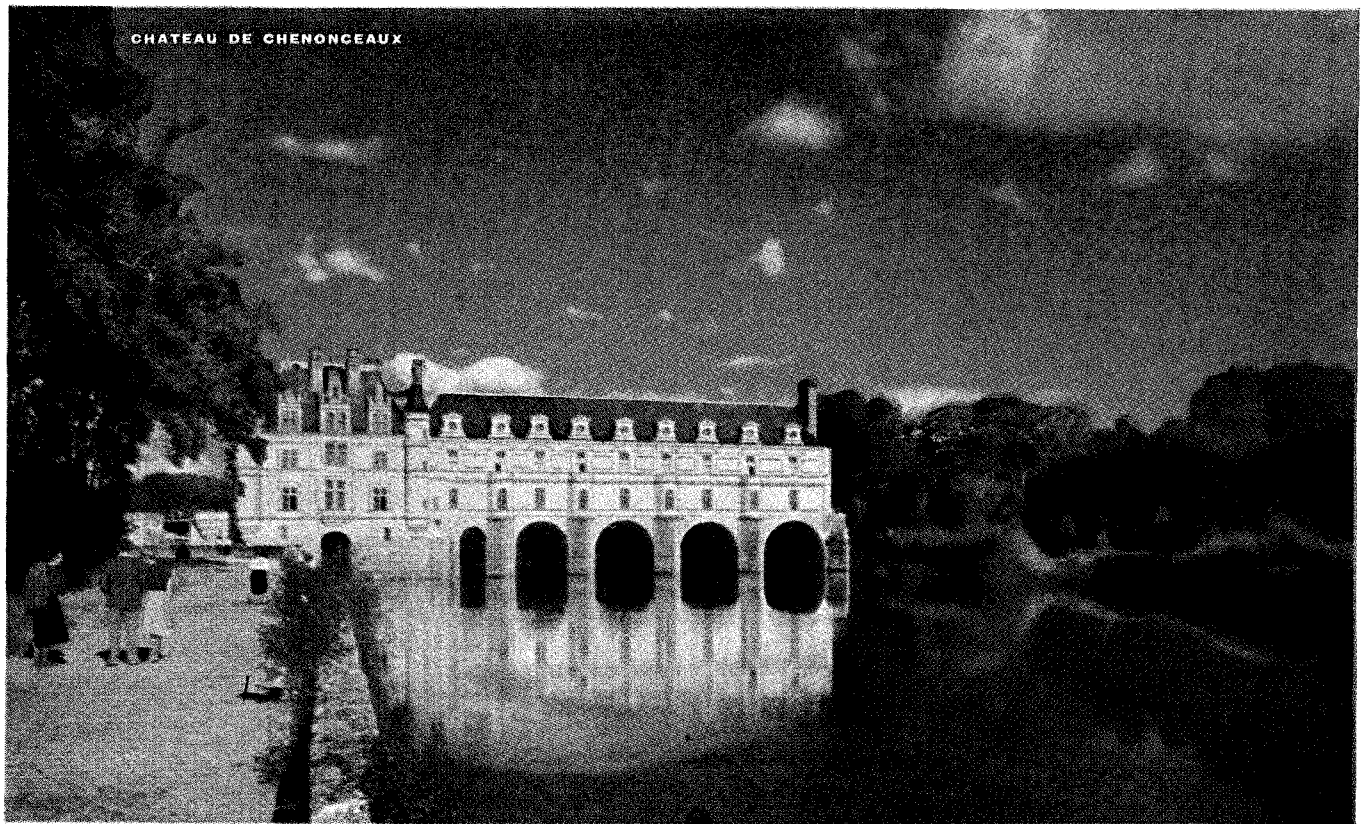
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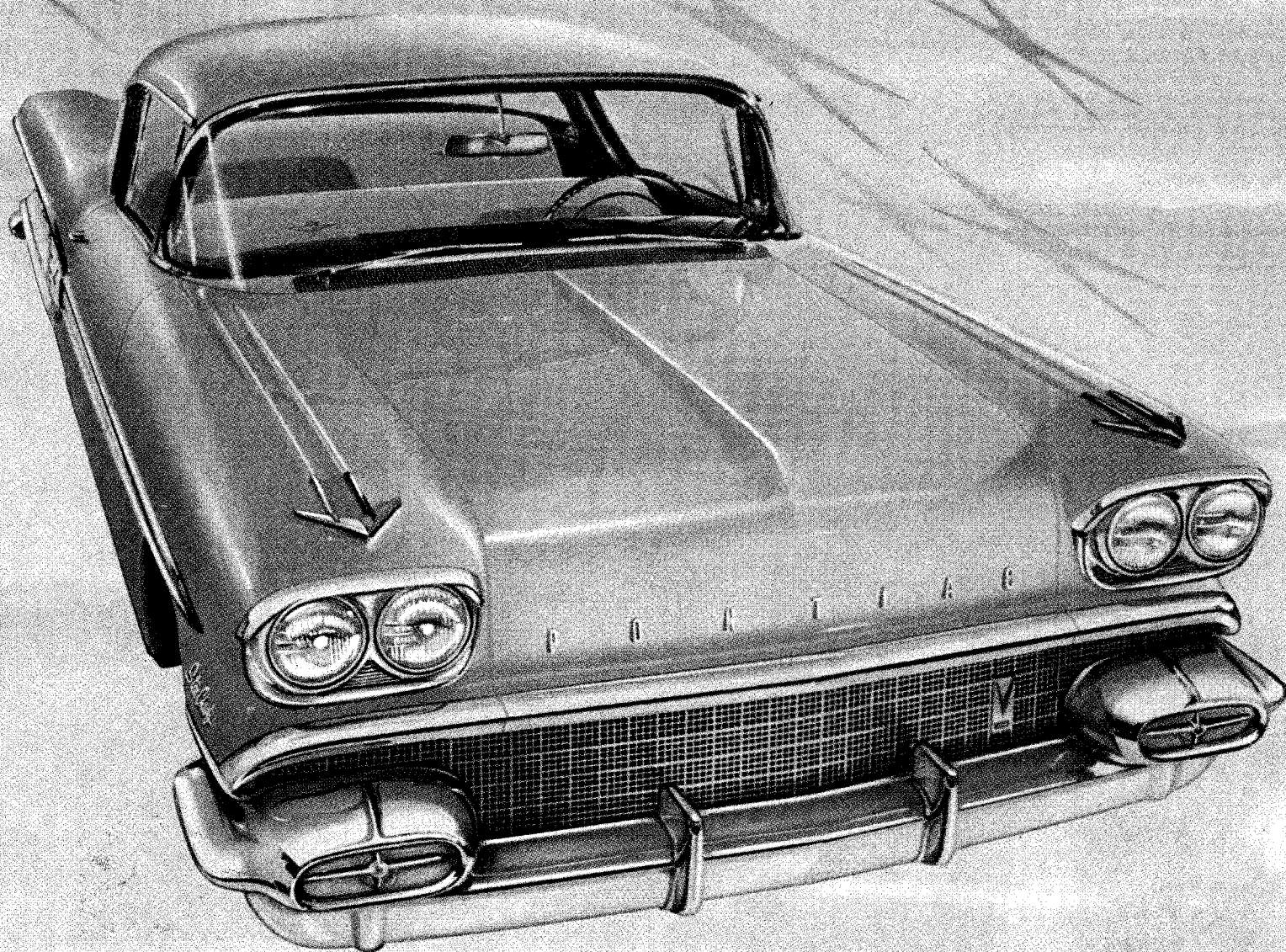
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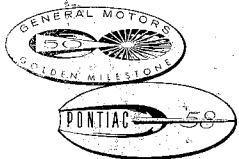
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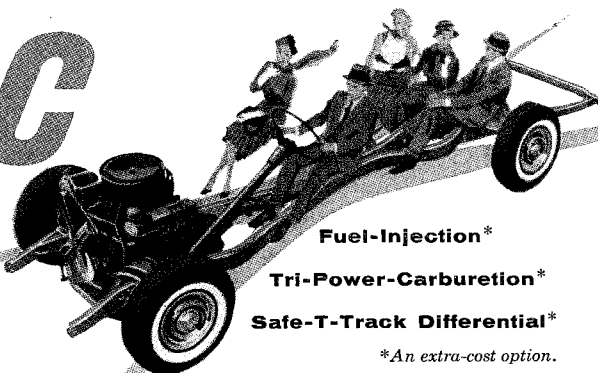
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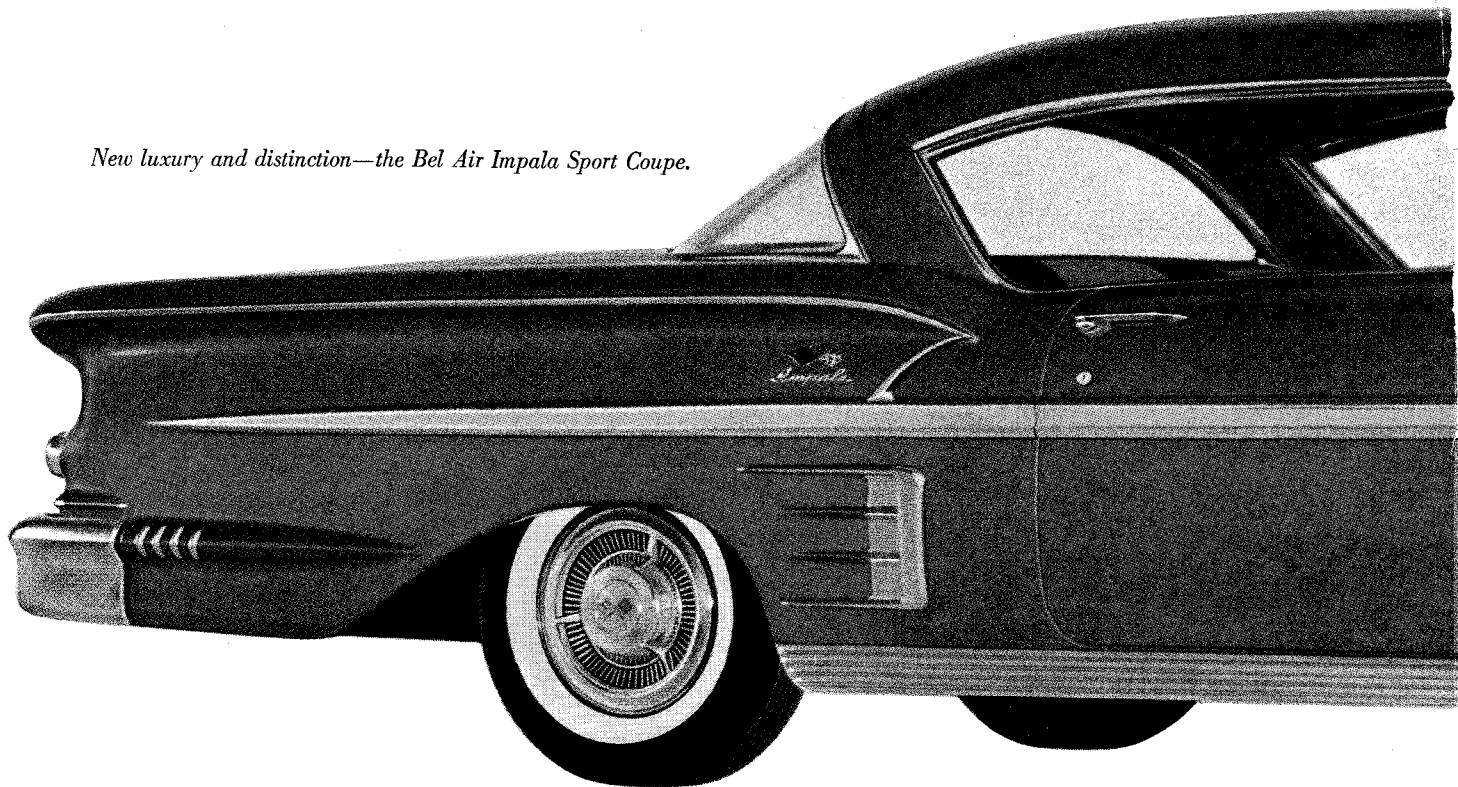
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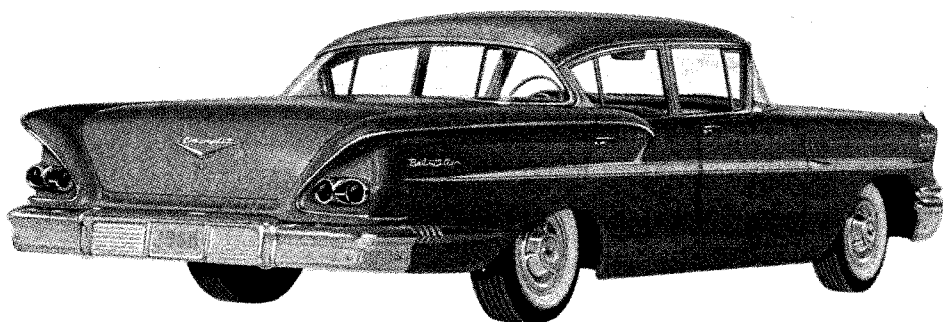
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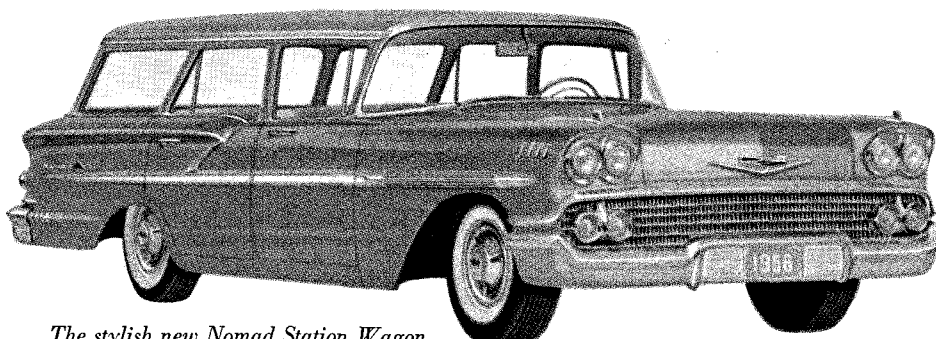
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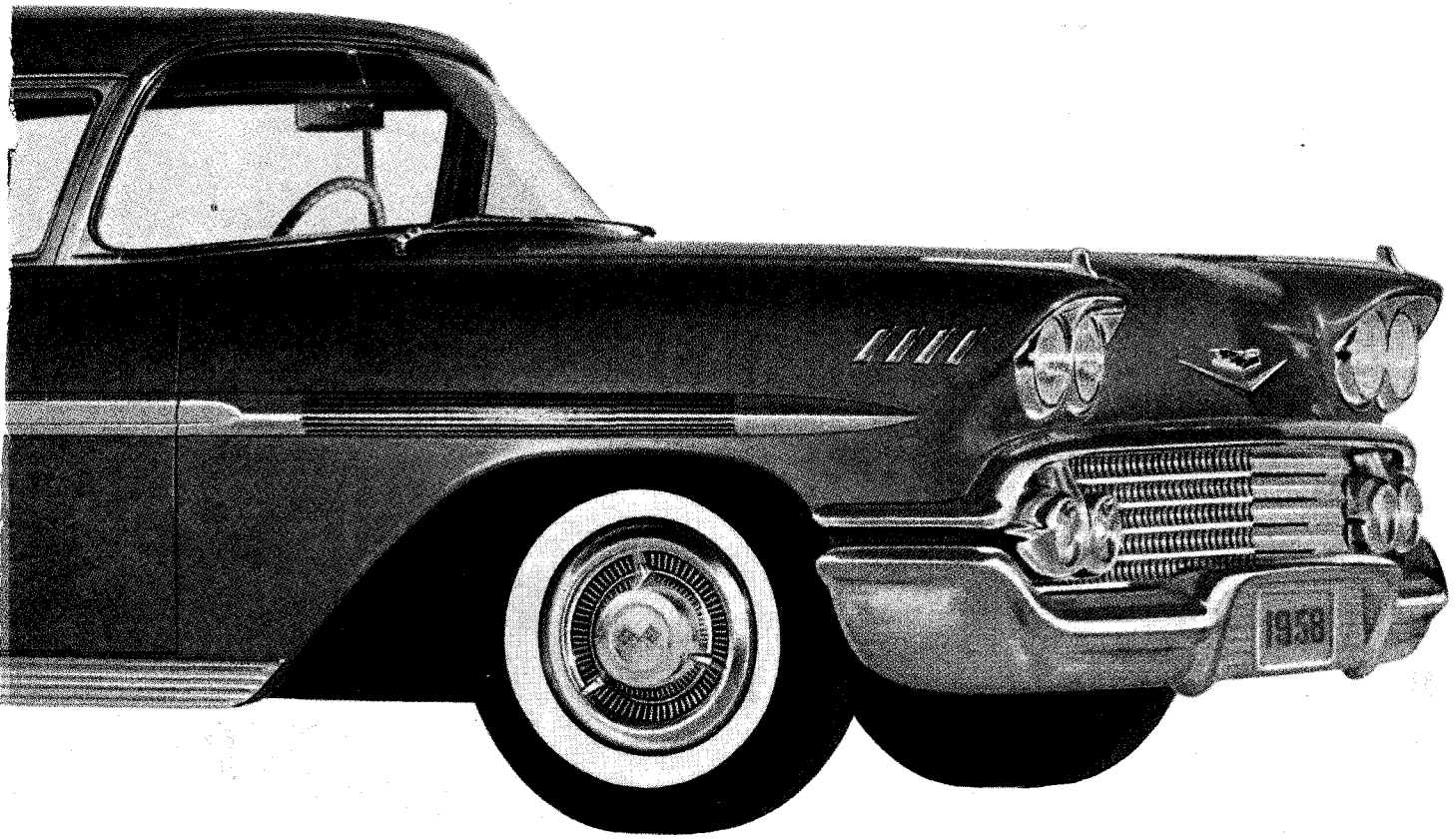
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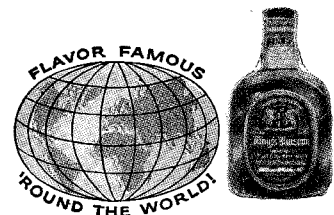




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FOOTBALL

Cloudy Weather



FROM the upper reaches of the Hartford Statler, where New Yorkers who make a whole weekend out of their football are apt to lay over before a descent upon Yale Bowl, one could see, last Friday night, the bivouac of the Dartmouths across the rainy countryside, and their campfires glowed, rather than sputtered, in the dampness. For on the morrow Dartmouth, which hadn't lost a game since it succumbed to Yale the year before, and against which just one touchdown had been scored in six matches, was to take on Yale again and trounce it. And, indeed, at the half it was leading Yale 7-0. But the shape of things to come is determined as often in the dressing rooms between the halves as it is on the field of action. Thus Dartmouth, instead of coasting along to what should have been a not too difficult victory, had hell's own time scrambling through at the last second to tie Yale, 14-14. What was said between halves in the Yale dressing room is probably a privileged communication, but a couple of deductions are possible. Dartmouth's ingenious and wide-spreading defense had slowed Yale's end runs down to a crawl and turned Yale's passing attack into a disaster; after the dressing-room conference, Yale abandoned end runs and passes in favor of punching through the holes in that wide-spread defense until it closed up, whereupon Yale took to running the ends again. It was an offense far more efficacious than Dartmouth's, which depended entirely upon the ability of Bradley, unquestionably a great man, to get his passes under way, and the ability of Yale to fumble the ball or pick up a penalty at the most inconvenient moments. And, speaking of penalties, it did seem that Dartmouth was getting the benefit of the doubts, of which there were several reasonable ones. It also seemed that Yale did a lot better than was expected of it, and that Dartmouth didn't. Despite the showers and the slippery going, the celebrated players on both sides did well; a word should also be said for two members of the supporting cast—Yale's Kangas, who ran the ball handsomely and defended well against those Bradley passes, and Dartmouth's Henander,

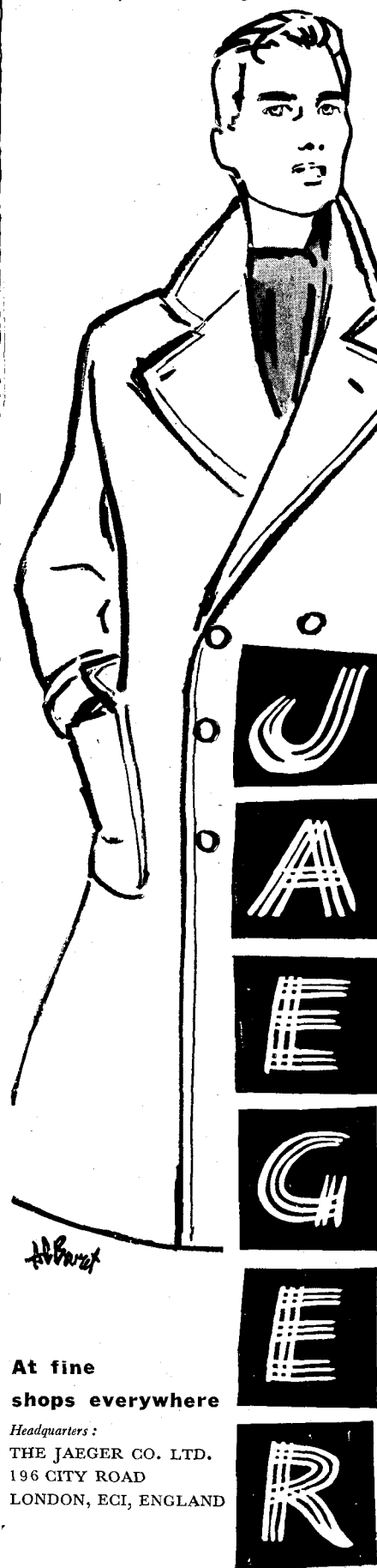
who got off what may turn out to have been the most deceptive and the prettiest quick kick of the season.

IT was anyone's guess what would happen last Saturday up in Providence, where Princeton, going against Brown, was operating under one expected handicap (Brown's stubborn defense) and two unexpected ones (mud up to the ankles and the death, the day before, of Charlie Caldwell, its coach). When it comes to mud, a plunging fullback is the ticket, and Princeton had Tiley, who made the score Princeton 7, Brown 0. Rain didn't arrive until late in the day in Philadelphia, where Penn, though presumably encouraged by the return to action of Riepl, its star performer in 1956, managed to blow a 6-0 lead and the ball game to Harvard, which was trying to get along without Stahura, its star performer in both 1956 and 1957. For several seasons now, Penn has appeared to be (as the saying goes) a year away; now it appears to be a creature of habit, which is losing.

CHARLIE CALDWELL played good football in his undergraduate days at Princeton. But college baseball then meant much more than it does now, and Caldwell was a great ball-player, in the classic pattern of the early Babe Ruth—a winning pitcher who could hit a long ball. He could go neck and neck inning after inning against a pitcher like Owen Carroll, who played on Holy Cross teams that could have beaten more than one major-league squad, and he could pole out four-hundred-foot home runs. Owen Carroll dropped out of the news after that, but Caldwell stayed in; almost everyone knows that for thirty of the thirty-two years that remained to him after graduation he was a football head coach, and a fine one. He kept on wearing a baseball uniform, though, during working hours. He had firm opinions, and few words in which to set them forth; his writings on the technique of the sport read like a handbook of nuclear physics. But he was able to impart his ideas about the single-wing style of play, his *modus operandi*, to the young men in his charge, and, in nearly every instance, to make them better players, mentally as well as physically. It is not easy to imagine where in the world Princeton will again find that precious blend of gruff good humor, guile, and knowledge.

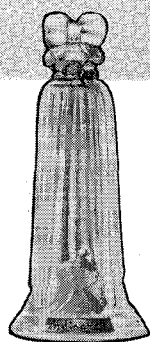
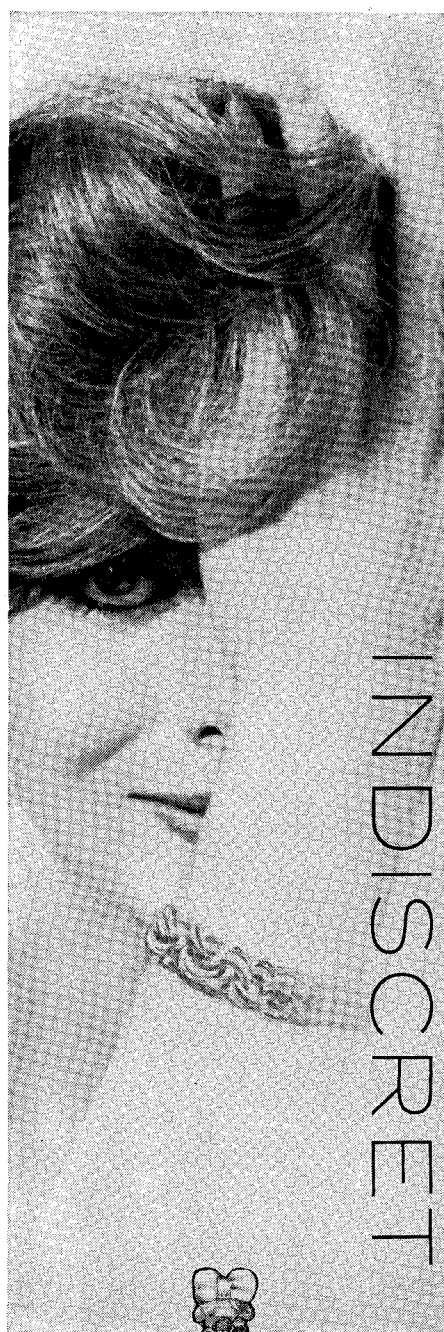
—J. W. L.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bravo!



WHATEVER the brilliance of the Metropolitan Opera's opening-night production of "Eugene Onegin"—and it certainly made some claims in that direction—it was far outshone by the performance of "Don Giovanni" later on last week. The latter event was, in fact, one of those historic occasions on which Mozart's masterpiece achieves its full stature, both as a supreme musical creation and as perhaps the greatest single dramatic work the theatre has ever known. Much of this admirable result was due to the completely new staging of the work by Herbert Graf, who managed the singers in such a way that every detail of the action emerged in the sharpest and most telling fashion. One noticed points in the drama that one had never noticed before: the removal of Don Giovanni's mask at the close of the duel in the first scene, revealing his identity to the dying Commendatore; the shocked gasp with which Donna Anna recognizes him as her seducer later in the act; the organic necessity of Don Giovanni's champagne aria, which, with the help of some very skillful and very natural stage business, became not the rather irrelevant set number it usually appears to be but a thrilling moment in the story's progress. And, above and beyond these striking elements of detail, Mr. Graf succeeded in bringing the majestic conception of the whole drama into proper focus, so that its comic incidents subordinated themselves to the grim theme of crime and retribution that is the real essence of the opera. All this took place before a series of ingenious and quite magnificent sets, designed by Eugene Berman in an imaginative Spanish-baroque style that added no end of grandeur and atmosphere to the production, and the costumes (also by Mr. Berman) blended with the background or stood out from it according to the requirements of the various roles, making each scene a richly evocative stage picture. From the dramatic point of view, this was the "Don Giovanni" I had been waiting many years to see at the Metropolitan, and I can truthfully say that I have never encountered its superior anywhere.

But I am not through yet. In the orchestra pit, a new conductor, Mr. Karl Boehm, long familiar at Vienna and Salzburg, and something of a

Mozart specialist, led a musical performance remarkable for its sensitivity and subtlety, allowing his singers leeway for spontaneous vocalism while controlling the proportions of the work with a firm rein. And the singers outdid themselves. I doubt whether any other opera house in the world could muster a comparable cast. Cesare Siepi, an artist of extraordinary intuitive sensibilities, has long been one of the most dashing and vocally elegant of contemporary Don Giovannis. The other night, under Mr. Graf's painstaking direction, he sang and acted the role more compellingly than ever before in my experience. As Donna Anna, Eleanor Steber was an altogether stunning theatrical figure, providing a sort of fire that is seldom encountered in this part and singing it with admirable assurance. Lisa Della Casa was a very beautiful and, in her coloratura passages, a limpid and invariably graceful Donna Elvira. Cesare Valletti was, as usual, the suavest and most exquisitely controlled of all the Don Ottavios within memory. Giorgio Tozzi sang with great dignity and power as the Commendatore. Theodor Uppman and Roberta Peters, as Masetto and Zerlina, respectively, performed very engagingly, and Fernando Corena again made Leporello a rounded dramatic portrait, rather than the clownish figure he sometimes is.

Were there no flaws whatever in this production? Of course there were some. There has probably never been an operatic performance in which a carping critic might not find a few departures from perfection. The Metropolitan's orchestra has not yet fully adjusted itself to Mr. Boehm's rather delicate beat, and in a few passages—notably the duet between Masetto and Zerlina in the garden—the rapport between orchestra and singers was not absolutely sure. Miss Della Casa, for all the loveliness of her singing, is a somewhat placid personality for the stormy and impassioned role of Donna Elvira. Miss Peters, a scintillating artist for whom the role of Zerlina is technically a mere bagatelle, showed a slightly disturbing consciousness of her audience that prevented her complete immersion in the role's emotional moods. Mr. Siepi hurled himself into his stage business with such enthusiasm that he arrived at his serenade in the last act slightly out of breath, and consequently did not deliver it with all his

accustomed ease. And at one point Mr. Graf's experienced hand faltered slightly. The action between Don Giovanni and Zerlina just preceding her seduction in the ballroom scene was a shade too obtrusive, and her anguished cry for help, as a result, contained a note of unintentional humor. But these flaws were negligible in view of the vitality and subtlety of the total performance. It was one of those memorable events that operagoers are privileged to witness only now and again in a lifetime.

AS for the opening production of "Eugene Onegin," it was also, in its way, a triumph, but the triumph was scored by Rolf Gérard's scenery, Peter Brook's staging, Dimitri Mitropoulos' conducting, and the singing of an excellent cast in the face of certain difficulties presented by the work itself. It is no news that Tchaikovsky's most famous opera is a fairly weak thing from the dramatic standpoint, mainly owing to its tenuous story and to the negative and unimpassioned nature of its title role. It is weak in other respects, too—particularly in its lack of anything approaching real melodic power. Though Tchaikovsky has a rather wide reputation as a melodist, his tunes are apt to be contrived affairs, made up from little repetitive recipes that are more at home in ballet and in salon music than in the bigger frame of opera. Even in such intentionally grand moments as Tatyana's letter aria in the first act, and Lenski's soliloquy before the duel scene, the composer fails to rise above the level of mere prettiness. In order to strengthen the work, Mr. Mitropoulos added a number of entr'acte interludes based on material from the opera and put together by Julius Berger, and I must say I found them as effective as anything in it. The Metropolitan, however, spared no pains in converting "Onegin" into a lovely spectacle. The scenery was splendid, the ballet sequences were lively, and the cast, including George London, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi, was absolutely unbeatable.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

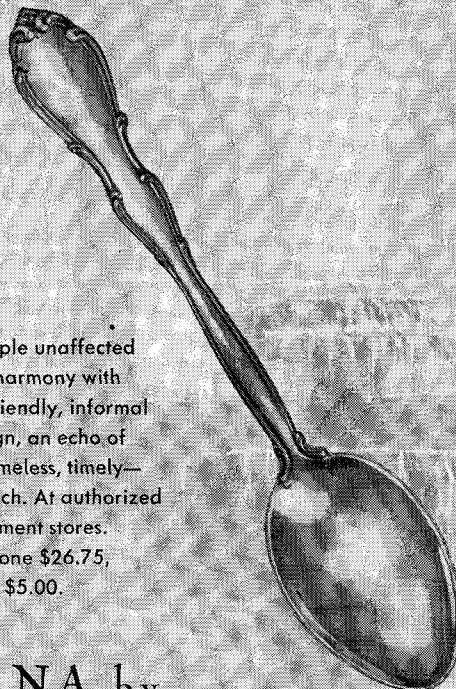
JAZZ RECORDS

Mingus Blows Hot

"THE CLOWN" (Atlantic 1260), a recent recording by Charlie Mingus, the redoubtable, impassioned bassist and composer, and a quartet of assistants, is, despite its occasional freakishness, an even more exhilarat-

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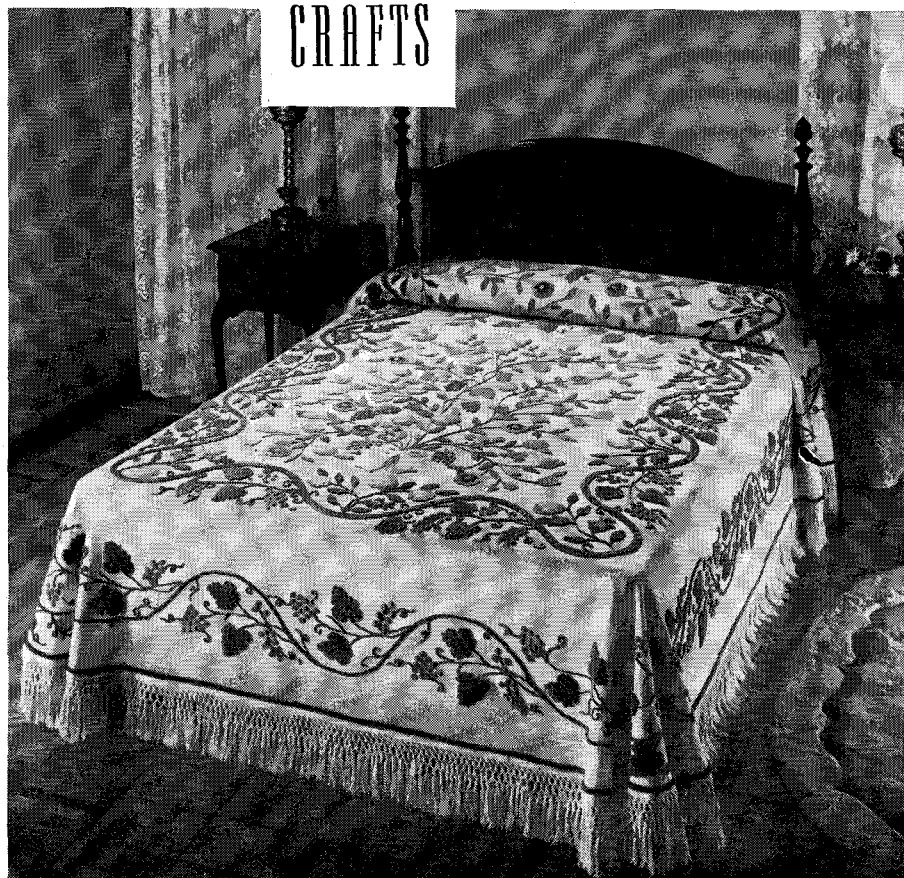
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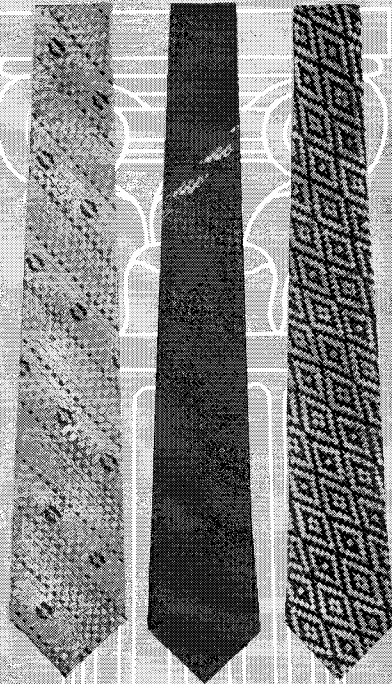
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ing effort than "Pithecanthropus Erectus," a remarkable record he made a year ago for the same label. It is one of the few recordings in which a modern jazz composer has successfully produced, through the blending of complex compositional devices with improvisation, that indispensable and ingenuous lyricism that survived in first-rate jazz until the arrival, a decade ago, of predominantly technical exercises like bebop and cool jazz. Most experimental jazz has been governed by a queer, rather dilettante philosophy of newness for newness's sake, and much of it has been little more than a nervous agglomeration of classical techniques pasted onto standard jazz contents. Mingus has allowed his forms to be primarily ordered by the highly original content of his music, and, unlike a lot of his contemporaries, who play as if at chess, he performs with an exuberant, sometimes unruly urgency that ignites both his compositions and the musicians who work with him.

Mingus, a large, shapeless man of thirty-five, belongs to no school of jazz. He has appeared with an extraordinary variety of musicians, including Kid Ory, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Red Norvo, and Charlie Parker. His playing has always reflected the easy lyricism of these men, and he is blessed with a superlative technique. He has an enormous tone, and a dexterity that enables him, for example, to repeatedly pluck one note so rapidly that it sounds like a sustained note, or to impart to a note the clarity and resonance of a drumbeat. In ensemble, he unreels fascinating, unbroken countermelodic lines—most bassists simply supply the basic chords of the tune—while maintaining a thumping beat that leans slightly ahead of itself (like the drumming of the late Sidney Catlett), so that his cohorts are forcibly shunted along, both melodically and rhythmically. His solos are never displays of virtuosity. Occasionally, Mingus tends to belabor his instrument, as if it had attacked *him*, but at their best his solos contain a poignance that is unmistakable despite the essentially fuzzy, low-pitched properties of the pizzicato bass. Mingus's composing is equally strenuous. Often built around the particular talents of the musicians on hand—in the manner of Duke Ellington, whose methods appear in various shades throughout Mingus's work—it uses forms that grow directly out of his melodic ideas. In the notes for his new recording, Mingus says of the title piece, "The Clown": "I was playing a little tune on the piano that sounded happy. Then I hit a dissonance that sounded

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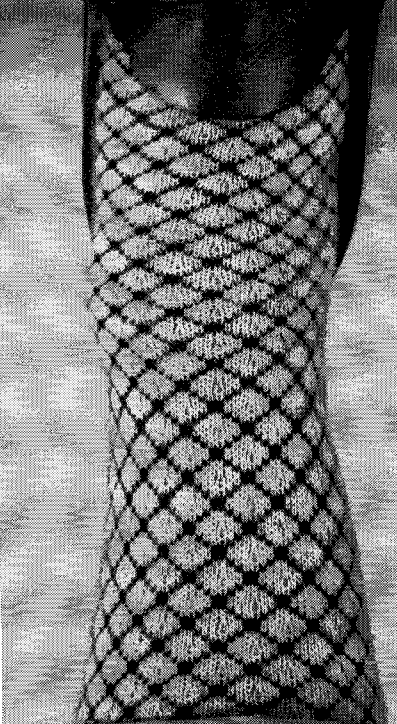


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sad, and realized the song had to have two parts." Despite such haphazard and even elementary beginnings, Mingus shapes his melodic inventions into an intricate, revolutionary harmonic system, which he describes in the notes to "Pithecanthropus Erectus":

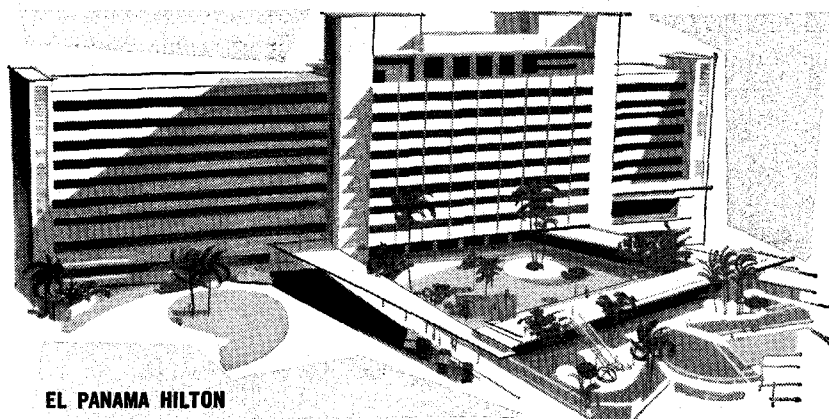
I "write" compositions—but only on mental scorepaper—then I lay out the composition part by part to the musicians. I play them the "framework" on piano so that they are all familiar with my interpretation and feeling and with the scale and chord progressions to be used.

Later, he says of a number called "Love Chant":

This is an extended form version on a more or less standard set of chord changes. This form challenges the musician to create a line of long-held notes for the first chorus, to develop it on one or two chords (or rhythm patterns, scales, etc.) and then redevelop the line on the out chorus. This is done using only one or two chords per phrase so the lines must be developed for a much longer period of time than is usually taken before the chord change. . . . The whole success of extended form depends on the ability of the musicians to do this in soloing and also in playing counter or accompanying lines.

Thus, Mingus, as a jazz composer, daringly asks of his musicians even more than the classical composer asks of his—that they carry both the letter and the spirit of the basic patterns of his composition over into their improvisations instead of conventionally using them as a trigger for their own ruminations. Still another characteristic of Mingus's writing is his peculiar preoccupation with program music. It is here that the experimentalist slides over into the showoff. In "A Foggy Day," which is in "Pithecanthropus Erectus," the Gershwin melody, though handled in a fairly straightforward manner, is delivered against a barrage of police whistles, simulated taxi horns, sirens, foghorns, and the sound of a docking ferry, done by Mingus on the bowed bass.

Mingus really lets go in his new record. There are four numbers, all by Mingus, who is joined by Curtis Porter, on alto and tenor saxophones; Jimmy Knepper, on trombone; Wade Legge, on piano; and Dannie Richmond, on drums. Most of the tune called "The Clown," which lasts over twelve minutes, is an "improvised" narration, spoken with Shakespearean emphasis by Jean Shepherd, that deals with a symbolic clown who wants only "to make people laugh" but who gets the biggest laugh of his career when he is accidentally hit by a backdrop and killed. Fortunately, the narration is accompanied by and interspersed with some marvel-



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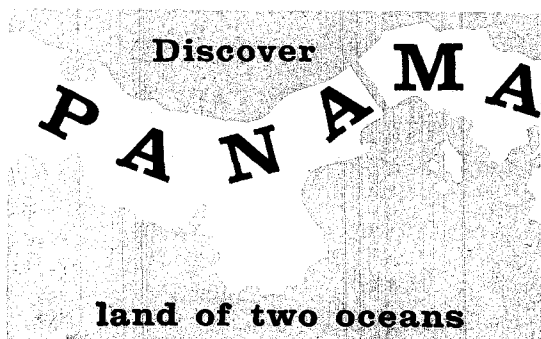
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lous musical antics—comic trombone slurs, umpah rhythms, a waltz section, and a short, lovely melodic theme. The most striking number on the record, however, is a very long blues, "Haitian Fight Song." Though structurally demanding, it is one of the most unbridled renditions of the blues ever recorded. Mingus introduces it on his bass with two clarion choruses that easily rival Louis Armstrong's celebrated opening of "West End Blues." He then shifts into a medium tempo and plays a brief, impelling rhythmic figure, which is gradually built up on by the rest of the musicians, who play with an increasing intensity and volume that reaches a heads-off climax in a series of dissonant shrieks, an effect that is almost unendurably heightened by a weird whooping sound, like a wild, if muted, trumpet growl, presumably delivered, at the top of his lungs, by Mingus. The passage dissolves abruptly into the first solo, which, like many of the succeeding ones, is restlessly broken into four sections—medium tempo, double-time tempo, stop-time tempo, and again medium tempo. Most versions of the blues lope along like a determined walker, but Mingus's rhythmic and dynamic variations rub continually at the listener, as if they were arguments instead of music. "Blue Cee," another blues, revolves around an attractive melody and is capped by a masterly ooh-wah figure, played partly in unison, partly in counterpoint, by the two horns. This starts off at a whisper, quickly reaches a hair-raising howl, and then suddenly—when one is prepared for a demonic ending—subsides into a mournful lyric call.

Mingus's musicians are unruffled throughout. Porter is an adept, if somewhat conventional, student of Charlie Parker and Sonny Rollins. But Knepper, unlike most modern trombonists, who skate around on the glassy surface of J. J. Johnson's style, achieves here and there a rough, hustling quality that is reminiscent of the work, twenty years ago, of J. C. Higginbotham. Mingus is superb. His long solos in "Haitian Fight Song" and "Blue Cee" are—with their lightning combinations of fluttering high notes, spacious intervals, and stentorian single notes broken by reverberative silences—classic bass performances.

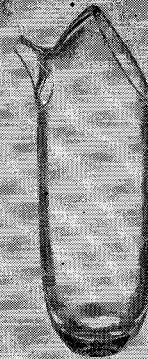
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dreamy Doxy



FEDERICO FELLINI, the Italian writer and director who gave us "La Strada" not long ago, has now come up with a picture called "Cabiria," and once again he has chosen his wife, Giulietta Masina, as his heroine. Miss Masina's assignment this time is to depict a sentimental little prostitute who, although life scuffs her up considerably as she goes along, is as firm as Dr. Pangloss in the conviction that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. There may be something to be said for this attitude—just what I can't think offhand—but in developing his theme Mr. Fellini has invented so many tribulations for his heroine that it is impossible to believe that she could survive them with her faith in a rosy future cozily intact. However, despite any disagreement I may have with the philosophy Mr. Fellini expresses here, I must say that his movie includes some highly effective episodes—notably one in which he takes Miss Masina, after she has been thrown over by a celebrated actor and has made a pilgrimage to a shrine with no particularly beatific results, onto the stage of a burlesque house to be hypnotized by a seedy magician. There's a lot of pathos in the scene as Miss Masina recalls the romantic yearnings of her girlhood. Toward the climax of the picture, it looks as if some of her yearnings were about to be realized when she takes up with a diffident bachelor, whom she regards as the great love of her life, but the affair, alas, doesn't end happily.

With her moonfaced air of innocence (as I think I've noted before, she bears a striking resemblance to the late Harry Langdon), Miss Masina doesn't make a very convincing prostitute, and her acting sometimes becomes a bit too clownish to sustain the realistic mood of the proceedings. As the actor who tosses Miss Masina out after a brief interlude, Amedeo Nazzari gives a sturdy performance, and as the timid bachelor François Perier is superb.

"ACROSS THE BRIDGE," an English film written by Guy Elmes and Denis Freeman and based on a story by Graham Greene, has to do with a financier who has been up to some hanky-panky with other people's money

and is now on the lam from London to Mexico, via New York. While heading for the border by railroad, the absconder comes upon a fellow-passenger who resembles him, and forthwith slips the gentleman some knockout drops, pinches his passport, and boots him off the train. Unfortunately for the crook, the stranger is a murderer whom the Mexican authorities would dearly love to get their hands on. This, as you might surmise, makes things tough for the financier when he flashes his stolen passport on the other side of the Rio Grande. For a while, "Across the Bridge" isn't unsatisfactory, even though it handles the chase business in fairly standard style. But presently, when the fugitive is cornered, the film gets into a lot of mawkish moralizing about good and evil, and all the suspense dribbles away. I guess "vehement" would be the word for Rod Steiger's interpretation of the financier. His support is largely supplied by Bill Nagy, who plays the fellow-passenger, and Noel Willman, who plays a Mexican chief of police.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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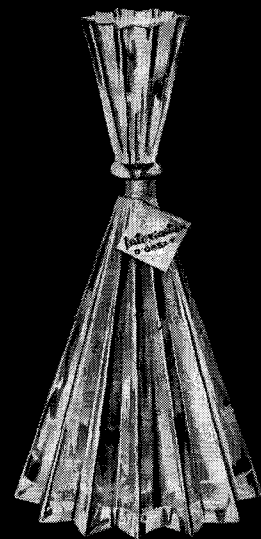
[Herbert C. Gerlach, Republican leader in Westchester County, as quoted in the *Times*]

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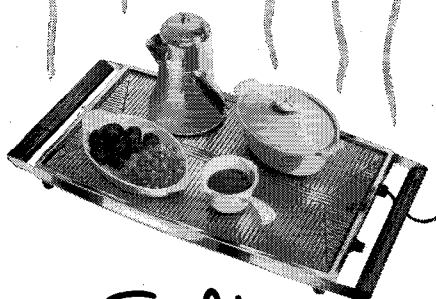
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THE RACE TRACK

Blanket Finish



AT the moment, I wouldn't trade the thrills of last Saturday's Gallant Fox Handicap, in which Eddie Schmidt, Beam Rider, and Promised Land passed the winning post at Jamaica in a blanket finish, for anything else I've seen at the meeting. It was indeed a rouser, since the dozen starters went all out for most of the mile and five furlongs, and it takes stamina and a bit of quality to do that. Eddie Schmidt, a small, well-knit bay colt from California, who is owned by LeRoy G. Burns, a retired Army officer, and is named after a Hollywood tailor, deserved his victory. He was impeded in the early running, but once he was in the clear, he overhauled the leaders, raced Third Brother and Promised Land into submission, and stood off Beam Rider's bid in the last few strides. Another Californian—Spinney, who won the Canadian Championship the previous Saturday—was last. Maybe he didn't like the track. And some of the old fire has gone out of Find. He finished tenth. It was the first time he has been out of the money in his last twenty starts.

IN a few weeks, the tumult and the shouting will have faded into post-season speculation about who will be Horse of the Year. Well, I don't believe this momentous question will be decided by the Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park on Saturday, although it will be an interesting race. Suppose Gallant Man, Round Table, and Dedicate, the leading aspirants, all run, and Iron Liege beats the lot—as he just might do, watchers in Jersey tell me. What then? At any rate, Round Table and Dedicate are all wound up for the Trenton. Last week, the management put on special races for them and both came through beautifully. (By the way, the horse who was second to Dedicate in his little romp was Ole Travis, a stablemate of Round Table, so Willie Molter, who trains Round Table, has a good line on his opposition.) As for Gallant Man, at this writing his stable hasn't even hinted whether he'll compete. It's no secret that Johnny Nerud, his trainer, is not eager to run him in the Trenton. But Ralph Lowe, who owns him, believes that if he beats

Round Table and Dedicate, he'll be tapped for Horse of the Year. So there you are.

IN my not so humble opinion, a race that would suit Gallant Man better is the Washington, D.C., International, to be run at Laurel, in Maryland, on Veterans' Day. The colt has never raced on turf, but the smooth way he gallops makes me think he'd go well on that sort of footing. He'd like the mile-and-a-half distance, too. With or without him, the Washington, D.C., International should be a good show. It always has been. Incidentally, the latest addition to the entries from abroad is Aly Khan's Rose Royale II, a three-year-old French filly who beat colts in England's Champion Stakes at Newmarket last month. It's regrettable that Ballymoss, the Irish colt who won the St. Leger at Doncaster in September, won't be in the International, as had been planned. Because he cut his foot on a rail while going to the post for the Champion, his training had to be stopped for a while, and the trip was called off. He would have been the first winner of an English classic to come over for the race at Laurel. Next year, perhaps.

HORSES of the Year to one side, there's no doubt that Idun is the best two-year-old filly of 1957. It was a delight to watch her winning the Fризette Stakes at Jamaica the other afternoon, even though she was held at the practically unbettable odds of 1-10. It was her eighth victory in eight starts, and it brought her earnings to \$220,955. Afterward, Mrs. Charles Ulrick Bay, who owns her, decided that Idun had done enough for one season, and ordered her to winter quarters in Florida. . . . Just for the record, Bold Ruler went down to Garden State last Saturday for the Benjamin Franklin Handicap. Carrying a hundred and thirty-six pounds and never extending himself beyond a gallop, he won by a dozen lengths, paying 1-5. It was money in the bank. —AUDAX MINOR

Syria, meanwhile, kept the issue boiling, giving a formal rejection to King Saud's mediation offer and in effect accusing the U.S. Navy of sending Wladislaw Gomulka from his planes deep over Syria.

—Chicago Sun-Times.

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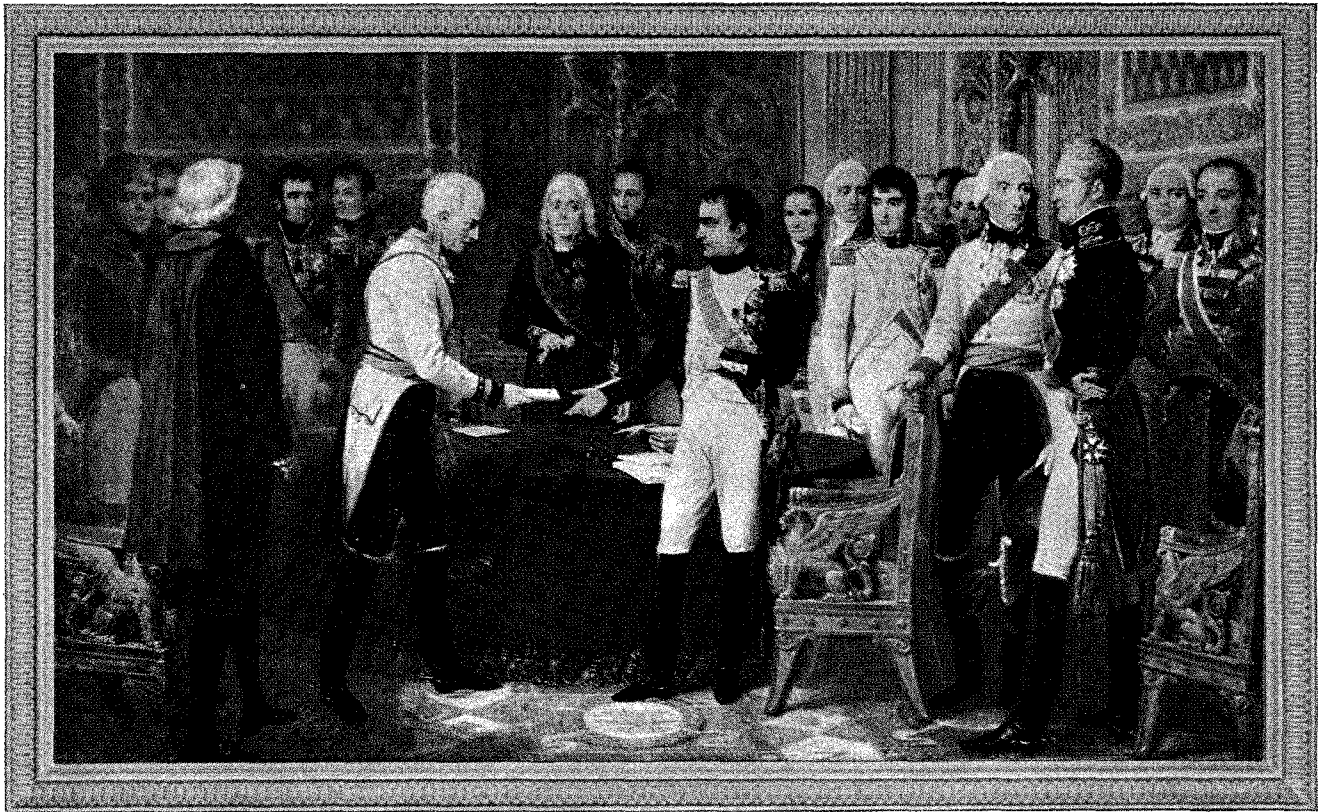
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TRAVELS WITH A BUICK

AN American citizen in West Germany who wants to drive to Berlin by one of the Autobahns, which are the country's best roads, has a choice of three—from Hanover, from Frankfurt on the Main, and from Munich. But while he has a choice of three, he has no encouragement from the State Department to use any; they all go through East Germany, and the United States

does not recognize the East German government. This means that once the American motorist is beyond the West German frontier, he is on his own, and if he breaks down or gets into some other trouble, he has no hope of diplomatic intervention on his behalf. The State Department

does have guaranteed access to Berlin via the Hanover Autobahn—it spans the minimum of East German territory—but only for travellers on official business, and most of them prefer to fly. The Department likes to pretend that the two other Autobahns don't exist; it refrains from ever mentioning them. In fact, I didn't know the Munich-Berlin Autobahn—a back-door entrance to the city via Nuremberg, Bayreuth, Hof, and Leipzig—existed until last summer, when I was attending the Bayreuth Festival and discovered that several of the performers were practically commuting from Berlin over it, covering the two hundred miles in less than five hours, including one wasted on border formalities. In general, I learned, West Germans can drive the length of this Autobahn on the strength of their identity cards alone, while East Germans are allowed to use only the segment of it that is within their zone.

When I was in Munich not long ago, I had an urge to drive to Berlin for a couple of days and mentioned it to some of my West German friends. They unanimously advised me to go around by way of the Hanover Autobahn. All sorts of difficulties would be put in my way if I tried to go direct, they said; I would have to get an East German visa at the border, the American consular authorities would be cross with me, and anyway it just wasn't done. The detour, I realized, would take me an extra couple of days, and it seemed a gallingly geopolitical long way around. So I called on the American consular authorities in Munich, and they in-

formed me, benevolently but unofficially, that I would be doing nothing illegal by taking the shortcut but that I could expect no help from them—and, perhaps, plenty of trouble from the East Germans if I got in a jam on the other side of the border. I decided to chance it, and the next morning I was on my way, driving my Buick, with its implausible Connecticut license plates, up the Autobahn to Berlin.



GERMANY'S Autobahns—magnificently laid-out highways of two parallel strips of concrete, mostly double-lane, separated by a six-foot strip of grass—were built swiftly and cheaply during the Hitler regime by poorly paid German youths and unpaid slave

laborers. During the war, they proved their worth as military roads (what they were obviously planned to be from the start), facilitating the rapid movement of troops and supplies, and their bridges and viaducts became primary targets for Allied bombers. When I first travelled on the Autobahns, I was a technical sergeant in the American Army. The war was still on, but the most essential bridges and viaducts had been rebuilt by Army engineers, who were just as adept at reconstruction as the bombardiers had been at destruction. The military police, having more important matters to attend to at the time, didn't bother much about speed regulations, with the result that the G.I. drivers of jeeps, command cars, and even tanks used the highways as race tracks. Since the end of the war, the Autobahns—or, at any rate, those in West Germany—have served as an excellent index to the nation's economic comeback. For a while, their traffic consisted exclusively of Allied military vehicles and the large private cars of influential members of the occupying forces. The few gas stations—gas dumps, really—were operated by the Army Quartermaster Corps, and at every one of them there would be a throng of jobless Germans trying to hitch a ride. The military police, now that they had some time on their hands, reverted to the way of life that is dearest to every policeman's heart—cruising in radio-equipped patrol cars and strictly enforcing the speed regulations. Gradually, a few ancient, ramshackle German vehicles—whose license plates were pre-



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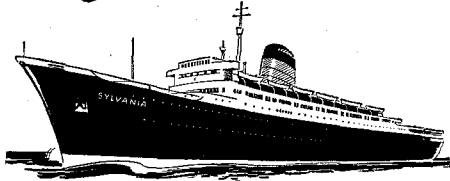
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fixed with an "A," "B," or "F," to indicate the American, British, or French Zone—appeared on the highways, having somehow survived not only the war, which was remarkable enough, but also the acquisitive forays of the Occupation troops, which was even more so. Then German-operated filling stations began to open up—rather timidly at first, since much of their gasoline was obtained through the black market from Quartermaster depots. And, finally, new Volkswagens started rolling along the Autobahns, and anyone could see that times were getting better.

It was a pleasure to travel on the Autobahns in those days. Times might be getting better, but the chimneys of most of the factories along the way were still smokeless, and the air was clean and bracing even in the Rhineland and the Ruhr. Now, however, it is another story. The factory chimneys smoke day and night, and there are few sections of West Germany where the air isn't loaded with soot. Still, the Autobahns are kept in good repair, their grass dividers are regularly mowed, and they offer the motorist all the American-style gas stations and motels he could want, as well as large *Rasthäuser*, or road-houses, serving food and—from seven in the morning until midnight—drinks. No jobless Germans hang out at gas stations trying to hitch a ride; they all have jobs these days. West Germany has nearly three times as many motor vehicles as it had at the start of the war; enormous trailer trucks pound over the Autobahns, being honked at by brand-new, chauffeur-driven Mercedes 300s (delivery in from six to eight months). The Autobahn network is being expanded, too, with links between Cologne and Aachen, Hamburg and Hanover, Frankfurt and Würzburg, and Karlsruhe and Basel scheduled for completion by 1960. If no snags develop, West Germany will then have more than seventeen hundred miles of these de-luxe thoroughfares. But prosperity on the highway has been accompanied by a high incidence of crime. Books and plays and movies have been written about macabre happenings on the Autobahns, and a year or so ago—as if to bear them out—drivers planning trips through the Rhineland after dark were urged by the police to travel in convoys for protection against holdup gangs.

MUNICH was now well behind me. To the east of the Autobahn were the beautifully wooded hills of the



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Bavarian Forest, whose softly rolling contours were familiar to me, for in my youth I had often seen them from the other side, in Czechoslovakia, my native land. Between Munich and Nuremberg the road was filled with traffic moving in both directions, and there were still a good many cars and trucks on the stretch from Nuremberg to Bayreuth, but after that, as I headed straight north toward Hof and the zonal boundary just beyond it, I had less and less company. Between Hof and the border, in fact, the Autobahn was almost deserted. Once, I passed a long southbound American Army convoy. A few Opels and Mercedeses—their licenses prefixed with a "B," signifying West Berlin—streaked by in the southbound lane, their drivers no doubt in high spirits as they anticipated the *Weisswürste* and Löwenbräu they would be enjoying in Munich a few hours later. I also saw a few decrepit cars with East German license plates; they looked and behaved precisely like the first civilian vehicles that had ventured out onto the Autobahns after the war, except that they were trailing even darker exhaust fumes.

When I reached Töpen, the West German border check point, I prudently filled my gas tank with West German Esso. An American Army sergeant who had been dozing in a jeep nearby roused himself, walked over to me, yawned, and asked to see my passport. He then directed me to a booth where a West German border guard also had a look at it. I asked him about the cars I had seen with East German license plates, and he told me that between twenty and thirty cars from East Germany came through every day. "The border guards at Juchhöh, the East German check point, aren't supposed to let them out, but they do," he said. "So we let them in. They're mostly politicians or scientists or something. Big shots, anyway, though you certainly wouldn't know it from their cars."

He gave me back my passport and wished me "*Gute Reise*." I drove down a steep slope and up another one, and was halted by a traffic jam in front of a road barrier. This was Juchhöh—a profusion of red flags, and a depressing array of gray wooden shacks plastered with Communist posters and slogans. Long lines of West Berlin trucks were waiting for permission to proceed, their drivers not knowing whether they would have to wait six hours or twelve or eighteen—quite an ordeal for a man with a load of perishable goods. After I had parked my car behind a few other passenger cars—from West Berlin,

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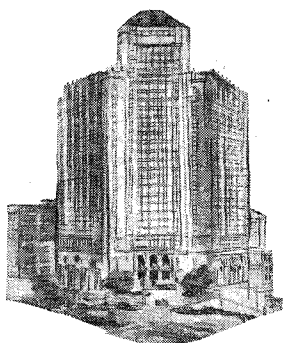
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57-3A

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden—and had begun investigating my own chances of getting permission to proceed, I saw that all the stock characters of a Communist border check point were on hand, too: self-important officials; frightened local people; hearty, friendly types of indeterminate nationality who were making a big show of being on good terms with East German officialdom; and embarrassed Westerners, glancing furtively at one another. Behind me, as I waited my turn in one of several lines, a couple tried to conceal their American passports when they saw mine.

When I reached the head of my line, I was ordered to fill out a blue card and then take my place in another line. This line was being served by three officials—one working and two chatting with each other. After I had stood in it for some time, a helpful man just behind me asked me if I had any East marks to pay for my visa, and when I told him I hadn't, he said I'd better go to Window 5 and get them. So I gave up my place in one line to stand in another and exchange West marks for East marks, and then returned to the three-official line, where my passport was finally stamped with a visa good for one round trip to Berlin. But I still had two lines to go; at Window 3 I paid a toll for the East German part of the Autobahn (in West Germany use of the Autobahns is free), and at Window 7 a girl with dirty hair ordered me to produce whatever money and traveller's checks I had brought along, totted them up, and made out a certificate, which she handed me with a warning not to lose it.

When I got back to my car—eighty minutes after leaving it—I found an East German policeman peering in at the dashboard.

"This great big car can only go a hundred and twenty kilometres an hour?" he asked.

"Miles, not kilometres," I said. "That's about two hundred kilometres an hour."

"Oh," he said. "That's all you Americans care about—speed, speed, speed."

I drove up to the road barrier, where a youngster wearing the mustard-colored uniform of the East German Army asked for my passport, examined my newly acquired visa, and informed me that I had until midnight—almost eleven hours—to report in at the East Berlin check point, some three hours' drive away. However, he went on, I might as well abandon any



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At fine stores, or write:

17 East 37th Street New York 16



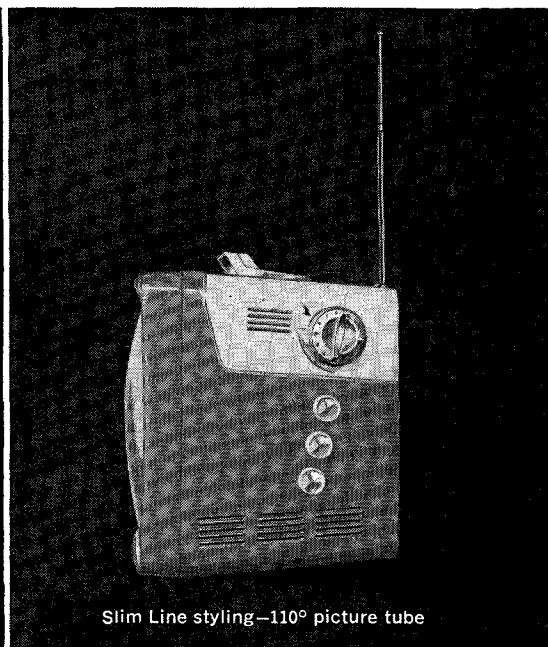
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Admiral



Slim Line styling—110° picture tube



Giant 17" screen. Only 13 3/4" deep.

Jolted and Jarred 7200 times per minute... New Admiral Portable TV picture stays perfect!

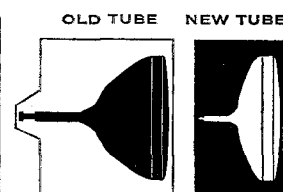
Only Admiral's "Power Plated" chassis is specially built to take the rough treatment portable TV gets. In a wracking vibration test, an Admiral Slimline Portable TV was jolted and jarred 7200 times a minute for 24 hours—and still the picture stayed perfect! No flip... no fade... no flutter!

And Admiral Portable TV has 55% more picture

power—a whopping 15,500 volts—for the brightest, clearest picture ever! So insist on the *only* portable that's thin, rugged, and powerful—Admiral!

SHOWN ABOVE: MODEL P17D22. Giant 17"* picture. Cabinet only 13 3/4" deep. New and shortest 110° picture tube. 15,500 volts of picture power. Hideaway "Power-Tower" single arm antenna. 3 Stage I.F. Cascade Tuner. Choice of 2-tones and smart solid colors. Also in white leather-grain finish.

*OVERALL DIAGONAL; 15 5/8 IN. VIEWABLE AREA



Revolutionary new Admiral 110° picture tube makes Admiral Slimline cabinets 5" shorter. Exclusive "Thin as a Dime" styling.



BLACK OUT...

Bonwit's example of fashion at a price.
Black wool jersey blouson sheath...
coming out after five

and continuing through the night.
Adele Martin's fresh look, belted and
piped with rayon satin. Sizes 8 to 16
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notion of devoting the remaining eight hours to a sightseeing tour of East Germany, because I would not be allowed to leave the Autobahn by any of the exits along the way.

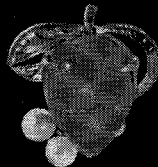
NATURE knows no politics, and the rural East German landscape seemed as peaceful and pleasant as the countryside I had been driving through that morning. In spite of what the youngster in the mustard-colored uniform had said, I was not only allowed but directed to leave the Autobahn at one point—owing to repair work going on ahead, I suppose—and the detour took me through a couple of villages. They were clean and tidy enough, but there wasn't much fresh paint around. The sight of my car caused considerable excitement among the village loungers that I passed. In West Germany, American automobiles attract little or no attention—indeed, they are often scorned for their bulbous lines and ravenous appetites—but they make a big hit in East Germany. The friendly reception that I—or, more accurately, my car—received from the sidewalk spectators in the first village encouraged me to stop at an inn in the second one, with the idea of getting a cup of coffee. But I had hardly edged my way out from under the wheel when two inhospitable policemen on bicycles showed up from nowhere in particular and dismounted. So I got right in again and drove on.

Back on the Autobahn, I became increasingly conscious that it was not nearly so well kept up as it had been in West Germany. The grass divider was unmowed and full of weeds, and there were no refinements comparable to the emergency telephones that have been installed every half mile or so along the Autobahns of the West. Still hoping for a cup of coffee, I stopped at a *Rasthaus* and went in. It was hardly the sort of wayside inn that cheers the weary traveller on his journey. True, it did have a handsome chandelier, but



TRIO of JADE

Three earrings of our own design: leaf green jade mounted in goldplated silver... and for the newest look, combined with lustrous cultured pearls. Prices include Federal Tax



Pear-shaped jade adorned with two cultured pearls, clip back. The pair

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Button earrings, screw back. The pair

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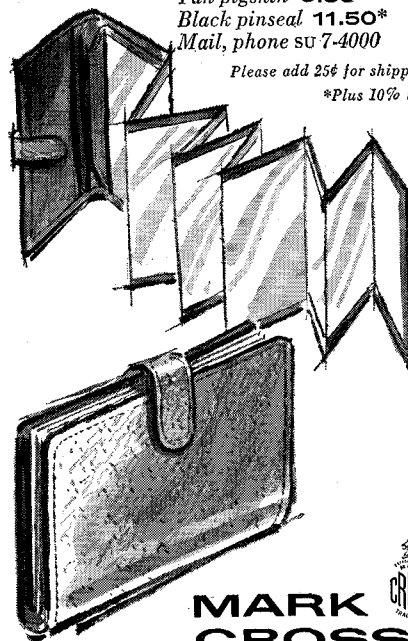
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Twenty transparent compartments for all the important credentials of the modern man of affairs—plus two card pockets—make this the most compact case he ever carried! 4 1/4 x 3".

Tan pigskin 9.50*
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Please add 25¢ for shipping
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MARK CROSS

5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

Write for the Mark Cross Christmas Book for 1957

Doll by Madame Alexander



Yardley products for America are created in England, and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

To make you feel especially feminine
YARDLEY fragrances ... of course



Which of these lovely, lingering scents is for you? The vibrant sophistication of Bond Street? Delicately exotic Lotus? Perhaps it's April Violets, rain-sweet and incurably romantic. Or is your one and only love the fresh, lighthearted gaiety of Lavender? Not an easy choice to make—but a delightful one. These toilet waters and colognes from \$1.35 plus tax.



LOOKING FOR THE DRIEST...

Ah, sweet confusion! But search no more... 'tis *tequila* martini, forsooth. So remarkably dry that some (who dare flout convention) surreptitiously add a dash of *sweet* vermouth! You needn't. Jose Cuervo begs no special favors... just concoct with Cuervo Tequila and vermouth... then expect a truly different and distinctive result. There is, in Cuervo, an uncanny capacity to bring out your latent and consummate artistry in Martinismanship. Arch an eyebrow if you must, but discover first what tequila does for a martini... or any favored cocktail. Jose Cuervo, please... no other adds such character to a manhattan, fizz or sour. For 150 years a fine liquor of the New World. Try it!

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86 PROOF



there was only one bulb in it, which cast just enough light for me to see that the *clou* of the décor was not one but two portraits of President Wilhelm Pieck, eying each other from facing walls. Getting my cup of coffee, I found, was only a little less bewildering than getting past the border check point; I had to present myself at one counter to receive a ticket, then at another to pay for it, and finally at a third to be handed a cup of something that may have been coffee but certainly didn't look or taste like it. Whatever it was, it was hot, and I got it down all right.

Outside, a handful of men and youngsters had collected around my car. The men wanted to know how much it had cost and the boys wanted to know how fast it could go. I answered both questions, and then a boy of about ten said, "I hope you've got plenty of West German gasoline. The Minoel stuff they sell here will ruin your engine."

"That's right," said one of the men. "It's made of tar and sulphur." He must have been an amateur chemist.

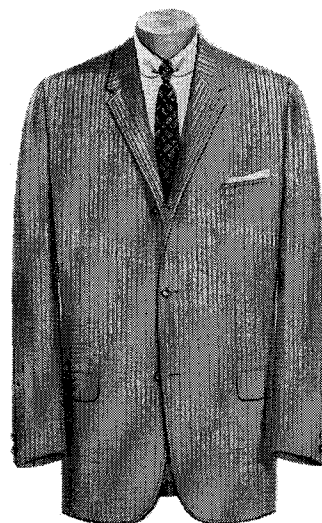
"Don't buy any if you can help it," the boy adjured me, tenderly caressing the radiator grille.

I promised not to, everybody wished me "*Gute Reise*," and again I was on my way.

For a while, I had the Autobahn all to myself—an experience that would have been exhilarating on a superhighway anywhere else but that in East Germany made me feel uncomfortably conspicuous. Then, as I approached the industrial area around Leipzig and Halle, I had company again—both trucks and private cars. I passed a large Red Army convoy and later a small convoy of East German Army troops. Off to one side I could see several large factories, their chimneys spouting yellow and green smoke, and presently they were identified for me by an exit sign reading, "MERSEBURG, LEUNA." Here, then, were the great Walter Ulbricht Leuna Works—once part of the I. G. Farben empire and now East Germany's largest chemical concern. In the shadow of those tall chimneys, on the morning of the seventeenth of June, 1953, workers had staged one of the biggest and most heroic of the uprisings against the Soviet regime.

The East Berlin check point proved to be a cousin to the one in Juchhöh—red flags, posters and slogans, lines of waiting trucks and cars, and people in queues. Fortunately, I did not have to spend nearly as much time there as I had at Juchhöh; a Russian private

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Newport News, Va. Young Men's Shop
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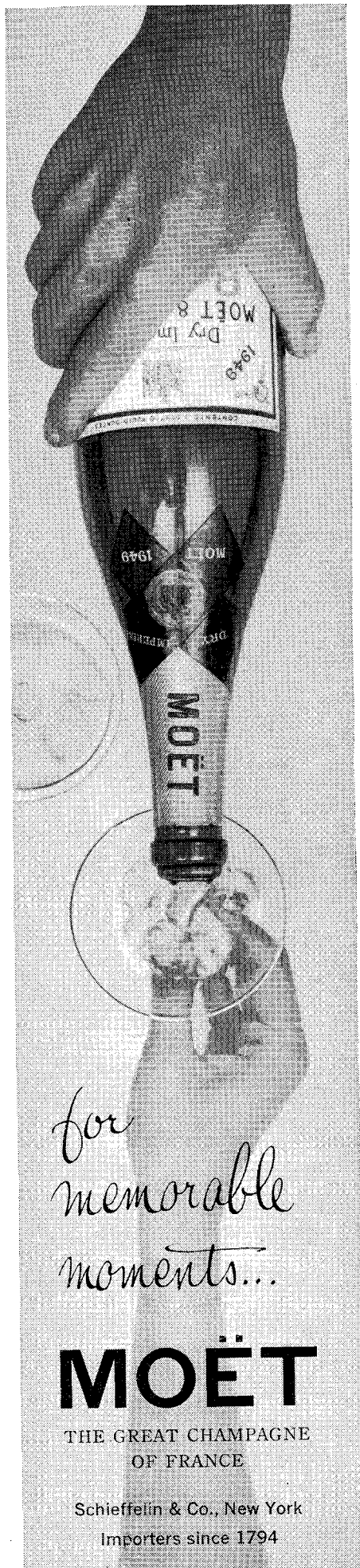
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merely inspected my visa and told an East German policeman standing beside him to let me through. And there I was in East Berlin. I was better off than if I had gone around by way of Hanover, of course, but I hadn't had much fun.

IN Munich and elsewhere, I had been assured by a number of people that East Berliners are "living better" these days than they were three years ago, when I was in the city last—that they are getting more to eat and are better dressed. Some of the people I talked to in East Berlin were not so sure, and a few were openly bitter about the attitude of their friends and relatives on the other side of the Brandenburg Gate, who, as one East Berliner put it, "are so busy manufacturing luxuries that they've forgotten what the word '*Wiedervereinigung*' means." (It means "reunification.") For all practical purposes, the West German mark is worth four and a half East German marks—a discrepancy that does not make the East Berliners any happier when, unable to find warm clothes in their own shops, they have to buy them in West Berlin. (Only in the theatres and movie houses of West Berlin have steps been taken to put customers from the two cities on an equal footing; tickets are sold to bona-fide East Berliners at a special mark-for-mark rate, with the West Berlin government making up the difference.) But the unfavorable exchange rate was made to seem a trifling annoyance to East Berliners on October 13th—already known as Black Sunday—when the East German government suddenly declared all its outstanding currency void, allowed each of its citizens exactly ten hours in which to exchange a maximum of three hundred "old" East marks for as many "new" ones, and informed those who had more than three hundred marks that they could deposit the excess in frozen accounts. And there they still are.

Walking around East Berlin, I got the impression that the people there *were* living better now, but only slightly so. They looked a little better dressed, but still shabby, and a little better fed, but still far from gorged. I saw more consumer goods in shops—cameras, microscopes, glassware, men's shirts of fine Chinese silk, and Meissen china. (This last, to be sure, was of such shoddy quality that it was a disgrace to a once great name.) But ninety per cent of the people can't afford to buy silk shirts, and consider themselves lucky if they have enough money to buy meat, butter, and



slim
and
lettered—

our silk ties, monogrammed with his initials. They're in charcoal or medium grey, silver, black, navy, maroon or dark brown, 7.50. Allow two weeks for delivery. Mail and phone orders filled. Also in Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills.

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FROM
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Taylor's inimitable Two-Eye Tie is serenely correct for town or country wear. Its upper leather is antiqued and then hand-shaped to the last by master shoemakers. Style 204. Most styles from \$15.

E. E. TAYLOR CORP., DEPT. FN, FREEPORT, ME.





Campbell-Ewald, I presume...

The gentleman on the right is Don Kraatz from Campbell-Ewald. The gentlemen on the left are honest-to-goodness headhunters. After the amenities (which can be touchy with cannibalistic headhunters) work will begin on a TV commercial for one of our clients. The place is the deep, dark interior of New Guinea.

About the same time this scene is taking place, another CECO man is getting an on-the-spot report of a red hot auto race in Monza, Italy. Another is in Madagascar gathering facts for a client. While still another is in Tokyo getting first-hand

information for a new advertising campaign. By the time this ad is published men from Campbell-Ewald will have landed on the North Pole, crossed Angel Falls in Venezuela, and observed the way things are done in Rio de Janeiro. All of these field trips will have taken place within a few weeks' time—all demanded the services of a specialist on the scene.

Of course, these trips are the extremes, but they do indicate that Campbell-Ewald will go to great lengths to achieve authentic advertising. Some ads, like this one, can

be written without setting foot outside of the General Motors Building. But when the success of a campaign hangs on its local color, realism, truth, proof, or on-the-spot reporting, we've got the right man, ready to go, with his passport in order.

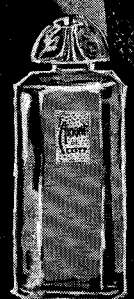
This thorough approach to a client's problem, this genuine interest and enthusiasm in solving it, is applied to all of our advertising accounts. We'll cross the street, cross the country, or cross an ocean to find a better way to present our clients' products. We'll go anywhere except into an ivory tower.

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nothing
makes a woman
more
feminine
to a
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fuel. This doesn't necessarily mean that the cameras and microscopes and so on are left to gather dust in the shops. Visitors from North Korea, Red China, and Indonesia are ready customers for such luxuries, and get them, in spite of the fact that no one is supposed to be able to buy anything except books and theatre tickets in East Berlin without showing an East German *Ausweis*, or identity card. The majority of the men in East Berlin have finally had to throw away their prewar suits (they were getting pretty threadbare three years ago, but the best-dressed men were still wearing them), and have replaced them with suits made of a flimsy synthetic fabric that smells like a wet dog. The younger males wear corduroy pants and windbreakers—and, often, beards, like their Existentialist opposite numbers in the West.

But if the material lot of the East Berliners has improved a bit, I sensed a definite deterioration in their morale. The exciting ferment of hopefulness that was so evident to a visitor after the uprisings of 1953 has given way to profound disillusionment. The many disheartening months that have passed since that famous June have eaten away at the people's will to resist, and the ranks of the *Barrikadenstürmer*, as the freedom fighters who led the uprisings were called, have been decimated. Some were arrested, and others fled to the West and have been all but forgotten; six months after the uprising in the Leuna Works, one of its ringleaders had become just another cynical charity case in West Berlin. Now the people of East Berlin are exhausted, and this is leading them to make adjustments—permanent adjustments—to an environment they see little prospect of changing. "We still have hope, because otherwise we couldn't go on," a woman I have known for years told me. "But no one any longer has *real* hope, if you see what I mean. If discouragement and fear don't get you down, boredom and deprivation will. You find yourself beginning to make compromises—small ones at first, like joining some minor Communist organization in return for more food and better housing. The big ones come later, but they come. You begin to compromise on the things that really count—freedom, and the future of your children. All you want is to make their life now a little more bearable. And so you compromise."

Stalinallee, East Berlin's monumental boulevard, is still the No. 1 propaganda exhibit of the East German regime, which is extending it toward



"Sugar Plum"—Bon Bon Pink or Heaven Blue Pima broadcloth with Swiss embroidered rosebuds. Sizes 3 to 6x \$12.95, 7 to 12 \$14.95, Toddlers 2, 3, 3x \$10.95. At fashion-aware stores or write Celeste.

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Here from France—our famed processed-lamb doeskins made exclusively for S.F.A. Perfection in gloving, they're all hand-sewn, in the classic slip-on version you can't have enough of. And they cover a multitude of Christmas lists. Black, brown, beige, grey. In 6 to 7½ sizes. 12.50. Mail and phone. orders filled at all S.F.A. stores.

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AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS AND SPRINGFIELD, N. J.



don't be a faddist; don't be a sadist.

A Dry Martini is *not* a hooker of gin or vodka. It's a cocktail.

And what *makes* it a cocktail is a noticeable, taste-pleasing, *civilizing* proportion of Noilly Prat. Make your Dry Martinis properly, correctly, tastefully.

Put the good taste in with Noilly Prat *Extra Dry* French Vermouth.



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BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK CITY, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

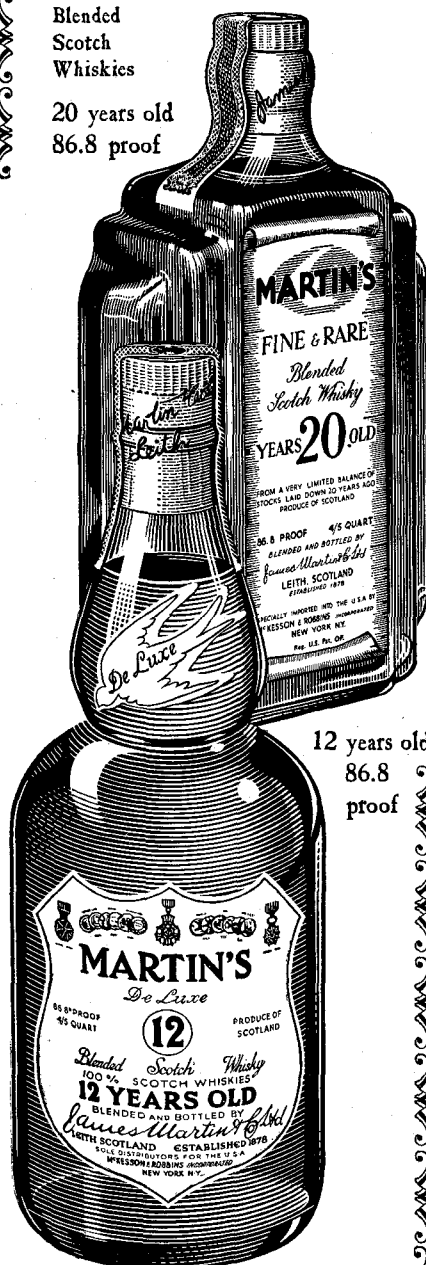
An announcement to Gentlemen

*I*F it is your Custom to enjoy a Scotch with both AGE & nobility, be advised that our House imports 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. To be found at private clubs, fine public taverns, spirit shops, hostelrys, etc. Put some aside today.

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McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
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Whiskies

20 years old
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proof

the highway that leads to Frankfurt on the Oder and Moscow. After five years, some of the yellowish Meissen-made tiles are missing from the façades of its nine-story skyscrapers. But German and Russian marches blare from loudspeakers along the street, and its shops and restaurants are usually crowded—as well they might be, since little rebuilding has been done elsewhere in the city even yet. Much of the time, as I wandered through East Berlin, I was enveloped by an oppressive stillness. The ruins of the city have been thoroughly cleaned up—they look almost as if they were dusted off every morning, like fragments of antique sculpture in a museum—and this, together with the spotless streets, lined with new street lights, that run through the ruins, gives them an air of permanence. One East German dignitary has attempted to explain away the failure to rebuild by saying that “the heart of the German Democratic Republic doesn’t beat in Berlin—the city of feudal rulers, the Kaiser, and the Nazis, all of whom are of the past. It beats in the factories of Leuna, Dessau, and Chemnitz.”

After Stalinalee, the chief official show place of East Germany is the German State Opera, or Lindenoper, on Unter den Linden. Opened in 1742, during the reign of Frederick the Great, it was bombed during the war, rebuilt, and reopened in September, 1955, after four years of work and an expenditure of eight million dollars. In the old days, Berlin had three opera houses—the Lindenoper and, in present-day West Berlin, the Municipal Opera and the minor Kroll Opera (which closed in 1931). By the end of the war, all three houses had been bombed and burned out. After the fall of Berlin, the Western powers were too busy with one thing and another to worry about the future of opera, but the Russians immediately organized a State Opera Company and installed it in a movie theatre called the Admiralspalast, where it performed until its new home was ready to receive it. West Berlin is still without a proper opera house, although the one belonging to the Municipal Opera is now being rebuilt. In the meantime, a lot of West Berlin opera lovers patronize the East Berlin State Opera, and there is a flourishing black market in tickets for its performances.

Unter den Linden is a broad, desolate street, on which the new pink-and-white marble opera house, flanked by the ruins of the elegant Palace of the Crown Prince and of the Old Royal Li-

According to GORDON



Nothing makes a neater first fall impression than the correctly casual India whipcord suit. A lightweight, year-round blend of Dacron and cotton, fully lined, it has a stubborn aversion to wrinkles, a rugged reputation for wear. As tailored by Gordon of Philadelphia, it leads an active life with comfort and ease. In the natural whipcord shade with a touch of leather trim at the pockets. About 59.50.

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brary, stands as an island of pomp in an ocean of gray rubble. I attended a performance of "Tosca" there that evening, and as I approached the building I noticed that many West Berlin and diplomatic-corps cars were parked in a square nearby. I had been warned that there was little chance of buying a ticket at the box office, since most of the tickets are distributed in advance to workers' groups and Party functionaries, but when I arrived, I found that there were still a few undesirable seats for sale. Just as I got in line to buy one, I had a stroke of luck; a young man came up and offered me a good front seat at a reasonable price. I paid him for it and went inside.

Having spent most of the day amid broad vistas of ruins and rubble, I wasn't prepared for the lavish profusion of crystal mirrors, Bohemian-glass chandeliers, heavy carpets, gilded railings, and marble, marble, marble that greeted my eye. The main foyer, now called the Apollosaal and formerly a banquet hall for Berlin's Prussian kings, has a marble-intaglio floor and massive Corinthian double columns. There is more warmth and intimacy in the three-tiered auditorium, which is decorated in coral, ivory, and gold—*real* gold leaf, a woman usher told me as she showed me to my seat. Looking around, I saw that the place, which has a capacity of fifteen hundred, was nearly filled. Then the lights were dimmed, the famous State Opera orchestra went into action, and the curtain rose on the Puccini opera, presented by a cast in which the tenor Helge Roswaenge was the only singer familiar to me. When the lights came on after the first act, there was perfunctory applause, and then the audience rose nearly as one man and stampeded to the exits. I went along and was swept downstairs to a luxurious basement buffet—more marble, marble, marble—where I soon discovered the reason for the big rush: two long counters stacked high with sausage sandwiches, which were being sold to one and all on a non-*Ausweis* basis. The opera buffet, I learned later, is the only place in East Germany where anybody can buy food without a ration card or an identity card. The sandwiches were gone in no time; some people bought five or six. Clearly, the enthusiasm of many of the operagoers for *Wurstbrote* was considerably greater than their enthusiasm for Puccini.

After the opera, in spite of the feelings produced by the *Wurstbrote* melee, I felt a little hungry, and stopped in at one of the expensive state restaurants on

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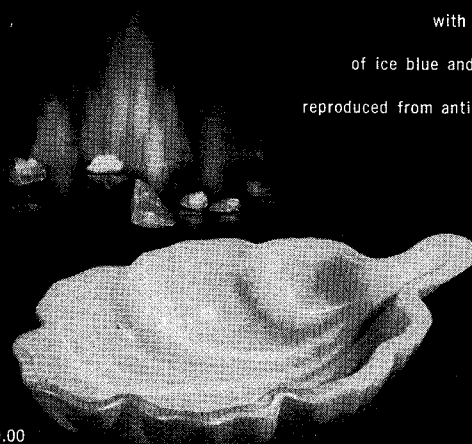
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Stalinalee. The manager, wearing a blue serge suit, greeted me, and seemed distressed when he learned that I was just a visitor in East Berlin and therefore had no *Ausweis*. Nevertheless, he led me to a table for four behind a pillar, under a sign bearing a legend to the effect that it is an insult to tip a workingman, and summoned a waiter. I ordered caviar and vodka, whereupon the waiter tilted the three other chairs forward to discourage anyone else from sitting at the table, and then produced a collection of small flags of many nations. "We like to emphasize the international nature of our clientele," he said. I asked for an American flag, and he replied with a sigh that he didn't have any. "Why don't you take a Swiss one?" he said. "That's always safe." Without waiting for an answer, he put the white cross of Switzerland on my table and went to get my order. I saw flags of a variety of nations on tables around me—Dutch, Russian, Swedish, and others. In a corner was a group of young people with no flag at all. They were what are known in East Berlin as *Halbstarke* (literally, "half-strong ones")—a term applied to adolescents of a type not unlike our hot-rod addicts. The waiter brought my caviar and vodka, and I disposed of them while listening to a jazz band play an East German version of a Count Basie tune. The jazz was watered down and spiritless, but the caviar and vodka were fresh and tangy. East German imports from the East arrive in better condition than those from the West.

I LEFT for Munich the next afternoon. At the East Berlin check point, I went through the usual gymkhana at the official windows, and was told to report at the Juchhöh check point not later than midnight. I had almost reached Juchhöh when, halfway up a fairly steep grade, my car suddenly and alarmingly began losing speed. Within a few hundred feet, it came to a stop. I tried to urge it forward again, and it responded briefly by inching up the grade. Then, after a final spasm, it stood quite still. I pressed the starter again and again, but nothing happened.

It was getting dark and foggy, and the Autobahn was deserted. I checked my fuel gauge and saw that my tank was still half full of West Berlin Esso. Automatically, I got out and looked under the hood—a futile gesture, since I barely know the difference between a valve and a sparkplug. The evening was chilly, but I confess that I was perspiring, for here I was in just the

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kind of jam the consular authorities had warned me about; if I failed to show up at Juchhoh by midnight, I would be in all sorts of trouble, and there would be no one to help get me out of it.

Climbing back in behind the wheel, I pressed the starter once more, and could hardly believe it when the engine took hold. I put the car in gear and found that it would move, fitfully, as long as I kept it under twenty miles an hour. And so I crawled feebly into the Juchhoh check point that evening, no credit to Detroit and disgusted with my own mechanical ineptitude.

Once I was in the clear with the Juchhoh clerks and guards, I managed to limp on to a West German garage, where an attendant lifted the hood of my car and announced in a minute or so that my difficulty didn't amount to anything. "Just the gas filter," he said. "A child could fix it." He was a fully grown man, but he fixed it very quickly, and charged me forty cents. As I was paying him, he laughed, and said, "Good thing you didn't get stuck out there all night. Like the fellow about a week ago who—" But I was in a hurry now, so I thanked him and drove off. As a matter of fact, I didn't much want to hear what had happened to the fellow about a week ago.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THE informal—and even irreverent—attitude this year toward what are called luxury fabrics is more than matched by the attitude of our custom furriers toward fur. They give a most youthful feeling to furs that were once classified as dowager types. Such stuff as Persian lamb, black seal, and Russian broadtail is treated in sports-car fashion; chinchilla, which has been a token of the hellcat, has gone ingénue. Everyone (particularly at Gunther Jaeckel) is talking about “walking” lengths—meaning tailored jobs that are anywhere from below-the-hips length to three-quarter length, and suitable for long country strolls—and at Maximilian they’re making these little double-breasted things out of black mink or out of a pale, lovely beige mutation called Tourmaline. Georges Kaplan, who is not yet known to a great many of us, actually does one in Russian sable. You see how tweedy the situation is getting? Then, two of the most engaging jackets I’ve seen have a smock derivation. One, by Emeric Partos (at Bergdorf Goodman), comes in beige river otter, with big patch pockets and a square, tailored yoke. It’s something like the Cuban *guayabera*, that straight, workman’s overblouse. An ocelot handkerchief is knotted casually under the collar. (There’s a straight skirt of the otter, too, if you like.) The other, by Dior (at Bonwit Teller), is based on a French fisherman’s smock. It’s shown in black Persian, but they also like to do it in seal or nutria. It hangs straight to just below the hips in front but is noticeably barrel-shaped in back, because of gathers on the yoke under the little turn-

over collar and a pulled-in look on the buttocks. Barrel and dolman shapes are everywhere, by the way. Big, enveloping coats (at Hattie Carnegie they’re called “wraps”) are cut extra wide across the upper arms, and apologies for sleeves start well out from the body. When these coats are snug-gled around you, the subsequent taper toward the hem is startling. (Esther Dorothy, always a rebel, likes this wide-across look but thinks that the subsequent cupping is unkind to the buttocks; her wide coats are slender and straight belowdecks.) The same tapering effect—at the hips, above the hemline, or all the way—is achieved when (as in the Dior jacket I just spoke of) coats, even of deep-piled furs like mink, are shirred, dressmaker style, on back yokes that are barely concealed by big collars. This gives nice width. Dressmaker effects, accomplished with tucks and the like, are universal. Partos turns out many a

coat on dress lines, with wrapped satin or suède sashes, braid edges, and that sort of thing. And almost all collars stand away from the neck, portrait style, though you may huddle them when you like.

Mink is still often worked wide, to resemble sable, and some artisans even turn it upside down, working the hairs upward, to make the fur look deeper. Partos does a coat like this in black mink, with his pet removable jet buttons, in case you want to wear it wrapped. Some interesting diagonal workings of mink skins have come to light, too. A beauty at Hattie Carnegie is shown in Lutetia; it’s all diagonal lines and all female skins (among mink, females are the gentler sex) sidling up to an up-and-down tuxedo-collar closing (male). At Revillon, a triumphant stole of Autumn Haze mink is worked in diagonal lines; it’s eighty-four inches long and fourteen wide. There’s new enthusiasm for Alas-

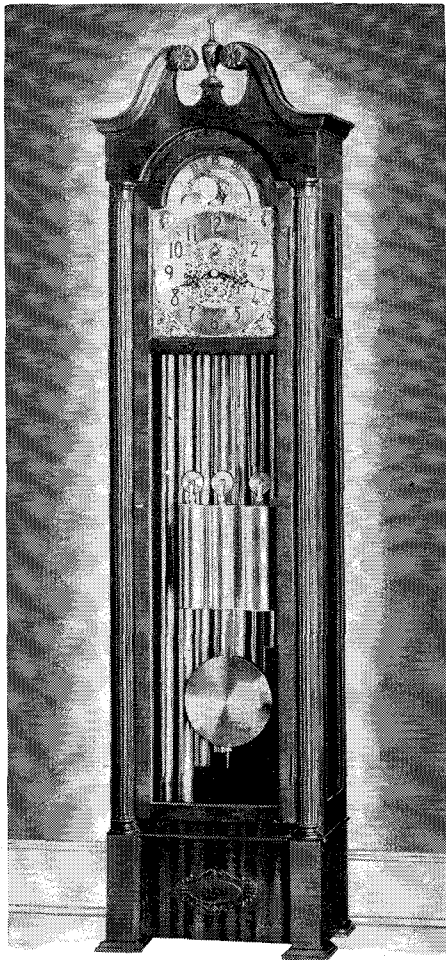


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ka seal dyed a very deep plum. This is called Kitovi. It turns blue with navy costumes, brown with brown—an accommodating kind of temperament. All sorts of black fur is around; not only mink but sable is being dyed black. And chinchilla, too; Kaplan has designed an innocent jacket of black chinchilla with a square of buttons on the straight front and a barrel back. Completely ingénue, that's what.

As for inexpensive furs, almost everyone (hauteur still prevails in some shops, though) has gone crazy about Lammoire, the descriptive trade name for South American black lamb processed like Russian broadtail to make it exceptionally silky and pliable. It's used for enchanting jackets of the suit variety. My favorite of the lot, however, is a swagger full-length raincoat at Bendel—reefer pockets on the hips, double-breasted buttons of black bone, and a self sash tying it in like a trench coat; \$946. (I'm good at math; my prices always include the federal tax.)

But let's get on to a point-to-point steeplechase, shall we?

PARTOS' custom designs for (as I was saying) Bergdorf Goodman show such imagination that this weathervane (me) will record only the breeziest highlights. One is his long ranch-mink stole-coat, the skins worked wide and horizontal through the body. The up-and-down front can hang loose, like a stole, or be hurled around you, or button down to make a tuxedo collar. Another full-length mink coat, shown in Autumn Haze, has an optional and casual knotted self belt across the front; the back is straight. Coats with a dress look abound, even in ranch mink, with a wide, wrapped brown velvet band around the waist and a shawl collar above; or in black seal, with a wide satin sash. Some of the Russian-broadtail coats are fitted and round-hipped indeed, and one has black sable circling the neck and making a band three inches above the hem. Less conventional is a fan-pleated coat that flares wildly and beautifully in back. There are magnificent stoles here, extending nearly to the floor. One of black mink is to be thrown across the chest, the ends trailing in back. (It can be reversed if you want to be a safe-and-sane fuddy-duddy.) There is also a sable stole, three skins wide, with a muff loop attached to one side. Next comes a flapper coat-dress of white ermine with a cardigan neck and buttons all the way down the front. The skins are horizontal above the bloused

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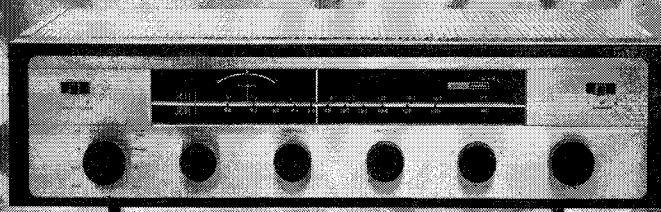
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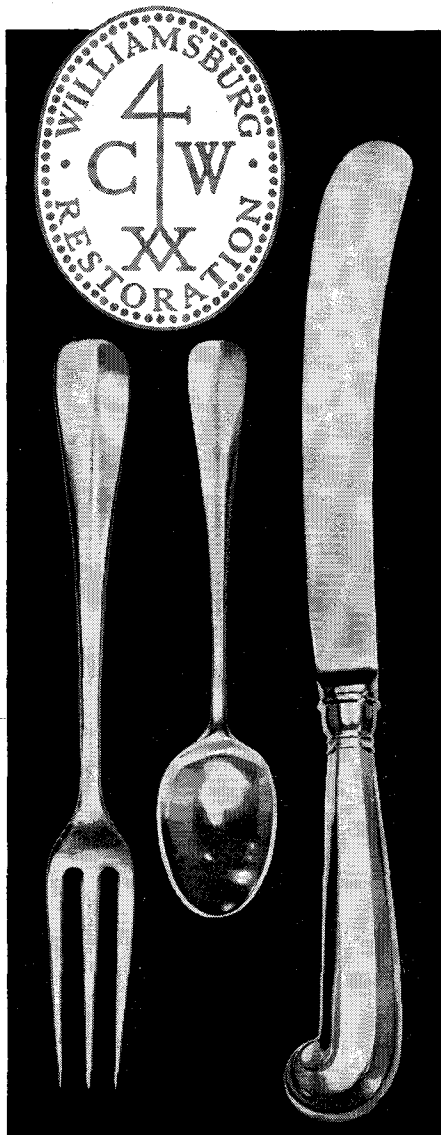
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waistline and vertical below, which makes it a bogus two-piece. More informal is a coat of white India broadtail lamb, with a wide self belt to gather it in loosely around the hips (Partos' belts are likely to be placed very low) and a shawl collar of white lynx bellies. And a tunic coat of Somali leopard has big patch pockets, a wide self belt, and a flaring hem. The neck is collarless and fastened with one button; the sleeves have sable cuffs. (You can get leopard Delman pumps to match—or Russian-broadtail ones, for that matter. But you have to go to Maximilian to get your leopard spats.)

NOT all the extravaganzas at Maximilian are spats. There are also three-quarter coats of Russian broadtail lined with ranch mink; knee-length tubes of Russian broadtail entirely lined with Empress chinchilla; and a silk-and-wool oyster raincoat, lined with Russian crown sable. They make a specialty of Russian-broadtail costumes around here, but I'll concern myself with just the tops (so to speak) of the crop, such as a gendarme cape, so circular that it can be swung around the shoulders, and a loose jacket, descending to the hips in back, with white ermine frothing inside the band collar like whipped cream. As a substitute for stoles (many women want less slipping and a bit more protection), there are tiny jackets, about waist-length, called Breezelettes. The short sleeves of these are exactly in line, when the arms are lowered, with the hem of the jacket—a charming effect. One, in black Russian broadtail, is lined with ranch mink. This can be buttoned across, very trim for daytime, or opened way out to show lots of mink around the chest. Another, of Empress chinchilla worked horizontally and with gray satin cardigan binding, is hipbone length. A second chinchilla, for the campus, is bloused on a stitched jersey band; the collarless neck is gathered the way a peasant blouse is, and the skins go diagonally across the back. Getting down to earth (even Maximilian does that) is a straight, full-length coat of nutria lined with tweed. The tweed appears in a vertical panel at the center front, and a tuxedo front of fur flanks either side of this. A most endearing black seal jacket has a wide collar, a bow at the throat, and six braid buttons descending the front. There's a pocket high on each sleeve. It's made in three horizontal tiers, with an extra pocket set in each tier on either side of

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the buttons—wonderful places to hoard parking-meter dimes.

UP at Gunther Jaeckel, there are several interesting bloused-back treatments, as in a full-length fitted coat of gray Russian broadtail with a wide, wide circular hem. This coat also evidences Gunther's renewed affection for silver fox, which makes the deep collar. A beautiful stole, with a conventional front but a back coming to the hips, has an inverted pleat down the center back and a deep fold at each side to give it a deep blouse. This Gunther approves of in either mink or chinchilla. The shop's regal, full-length star performer, of mink, has a dolman cut, very wide across the arms and slanting in sharply below; the skins are worked wide and upside down. As a companion for full cocktail or evening skirts, a waist-length mink jacket is shirred on a yoke under the collar to give it a nice barrel back. A barrel-dolman look also dominates many of the coats shown in Gunther's walking length. One is of sheared beaver dyed a deep blue-black; another is of Lutetia mink with a double row of buttons down the front and revers deeply notched at the shoulders. More in a sports mood is a straight deal in Autumn Haze mink, with a very low belt across the back and an easy shawl collar. Another, of beige American broadtail, has three bone buttons and flat, notched lapels; two patch pockets sprout on each side. Gunther Jaeckel pioneered with Lam-moire, and its favorite jacket of the stuff this year is hipbone length and fullish, with a wide collar that can stand up in imperious portrait style; it's \$467.50.

YOUTHFUL informality is the idea at Revillon, too. One instance is a short, wide jacket of Russian broad-



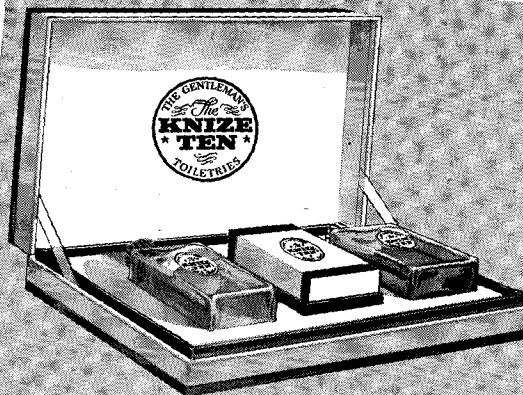
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tail with a deep Puritan collar of chin-chilla. A ranch-mink hipbone jacket, also loose and wide, has a dégagé air, too. As for dolman effects, Revillon does many in mink and an extraordinary one in that Kitovi seal. This last is three-quarter length, and a seam goes around it under the arms just above the little sleeves. The body of it is almost a square when the arms are held out; when they are lowered, it tapers like fury. Another, and even longer, dandy in this seal has a childish turnover collar, bone buttons, and a knotted sash across the front. A full-length wrappy number of black Hudson seal has a raccoon collar and cuffs; \$500 a copy. (It's a copy, in fact, of one that Revillon made for a customer in 1918. She returned it a while ago, presumably disappointed about its wearing qualities.) Other seductive offerings at seductive prices include a hip-length jacket of Norwegian blue fox with short, fat sleeves and a huge collar (\$520) and a Lammoire box jacket with a black mink cowl collar (\$350).

THE wearable little toppers at Alfred Rainer are at ease anywhere at any time of day, and none of their lines are exaggerated. There is a Persian broadtail, hinting only slightly at a barrel shape, and there is a snug-around-the-hips Russian broadtail with a black mink collar. This has the rounded, graceful shoulder that is feminine though quite wide—a specialty of Rainer this season. Another jacket of Russian broadtail is mid-length and ties in a knot over toward one side. It hugs the hips and blouses mildly above them. White mink makes the collar and the facing on the diagonal line of the closing of this one. Rainer likes little bows on everything; a double capelet of white mink for evening has a collar arching outward at each side of the neck, and a fabric bow to match each of your evening dresses may clip at the center front. Russian broadtail or chinchilla makes charming round little jackets, the skins worked in soft horizontal curves. (A black broadtail skirt can go with either type.) Another Rainer specialty has always been river otter, and it still is. A new stunt is giving it a heather dye (brown with a purple-blue cast) and a collar of Somali leopard. The cuffs of this are telescoped inside the sleeves for a two-tier effect. For small trickery, there's a black-dyed sable neckpiece with a head at each end that can nip on your neckline or nibble at your ear; \$220. And for the rugged country life, you could do worse than

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a below-hip-length coat with raglan sleeves. It's of an exceptionally silvery hair seal with odd brown splotches; \$770.

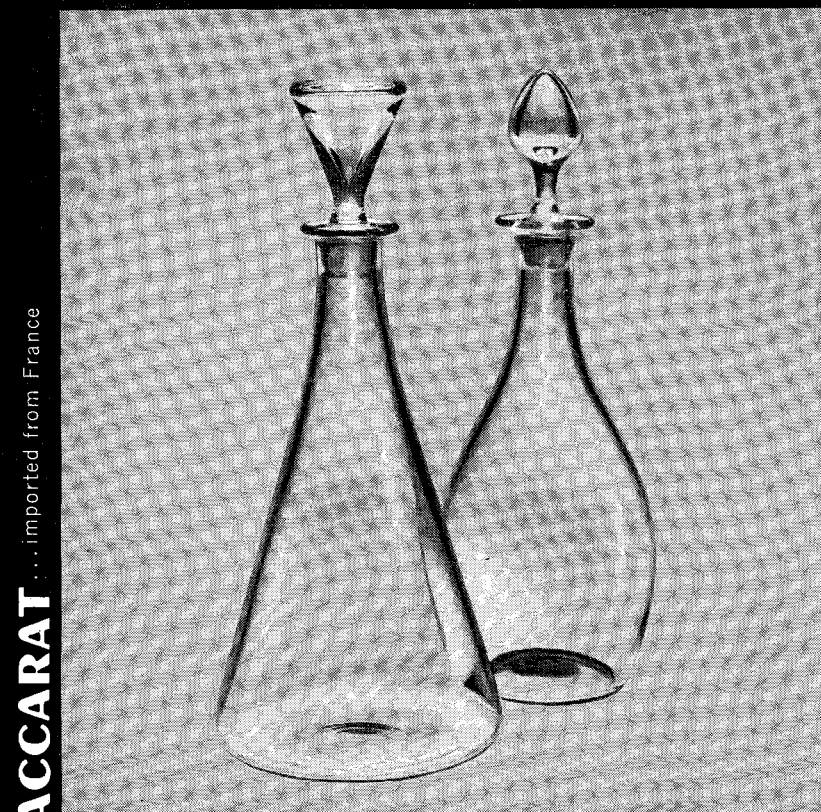
ESTHER DOROTHY's emporium teems with original ideas, as usual. Grande-dame, full-length Russian broadtail may be in dolman style, the width at the top accomplished by outward-curving tucks from the collar down. An overcollar of black Russian sable or chinchilla can be snapped in. Another full-length prize of the same fur is all horizontal bands of it, three and a half inches wide, joined by tiny dressmaker tucks. A pet cape is shown in Autumn Haze mink. The collar goes into a tuxedo front; the back swings very full to a point comfortably below the hips. Miss Dorothy's most astounding mink stole, with a really deep cape back, is adroitly tapered across the arms, where the stole begins. (All her things are built to cling firmly to the shoulders, and her collars stand away but don't fall away.) The darned thing is ninety-two inches long and nineteen wide, so it's a really enveloping performance. Among her coats with dolman tops and straight lines below is one of ranch mink with her "butterfly" sleeves—slashed up inside the forearm to the elbow for easy turning back. She likes snap-in stuff to dress them up for evening; a black mink with simple, narrow lapels can have an overcollar of white mink added, as well as snap-in white mink sleeve facings.

GEORGES KAPLAN is in the arcade at 730 Fifth Avenue, at Fifty-seventh. I found his contributions either endearing or downright startling. In the first category is a little mink jacket with a tuxedo front that is perfect daytime stuff; the tuxedo panel, though, can turn back, fasten with one hook at the waist, and expose the entire chest and part of the shoulder tips for evening. A real spectacular is a full-length coat of Black Diamond mink, made entirely of female skins; it could almost be packed in a corsage box, and it weighs only sixty-two ounces. There are unusual fur combinations, such as a long leopard greatcoat with a black fox collar. And there are more black-dyed furs, such as black river otter, cut like a bathrobe, with a casually knotted self belt and a collar of Cerulean mink. For eccentricity, there's an Irene Castle tunic of Persian lamb with a black fox collar and hem. And a huge stole of black monkey fur, the hair all cow-



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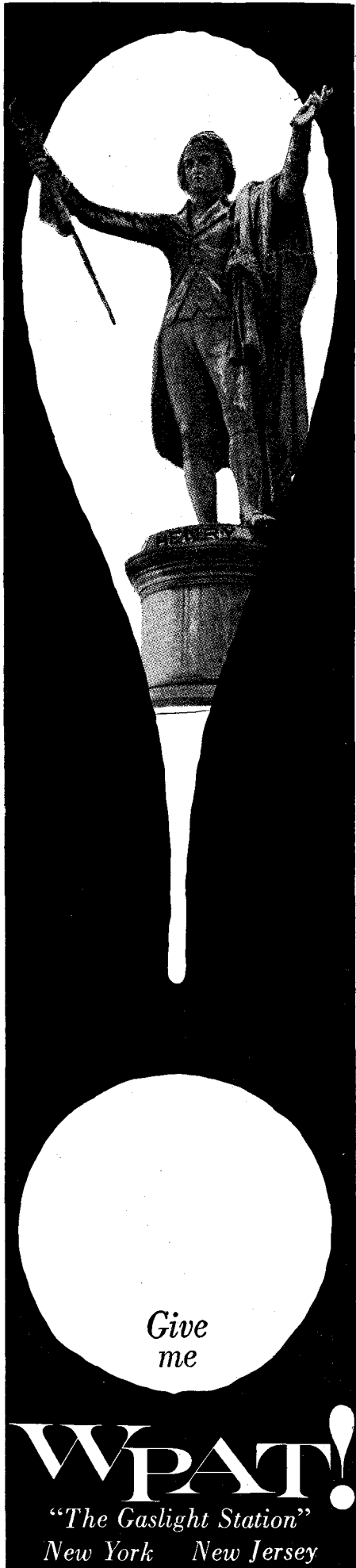
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Decanters: Left, Ship's Decanter \$15. each. Right, Dumbbell Decanter \$15. each.
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST



licks. This is \$104.50. For real outdoors is a three-quarter sports coat of natural wolf (takes one to catch one), looking like a burly version of lynx and just as bulky; \$224.50. An odd notion that might turn out to be more practical than you'd think at first is Kaplan's "tunic" of Lammoire. It's a flaring, V-necked, sleeveless thing, seven-eighths length, that could hang loose over a suit or dress or, smartly sashed in, act as a tunic; \$467.50.

AT Bendel you'll see a dreamy full-length coat of Autumn Haze mink with a suede belt emerging from the sides to hold it in across the front when you like. This has skins in the conventional narrow width on the body and worked wide on the sleeves. Bendel thinks well of black seal to wrap and huddle. One coat of it owns a big lynx collar; another owns one of ranch mink. A Russian-broadtail coat has a Lutetia-mink collar in a crossed-shawl cut in front. The collar slants outward and downward from the back of the neck and is split down the middle. This split (the result looks like pointed childish collars worn backward) also appears on a black mink stole with white mink lining the back, collar style, and the split makes the white mink rear backward in two arching points. Fun. Another evening star is in white mink, the cape back in a double fold. The upper fold comes forward to go into modest stole ends; the under fold encircles the arms for stability. (Nice in chinchilla, too, they tell me.) All these coats are long ones. Bendel also has lots of Lammoire jackets in various lengths—three-quarter length with a collar of black mink is \$748; a shortie with a white mink collar is \$484.

AT Hattie Carnegie, they flirt a lot with wrapped effects in their long coats. A gem in ranch mink or seal has not only a tapering hem but sleeves that taper all the way to the middle of the forearm, where they end. But the favorite coat here is likely to have a little turnover collar away from the neck, trim buttons below, a straight back, and a concave look above the waistline in front that suggests an Empire line. They do it in black Alaska seal, Russian broadtail—oh, anything, including a version made of Breath of Spring (that's white and pale gray) mink gills with double-breasted horn buttons. This is a perfect travel coat; \$935. Then we have black Russian broadtail in an interesting coat with a Russian-sable collar; the interest is



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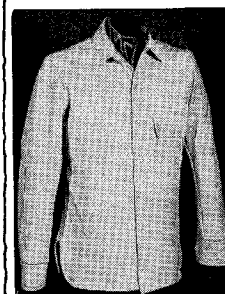
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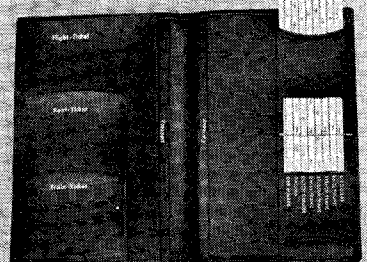
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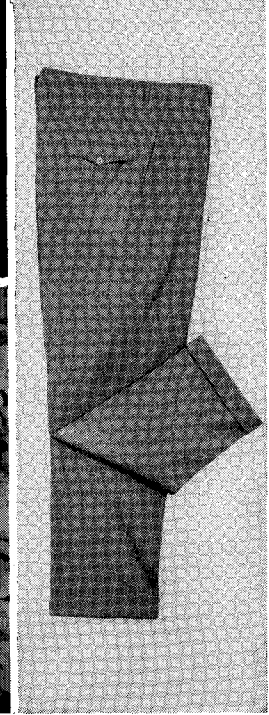
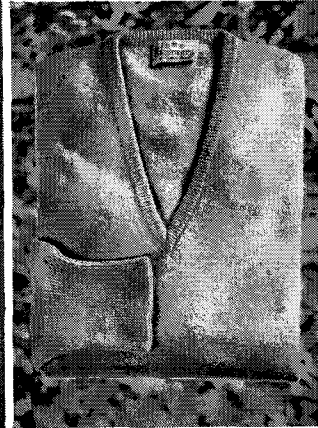
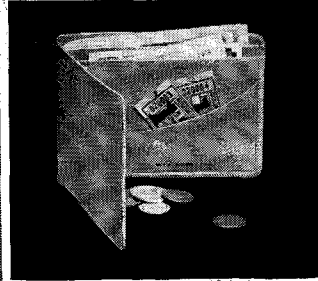
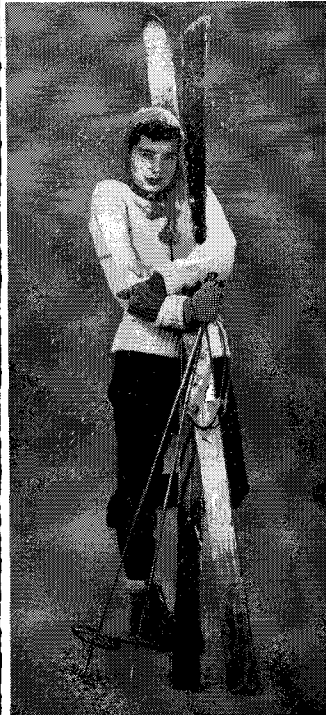
HOUSE OF EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES
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that, though straight-lined, it has folds at hip height front and back that enable it to swell out gracefully over a full skirt. Next comes a jacket of the same broadtail—very loose and bloused, and cupping in low in back—with a black mink collar high across the throat and dipping down in the rear. Carnegie is doing quite a lot with navy beaver; one jacket is below-hip length with a slightly bloused back and high reefer pockets. There are elbow sleeves, from which emerge knit sleeves for warmth. This establishment has *always* loved black American broadtail, converting it into suitlike jackets and boleros with minute detail. Bo-Peep has little pocket flaps that show bows beneath when they're lifted; \$544.50. And here, too, there's a revival of silver fox. An old-time two-fox stole with the heads nestled together in the center will make you laugh out loud; \$275.

MOST of the mink offerings at Stein & Blaine have the skins worked very wide; all the collars fall away in back, and many are shirred at each side of the neck to stand away from it and also to give a puffy, bolster effect. Stein & Blaine, like Maximilian, favors the new Tourmaline shade of mink, showing it, for one, in a cape stole with a bolster collar. Enchanting capelets here; I particularly loved one of chinchilla with a three-skin body across the back but cutaway style in front, where it fastens with a single hook below the big horseshoe neckline. (This isn't bad in mink or sable, either.) A capelet of Blue Iris mink is more modest—a turnover collar with one button at the throat. It's just-below-bust length but ripples over



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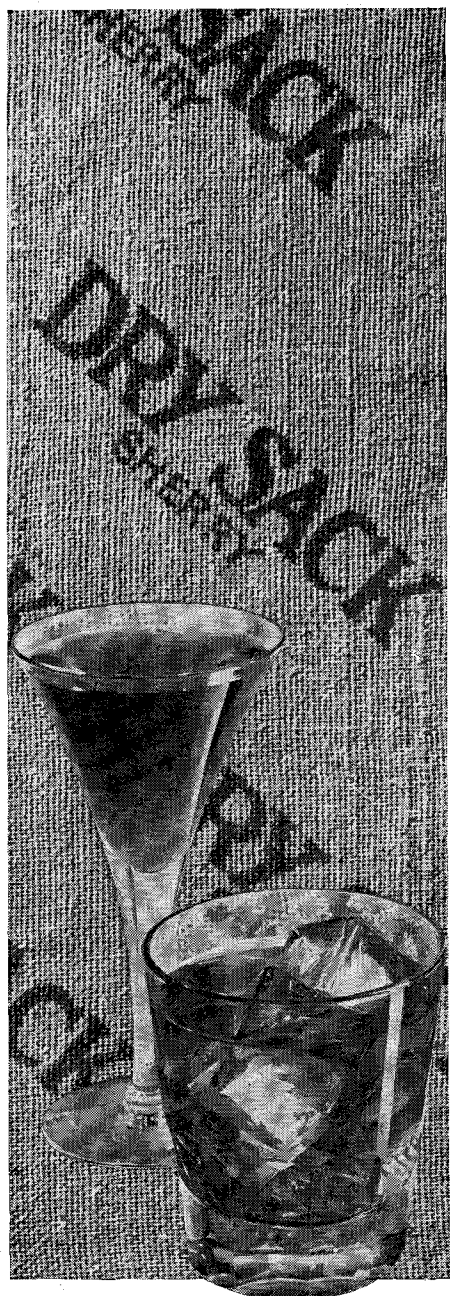
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the upper arms and then dips a bit in back.

BONWIT TELLER has some long coats with a fascinating and indefinable shape—beltless, hugging the hips low, with a suggestion of blouse above and a suggestion of flare below. The front is straight. One comes in black Persian lamb with low revers and a separate mink shawl collar to be added when you want to dress it up. They make Russian broadtail in walking length with low, double-breasted buttons and a shawl collar of mink, and also do a three-quarter dolman with a fat chinchilla collar. In ranch mink, there's a long, really swash-buckling cape with a standup collar to frame the face, and a coat whose huge collar is completely lined so that it can serve as a parka hood. And there's nothing new about a greatcoat of white sheared beaver with a long shawl collar of pastel mink—except that it still looks terrific. Among the inexpensive items, we find a new ponyskin with a moiré surface that is surprisingly soft and pliable. It comes in black, tan, or brown, and makes things like a double-breasted hipbone jacket (\$258) and a jacket bloused on a hipband with a ranch mink collar (\$291). Also, you'll see a seal-skin shoulder cape with black fox around the hem emphasizing its dip to the waist in back; \$544. Lammoire crops up in waist-length jackets with either a ranch-mink collar in a turtle-neck effect or a long, narrow shawl collar of black mink. So adorned, it is \$357; it's \$257 without the fur collar.

SOPHIE, of Saks Fifth Avenue, manages to bring both drama and grace to any design she tackles, and her current fur collection is no exception. There's a sinister look to a black seal coat that is squarish and blocky because the sleeves start so far out from the body; the sleeves are gathered into tight cuffs. Black seal also makes a cape that is pure highwayman; it curves away in front above the knees and swings out, really voluminous, lower in back. For more informal lines, there's a long white beaver straight-line coat, the body of the coat snug around the throat and the collar set back a bit and rising high all around. For sports, it would be hard to woo me away from her beige river-otter full-length proud beauty—high, trim lapels and a narrow double row of buttons down the front. In back, pleats start at the shoulder blades and are caught in (but not very much) by a

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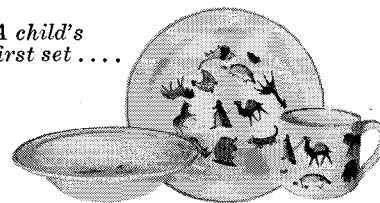
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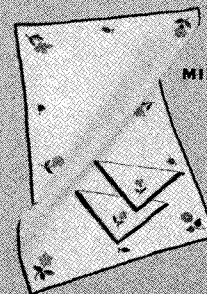
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half belt placed very low. And, in another mood, Sophie has also committed one of the most tempting boleros you'll see in many a long day. It's a taut, skimpy, waist-length deal in back and cut away in front; the closing is just one hook between the breasts. A big collar, with dressmaker tucks across it, rolls away from the horseshoe neckline. It's shown in Russian broadtail with elbow sleeves; they also make it in chinchilla, sleeveless (who knows why?), for evening. Other small jackets come in mink and have a way of letting the skins go horizontally across the back and the upper arm without interruption. For jollity, there's a broad-shouldered affair of white beaver that tapers trimly and ends at the waist. A band emerging from under the arms buttons smartly across the front. It's \$907.50.

AND this should be enough about pelts. It's up to you to find the—well, the pelf. —LOIS LONG

THE WOOD

I thought the leaf an ear;
Stock-still I stood
To see a leaping deer
Leap into the wood,
Leaping over air,
Thud with flying feet.
But no deer was there;
I heard my own heart beat.

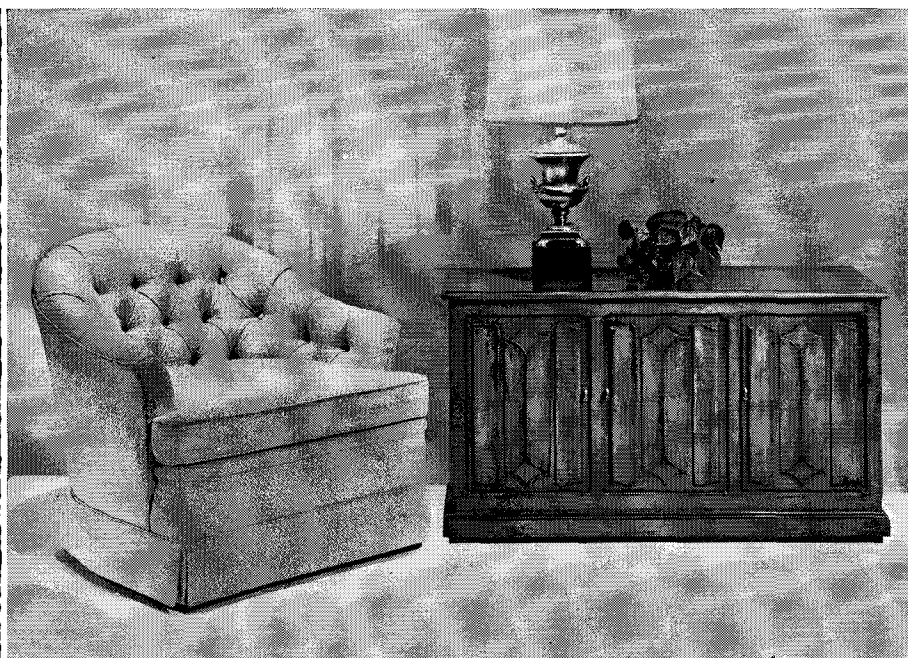
II

When summer's warblers leave,
A leaf that turns in air
To steep in yellow light
Might be a warbler there;
And, perched upon the wind,
When other colors stir,
Brown leaves, or mottled brown,
Are what the thrushes were.

—CHARLES NORMAN

For the purposes of allocating to any preceding taxable year an accumulation distribution of the taxable year, the undistributed net income of such preceding taxable year is computed without regard to the accumulation distribution of the taxable year or of taxable years following the taxable year. However, accumulation distributions of any taxable years intervening between such preceding taxable year and the taxable year are taken into account.—*Proposed Treasury Regulation 1.666 (a)-1(d), Internal Revenue Code of 1954.*

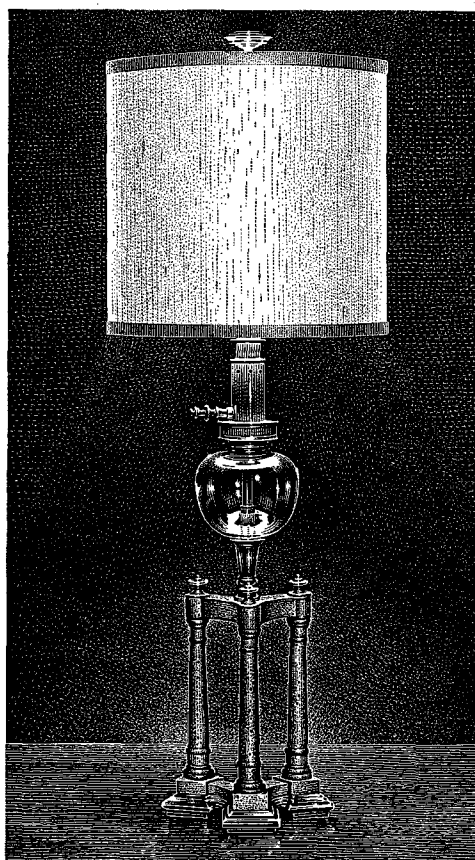
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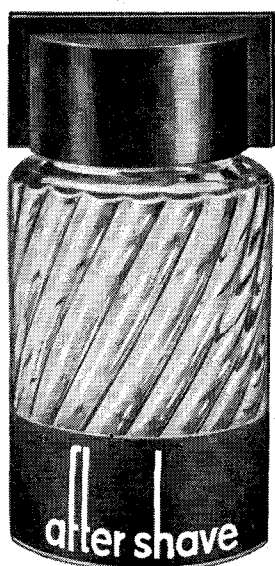
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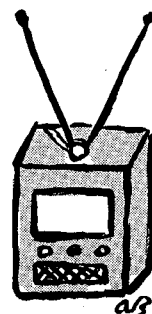
The Total Interview

ONE evening not long ago, John Wingate, who searches souls on the program "Night Beat" (Channel 5, 11-12 P.M., Tuesdays through Fridays), said, "Tonight we go after the story of Rod Steiger." He then, in effect, took cover as the story of Mr. Steiger, an actor by trade, and a man of considerable eloquence, came flying at him and at the public from what seemed like all directions at once.

It was not an unusual occurrence, as things go on in interview shows like "Night Beat." It was just one more illustration, I thought, of the inaccuracy of an idea that has been strongly (if tacitly) encouraged by the conductors of such shows; namely, that the stories they "go after" are hard to get, that the truth must be wrenched or tricked from their guilty guests, and (this claim is pretty clearly implied in the context) that no story has been completely extracted until it is forked out, like meat from a lobster claw, by the expert techniques of their school of television interviewing. I believe it was Mike Wallace, dean of the school, who coined the watchword "Tonight we go after the story," when he presided over "Night Beat." His successor, Mr. Wingate, came in for a share of the phrase when Mr. Wallace moved on to fight privacy on a national scale ("The Mike Wallace Interview," Channel 7, 10-10:30 P.M., Saturdays). The sense of pursuit, of breaking down resistance, can also be felt in the title of "Probe," a program that was launched a couple of weeks ago (Channel 5, 11:30-12 P.M., Mondays). The next show in this ruthless line is apt to be called "Forceps." "Spigot" might be a better name. It's hard for a steady follower of the Wallace-Wingate cycle not to notice that seventy-five per cent of the guests (my own estimate, and a rough one) are cooperative to the point of overflow. In these cases, the stories that Mr. Wallace and Mr. Wingate "go after" have a way, once they've been tapped, of going after Mr. Wingate and Mr. Wallace.

The sort of guests I mean are garrulous for obvious reasons—because of the nature of their jobs, because they have something to sell, or simply because of a well-developed (and sometimes notorious) impulse toward

autobiography. Basically, there's not much difference between them and the guests on the so-called plug programs of Barry Gray and Mary Margaret McBride. They are people who plainly feel a commitment or a need to give a show, to shoot the works, to oblige. They are not the material of journalism.



Journalism, however, is precisely the field in which Mr. Wallace and Mr. Wingate have staked out their claims. (If there's also a baroquely confusing note of the D.A.'s office in their dialogue and their studio lighting, it should be remembered that reporting and prosecuting are loosely synonymous in the radio-television mind.) Wallace and Wingate draw a firm line, it seems to me, between their sort of work and the name-dropping rodeos I've mentioned. In every performance, they emphasize the "story." And it's true that from some twenty-five per cent of their guests there are good stories to be had, and that Mr. Wallace, at least, has been able to develop some of these successfully, and even brilliantly. Often enough, among the guests who are not axe grinders—who behave unresponsively, from the examiner's point of view, or normally, from mine—the answers come hard, or are not exactly the ones the examiner wants. In emergencies like this, he generally resorts either to roughriding or to a kind of parlor game based on imputations of perjury. Both these gambits are employed in the name of the public weal.

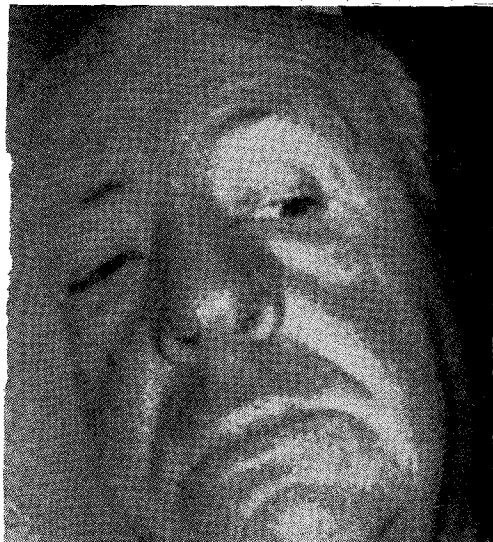
That brings us to a second confusing point in the Wallace-Wingate philosophy. The first, as has been noted, is the suggestion that sales talks and tough-luck tales are hard to elicit. The second is the idea that the guest owes it to the American people to tell the examiner what the examiner wants to know.

"Don't you feel obligated to the audience to answer that?" Mr. Wingate asked a guest—Dalton Trumbo, a playwright and blacklisted screenwriter—one night recently, speaking of a question to which Mr. Trumbo had already given several sprightly, if not literally responsive, answers. The guest seemed startled. Mr. Wingate's line of reasoning may have bewildered him.

"Why are you here, then?" Mr. Wingate went on remorselessly.

"Because I was asked," said Mr. Trumbo after a moment's thought. Mr.

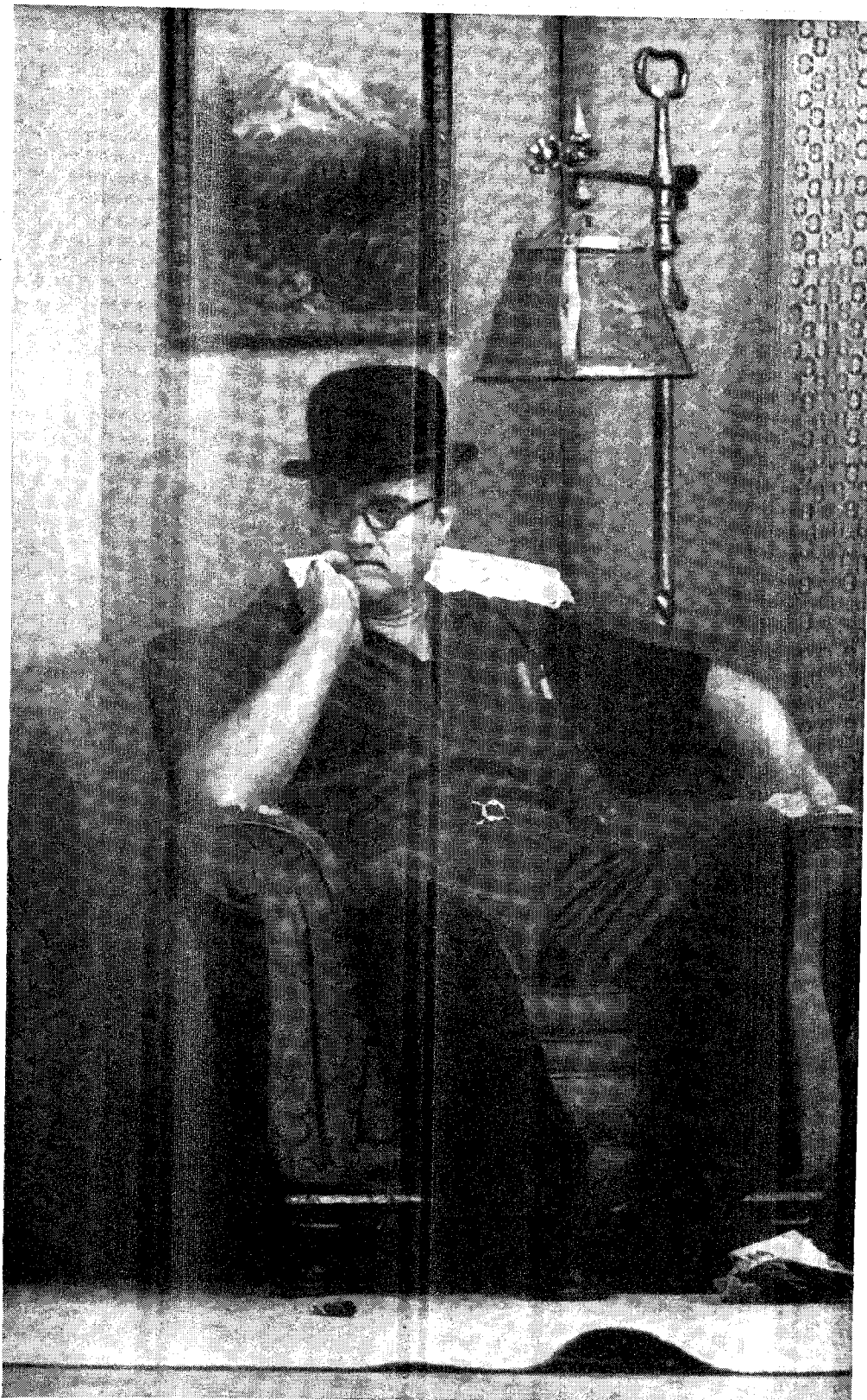
ROBERT VOSE, LOOK, NOVEMBER 26, 1957



Keep 'em guessing...

Keep 'em laughing...

LOOK

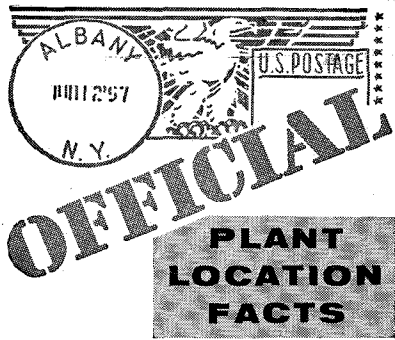


ROBERT VOSE, LOOK, APRIL 2, 1957

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EDWARD T. DICKINSON
Commissioner of Commerce

Wingate looked dissatisfied with the answer. Obviously, it struck him as irrelevant, if not downright flippant.

There's an element of pedantry here, and an aggressive confidence, that may be occupational in the radio-television dodge. Another quality of the Wallace and the Wingate programs—their almost naïve devotion to the principle of shock and to the titillation of the audience's racier instincts—probably owes something to the influence of those newspapers (the *News* and the *Post* come to mind) that specialize in titillation stories. It's not always easy these days when you're choosing models to choose them for the right reasons. As for the perjury motif in these programs—the attempts to nail the subject to the wall with inconsistencies from his past—I have an idea that the inspiration came not only from courtrooms but from Congress. "Now, Mr. Bones, you wrote on April 10th, 1953, and I quote . . . So how can you tell me now . . ." It's a formula with a strong flavor of committee hearings in it. The source is respectable, the game is fun to play, and the pleasure that Mr. Wallace and Mr. Wingate take in playing it is, accordingly, both virtuous and boyish.

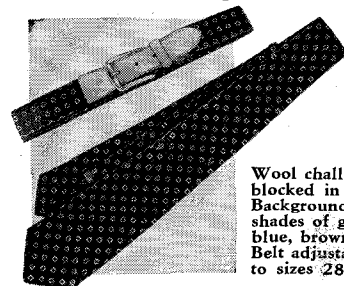
BY far the most important factor, of course, in setting the bold tone of Mr. Wallace's shows (which, in turn, set the tone of Mr. Wingate's shows) was reaction against the usual standards of radio-television interviewing. The norm is a discreet, milky, brand-selling, hear-no-evil-speak-no-evil style of questioning that veers aside from points of controversy as fast as it races through points of interest. It's a style that was born to incite mutiny. In rebelling against it, Mr. Wallace—and before him, in a different way, on radio, Bill Stern—jumped as far as possible in the other direction, toward shock. The rebels appear to have ignored, or not to have fully understood, certain rules that still apply in even the liveliest newspapers. I've mentioned Bill Stern here only because of a curious turn his independence took. The rule, or standard, he ignored was the standard of accuracy—or, at any rate, the principle of confirmation. More broadly speaking, it might be said that he overlooked the line that separates the art of the New York *Times* from the art of Maupassant. His news work lay in narrative as much as in interviewing, and some of his stories are memorable. There was one that advertised, on the strength of a gossip item in a racing tip sheet, the possibility that the St.

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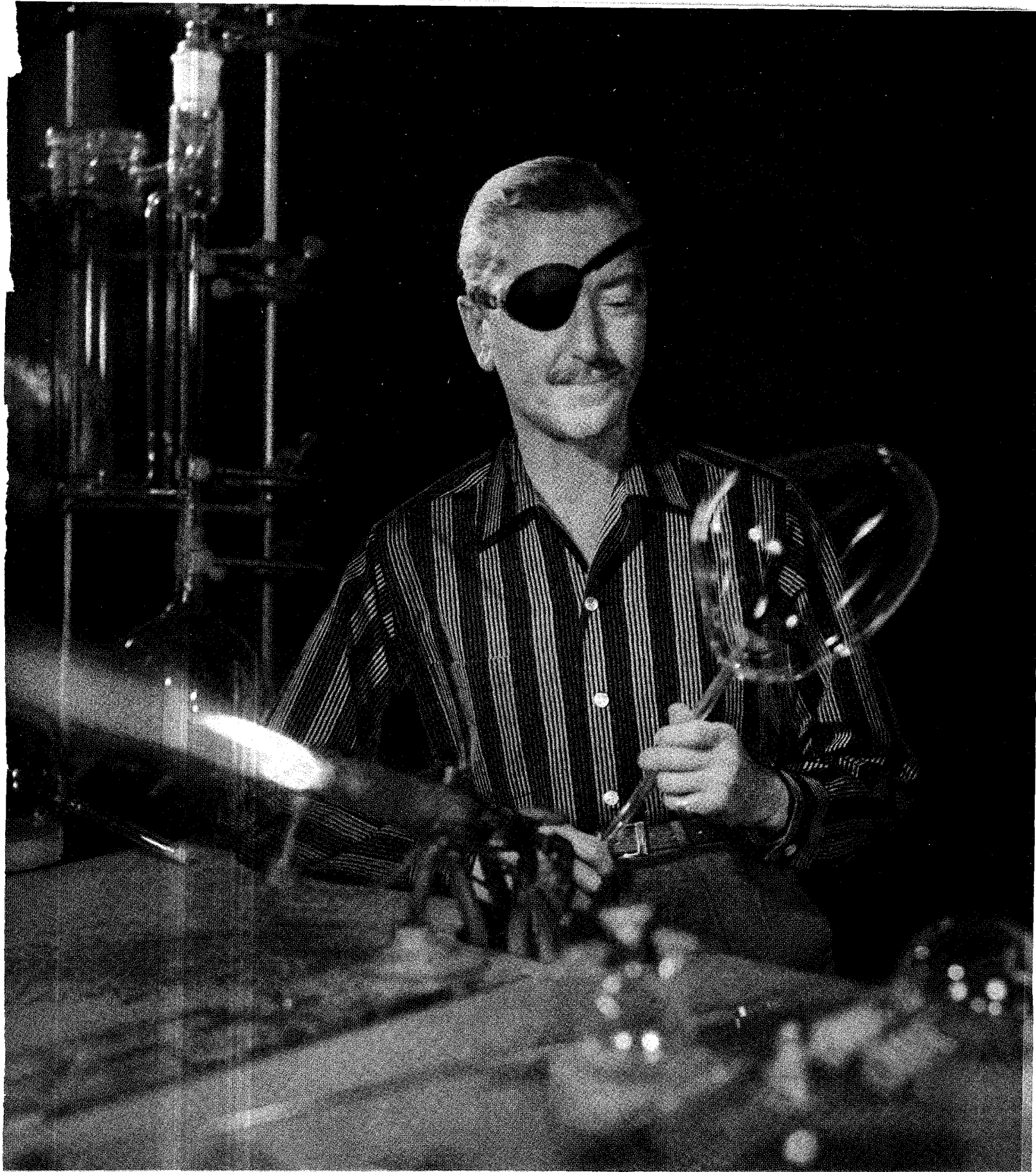
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Finally, we swallowed our pride and

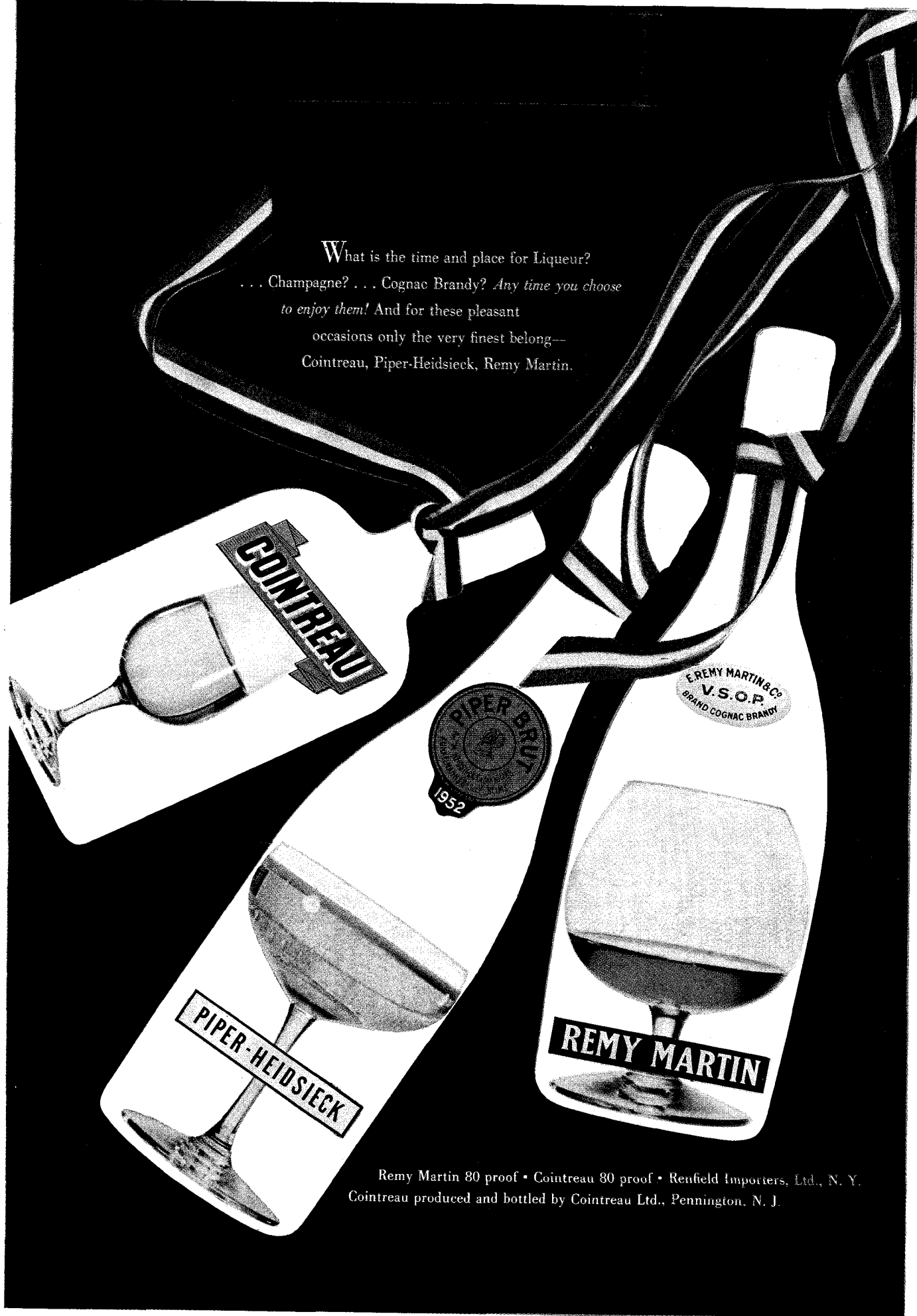
asked him where he got the cloth. His answer was scarcely a surprise. The weaver was none other than Hathaway's old friend James White of Auchterarder.

So off we flew to Scotland, and bought every yard Mr. White could produce. The cloth is cotton taffeta—very uncommon

and *damnably expensive*. The shirts have to be priced at \$14.95. But they're worth it. Cotton taffeta stays ironed all day. And the stripe makes you look so *slim*.

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Louis Browns of 1944 were throwing the pennant race for bribes. There was another, of about the same period, that told how a squad of Nazis led by Max Schmeling had cut off the feet of Gottfried von Cramm, a tennis player, in a concentration camp. The state of von Cramm's health has been a point of interest with Stern fans ever since. He is said to have used the normal complement of feet when he walked to the altar with Barbara Hutton a couple of years ago.

Mr. Wallace's approach to news is both thoughtful and conscientious. The leader of the new shock school is clearly a man of considerable talent—bright, knowledgeable, and a hard worker, as well as an expert entertainer. He has been accused by critics of lacking "taste." "Taste" is a wide, loose word. (And one, incidentally, that seems to be in Mr. Wallace's mind a good deal lately. He asked Malcolm Muggeridge the other night if the latter's description of British royal life as "soap opera" could not be said to be "in shocking bad taste;" Mr. Muggeridge said he didn't think so.) As far as I can make out, Mr. Wallace's taste is for the most part not bad at all. More to the point, his thinking is quick and clear, his information appears to be remarkably broad and solid, and when he feels that he doesn't know a subject, he's careful to keep from being caught out on limbs.

By newspaper standards—which, I judge, are the standards Mr. Wallace wants applied to him in his present program—one of his faults is a sort of calculated aggressiveness that sometimes borders on brutality. If this is not a fault in all kinds of newspaper work—in picture-stealing, for instance—it's not usual in interviews conducted by invitation. To be sure, brutality is a Wallace method of inducing controversy and of emphasizing inconsistencies—and inconsistencies, though they seem to me to be the stuff that life is made of, are apt to be forced to flow unnaturally into the shape of lies on shows like this, as they are in courts or in Congressional hearings. On a Wallace program, a detected "lie" by a guest, either on the air or in the past, makes for a high score. It can be hard to realize, I guess, that this is not the basic morality of news-gathering.

Having made a reasoned decision to keep his program "hot," Mr. Wallace imposes heat on guests as an unspoken condition of the meeting. Most of them do their best to comply. When their best strikes the interlocutor as being none

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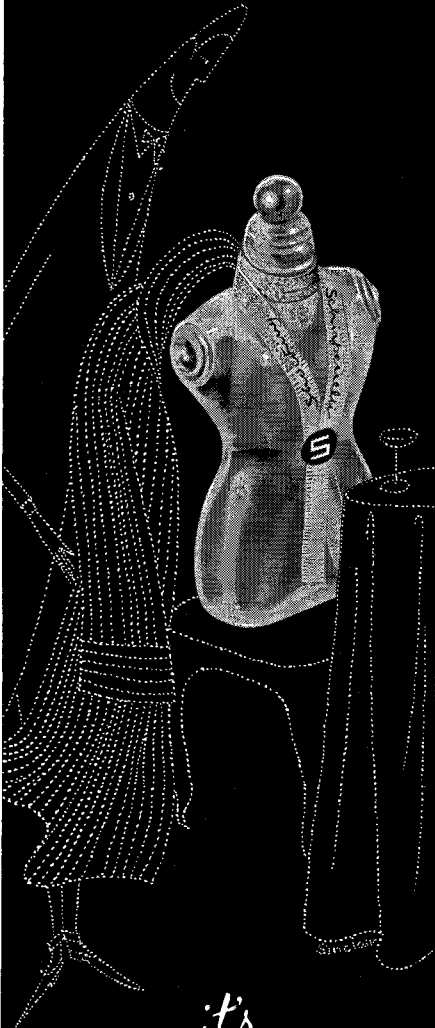
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too good, he is not above stimulating heat by strange methods, including the use of gobbledygook. I remember a program on which he went off on what might be called a repudiation kick. "Then you repudiate that statement?" said Mr. Wallace fiercely, and a good many times, to his guest, a Zionist, Rabbi Irving Miller. Invariably, the statements were not Rabbi Miller's to repudiate. He could merely disagree with them, and he did so with great good nature, steering his host away from "repudiate" when he could but tactfully stopping short of giving him an English lesson.

I FIND "Night Beat," Mr. Wingate's show, a good deal less entertaining now than it was when Mr. Wallace had it. Mr. Wingate has mastered the externals of the Wallace technique, down to certain phrases and gestures. But—when I've watched him, at least—he has seemed to lack the best Wallace qualities: the sharp intelligence, the wide fund of unrehearsed information, the occasional wit. I have a feeling that in dealing with some subjects he tends to get in over his head. Also, there are times when he carries the "total interview," if that's the term for these things, to the point of total gall and total blatancy. In interviews that have to do with Negro-white relations, for instance, Mr. Wingate is likely to insist on asking the guest, if he's white, "Would you let your own daughter marry a Negro?" An amateur clocker I know says he has heard the question asked in three such interviews. The only time I've heard it myself was on a night when Mr. Wingate was heckling a clergyman from South Africa, a noted opponent of apartheid. I forget what the minister's answer was, but I remember thinking that it was a better one than the question deserved.

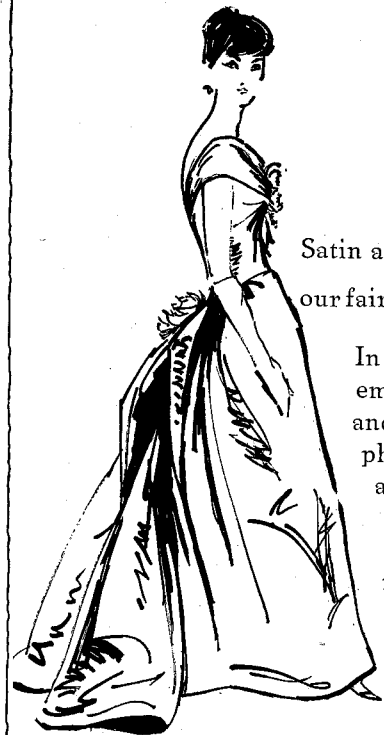
I HAVE now caught two installments of the new total-interview show, "Probe." It's not ruthless. In the first installment, the prober, Howard Whitman, called after a departing guest, "And to your committee 'Probe' says Godspeed!" He might have been Mary Margaret McBride, with a copy of *Time's* stylebook under her arm.

—JOHN LARDNER

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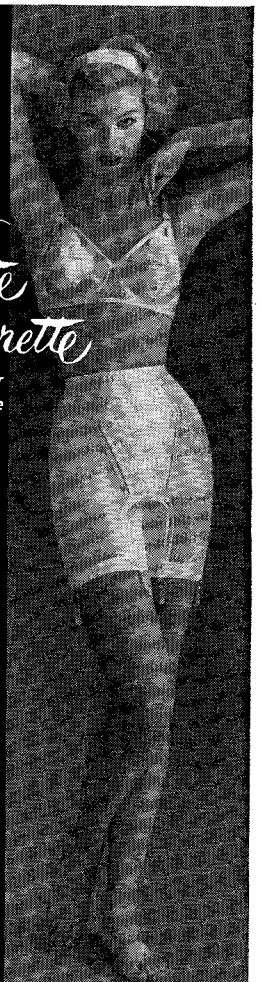
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WHEN THE ROCKIES BURNED

TODAY in Montana when old-timers mention the Big Fire, they mean only one: the fire that swept through the Rocky Mountains in August of 1910 and destroyed about three million acres of forest, along with any number of mountain towns. At the time, my father and I were living on a Montana prairie homestead. We had gone there several years previously from Everett, Washington, where the rest of our family still lived. Within less than a week after the fire started, smoke covered our prairie, and ashes fell silently from the smoke-hidden sky. During the first few days, we wondered where the smoke was coming from. We didn't think of the Rockies, because they were so far away that we could see their low outlines only on exceptionally clear days. In fact, it didn't occur to us that any kind of forest fire might be responsible, since the prairie for miles around was absolutely treeless. We knew that the source of the smoke was not a prairie fire; we had seen plenty of prairie fires and had put them out when they started crossing our homestead, and their smoke was nothing compared to what we were now seeing. We were without newspapers, of course, or a telephone, and we had had no contact recently with any of our neighbors, the nearest of whom lived nine miles away, so we'd had no chance of getting outside news. Some time earlier, however, we had heard rumors that Halley's comet, which that year was paying one of its rare visits to the vicinity of the earth, might come so close as to set the earth afire and possibly destroy it. To my father, who was a devout Methodist, and to me, who was about ten years old at the time, these rumors seemed the most reasonable explanation of what was happening.

Strange things were going on, certainly. Once, for instance, when I opened the door of our shack, which was a simple, one-room affair, with a window in each wall and a stovepipe on the roof, I saw a herd of antelope standing just outside and looking greenish yellow in the smoke. They were so close I could see their nostrils quivering. Another time, a herd of wild horses, something we rarely saw except far off, passed eerily within a few yards of our shack. The sun, whenever we could get a glimpse of it, looked green, and so did my father's face and hands when I saw him some distance away through the smoke; close up, they appeared yellow.

My father, who was such a strict



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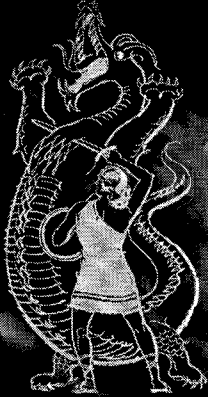
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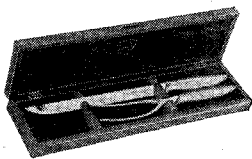
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Methodist that he read passages from the Bible aloud to me each morning after breakfast and each evening after supper, did not seem in the least surprised that the world should be coming to an end, with Halley's comet responsible. One evening, as he sat beside our one lamp, which now threw out queer glows of green, yellow, and blue, he read to me from the Book of Revelation: "... and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth ... and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke..."

My father, I knew, could face up to the end of the world, because he had committed no sins, but I couldn't, and I wished I had repented long before. One of my sins had been swearing. For example, Molly, one of our two plow horses, would frequently lag behind when hitched to the plow, and once, besides pegging a chunk of dohy at her, I had yelled, "Molly, get going, God damn you!" And I had told lies, too, as when I told my father I had driven a wolf away from the barn, though I knew well enough that it was only a large coyote.

ONE day, not long after the coming of the smoke and ashes, I was standing behind the shack and filling a bucket from our water barrel when suddenly I heard a sound and looked up and there was a man on horseback—a stranger, whose face and hands were green. Before I could speak, he asked me if he could water his horse. I said of course he could.

"Thanks. Where's your old man?"

"He's in the barn. You want me to call him?"

"That can wait."

The stranger dismounted. His chaps were lashed to the back of his saddle, and I noticed that under the left side of his hat he had only half an ear. I wondered what had happened to him.

I guess I must have been staring at him, because he said, "Now, how about this water?"

I finished filling the bucket, and said, "It's good water, Mister. We get it from the old reservoir about a mile away. We boil what we use ourselves. But we don't boil it for the horses."

"I understand that," he said. Then he asked, "Does your old man know yet what's causin' all this smoke?"

I hesitated about answering, and while I was hesitating my father came along. "Good day," he said to the

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stranger. "This isn't much of a day, though, to be out riding."

"No, it ain't. Have you heard what's going on? Some say the Rocky Mountains are a-burnin' down."

"Halley's comet," I put in.

The stranger smiled and said, "Yes, some say that, too."

"The first of the earth to go," my father said, unperturbed.

The stranger looked curiously at him. "Well, I don't rightly know about that," he said, "but they say it's a big fire."

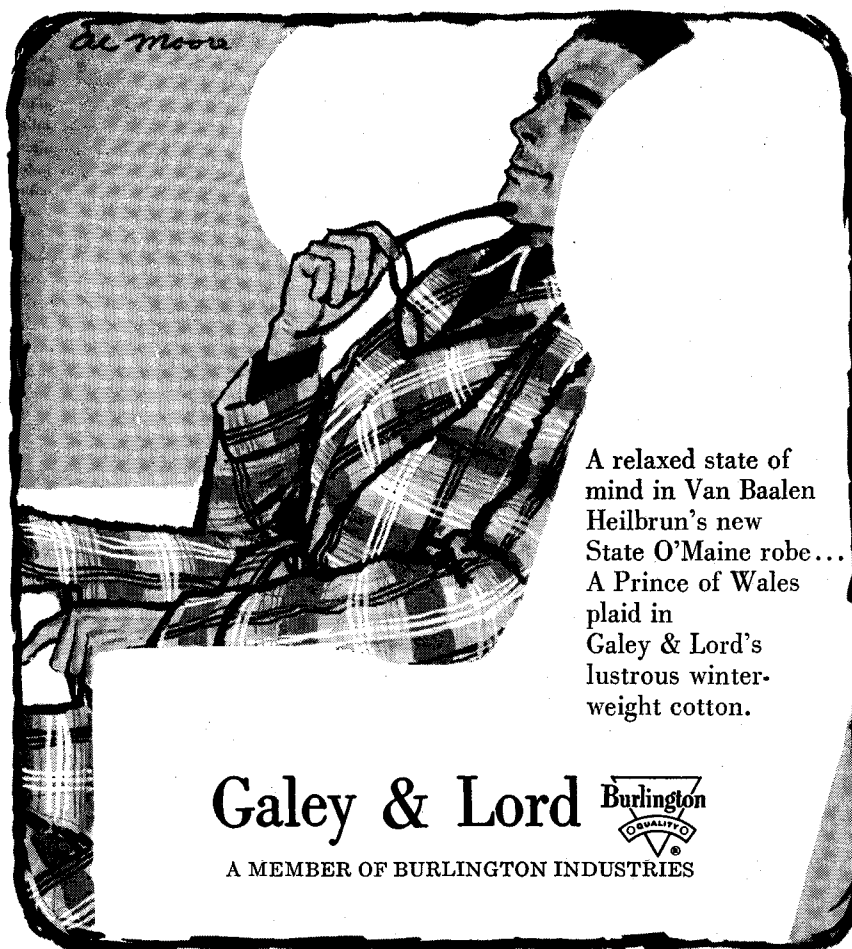
My father and the stranger went on talking. I couldn't hear clearly what they were saying, because I had put the bucket in front of the stranger's horse—I had been getting ready to water our own horses—and a horse makes so much noise drinking. When the stranger's horse had finished, I heard my father offer the stranger something to eat.

"It would be most welcome," the stranger said, "on account I ain't had none since yesterday." I said I'd tie up his horse, but he told me that wasn't necessary, so I followed him and my father inside the shack. From what they said, I gathered that the stranger had been in our locality before—long ago—and now he wanted to know if, even in the smoke, my father could help him locate on our homestead the place where one certain coulee joined another one.

"I know where you mean," I interrupted. The place would be easy to find, despite the smoke, I told him, because there were only two coulees on our homestead, and I knew exactly where they joined.

"Good," the stranger said after I was through explaining. "We'll go soon as I have a bite to eat."

While he sat at our table and ate a dish of potatoes, which my father had brought to him, I heard a wagon drive into the yard, and as the arrival of any

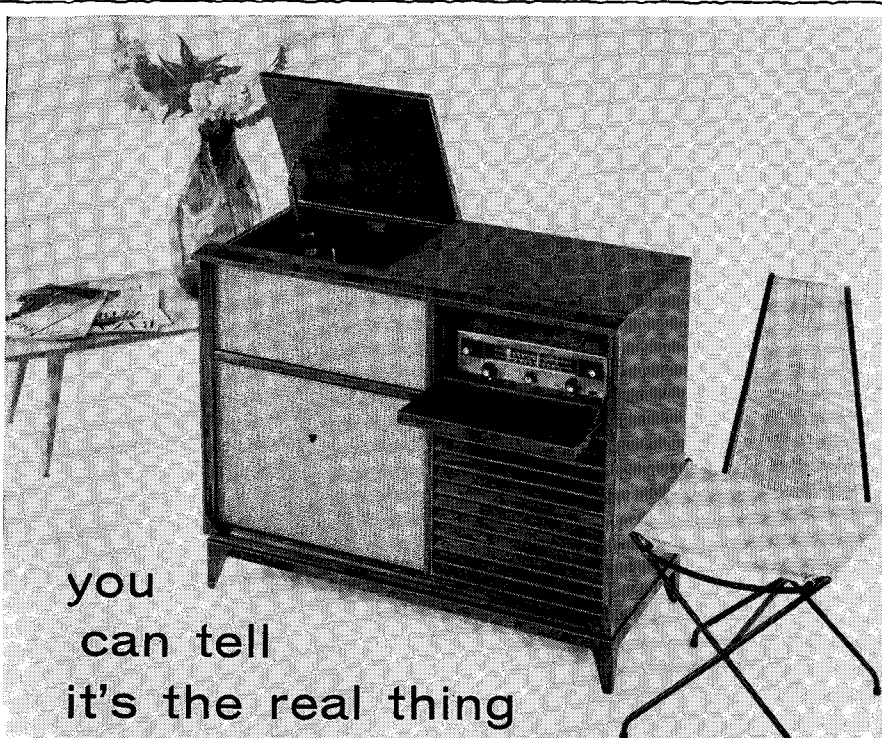


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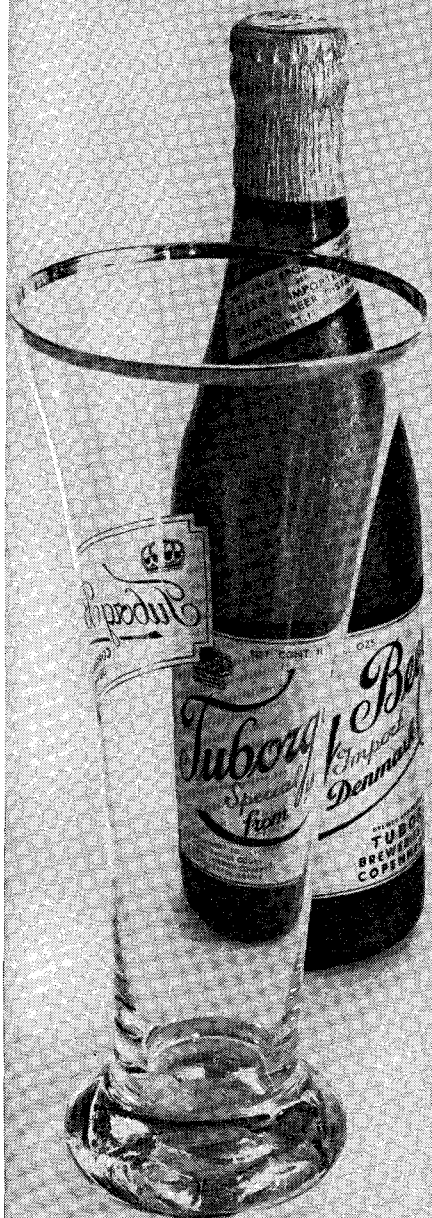


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wagon was an event, I hurried outside. In the wagon were Mr. and Mrs. Powers, our nearest neighbors, who lived to the south of us.

"What's happening? What's happening?" Mrs. Powers demanded, while almost tumbling out of the wagon in her anxiety. "We've not been able to learn a thing."

"Most likely the end of the world," I told her. "Anyhow, the Rockies are burning up already. There's someone inside who just now told us, and he's still talking with my father."

"God help us!" exclaimed Mrs. Powers.

"It's Halley's comet that's doing it," I said.

Gathering her skirts and long apron close to her, so she wouldn't trip over them, Mrs. Powers rushed inside the shack. I stayed outside with Mr. Powers. When he had climbed down from the wagon, he asked me how much water was left in the reservoir. The Frazier Reservoir, to which he referred, was the only body of water anywhere around on the prairie. Long before we took up our homestead, sheep owners had built the reservoir by erecting a dam of earth across a coulee, and this dam held the water from the spring freshets, after the snows melted. In the summer, though, much of the water usually dried up, leaving the banks white with alkali.

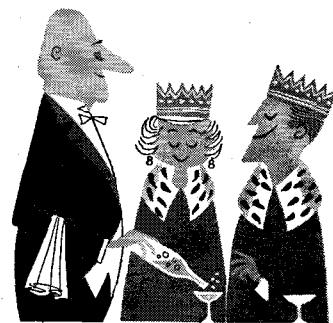
"There's some water in the reservoir," I told Mr. Powers. "I mean there was some there when I was to the reservoir a week ago. But that was before the smoke came down."

"Well, as long's there's some water there—that's the reason my Annie and me come here with the wagon. You bet your damn boots, though, we had a time gettin' here through the smoke, and our horses just managed to find their way along the wagon trail to here. But when the worst comes to the worst, and I allow it will, we can drive into the reservoir—and sit."

"Sit out the end of the world like that?" I asked.

"I'm not talking about the end of the world," Mr. Powers said. "But there's sure somethin' funny going on, all right." He went into the shack, and I followed him.

Mrs. Powers was talking so excitedly to my father as we entered that he finally told her to calm down. God's will was God's will, he said. Nobody did any introducing, because we didn't know the stranger's name, and to ask any stranger his name was considered impolite. As soon as the stranger finished



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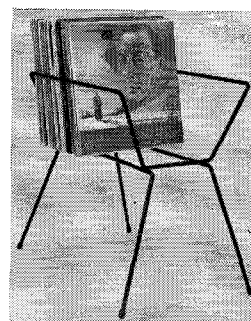
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eating, he turned to me and said, "Come, boy, it's time for you to be showin' me, if you can, that spot between the two coulees."

"Yes, sir."

My father said he'd come along to help keep us from getting lost in the smoke. He said he and I would walk, but the stranger said he would ride his horse, because he had something important in his saddlebag that he would need—if we did find the spot. Mr. and Mrs. Powers said they wanted to wait in the shack, where they would be nearer the reservoir.

OUTSIDE, the smoke seemed to have thickened. Occasionally, the green sun would appear briefly and send down strange streaks of colored light—the kind I had seen in Bible pictures. I wondered what the stranger was up to. In spite of the smoke, I was having no difficulty finding my way, for I was familiar with each little bump, roll, or onetime buffalo wallow, and presently I was able to say to the stranger, "Here's the first coulee, Mister, and it joins the other one just a little ways from here."

The stranger reined in his horse and got down. "I'll start looking round myself, then," he said. "This ground does start looking a bit familiar, all right, just as I was expecting." Leading his horse by the reins, he began inspecting the prairie closely, often kicking a rock aside, and even testing the ground here and there by digging into it with his heel.

Finally, I asked, "What are you looking for, Mister?"

My father said, "Son, stop asking questions. I know what he's looking for. He's already told me."

The stranger said to my father, "The boy, he led us to the right location, and that's a fact. Our camp was about here, as I recollect, and I buried him about here."

"Buried who?" I couldn't help asking.

"Son, keep quiet," my father said.

"Anyways," the stranger continued, ignoring my questions, "this should be about close enough, I'm thinking, for the purpose. So now I want to buy a tiny bit of this ground from you, just a tiny bit, so's it won't get in the way of your plowing. Maybe a square yard or so. Would ten dollars be enough, you suppose?"

"There's no paying for anything," my father answered. "You're welcome to it."

"Boy," the stranger then said to me,

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"you fetch some of these rocks, and you make a little pile of them right here—where my toe's pointing."

"Yes, Mister."

"And while you're doing that, I want to do me a bit o' carvin'. Wood's plenty scarce around here, I know, so I brought my own wood along." He opened one of his saddlebags and took out a flat piece of wood. While I was gathering rocks, I saw him carving something on the wood with a hunting knife. "There," he said after carving for quite a while. "That'll about do it." And he put away his knife. Then he carried the piece of wood over to the rocks I had piled, and propped it up among them. The carving, though crude, was easy for me to read: "TIM WHO WAS KILLED SUMWHERES HERE IN 1904."

"Quite a godly work for you to do," my father said, reading the carving.

"But what was he killed by, Mister?" I asked.

"Oh—Tim, you mean? Oh, him—he was killed by me," the stranger answered.

"Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," my father said.

"Ain't quite saying who's repenting, or who ain't—as Tim, he sure had it comin' to him. He sure did. But even so, one way or 'nother, with what's going on in the Rockies, it just weren't right for even Tim to be out here with no marker. So maybe, as you say, it is kind of repenting."

"Yes, I think it is," my father answered.

ON the way back to our shack, I walked in front, but every now and then I half turned my head and stole a look at the stranger, without his seeing me. So he killed a man! He was the first murderer I'd ever seen, but he didn't look like my idea of one. Except for that half an ear, he didn't look much different from my father.

When we reached our yard, we saw that a second wagon had driven up—a wagon heaped with all kinds of belongings. Inside the shack, we found that the new arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, whose homestead lay a good many miles to the west of us. Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Powers were crying together at a great rate.

My father said, "Lamentations will do you women no good."

Mrs. Higgins wiped her face with the hem of her apron. "But we heard that whole towns in the foothills are being demolished by flame, and that

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portions of the comet are going to strike the prairie next—any moment."

"Yes, that's probably to be expected," my father answered calmly. "But the point is, have you seen any flames yet near your place?"

"Oh, no, we ain't seen no flames—yet," Mrs. Higgins said. "Just all this smoke, the same as here. But we heard, besides, how the beasts of the mountains are fleeing this way to get away from the fire—fleeing this way, I tell you. Hadn't we better be drivin' into the reservoir right now to escape the flames and the beasts?"

"You're not going to escape no beasts in the reservoir," Mr. Powers said, "if they're coming this way. They're all going to be right in there, too. We're all sure going to look funny sittin' on our wagons in that reservoir, with grizzlies and mountain lions sittin' up there in the wagons with us."

"Well, if you'll excuse me," said the stranger, "I'll be heading out."

"To the reservoir?" Mrs. Higgins asked.

"No, Ma'am, to the Rockies. Halley's comet or no Halley's comet, there might be something a hand could do up there by way of helping one way or 'nother." He turned to my father and added, "You been mighty hospitable. Now I'll be gettin' on my horse."

My father and I went outside with the stranger, and after he was on his horse my father asked him, "You're really heading for the Rockies, then, are you?"

"Yes, that's where I'm a-going, as I said." With that, the stranger rode off.

"Won't he likely be burned or killed when he gets to the Rockies?" I asked my father.

"It's God's will," he said.

Watching the stranger disappear into the smoke, I didn't know what to think about him. He'd killed a man and yet he'd come back to put up a marker for



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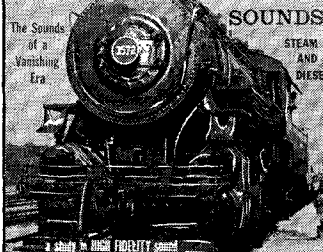
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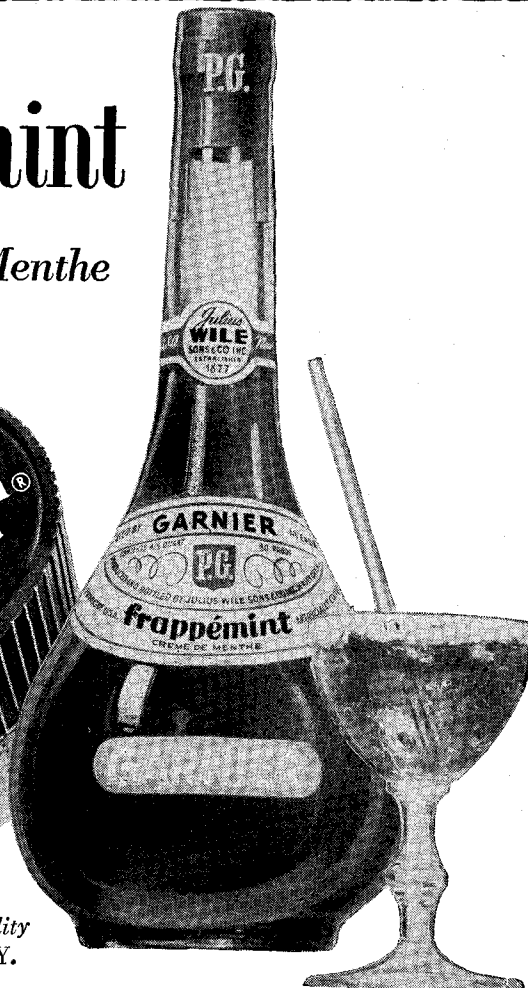
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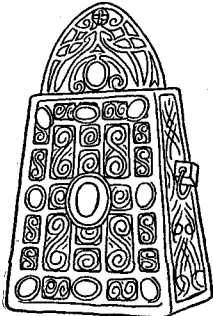
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him, and now he was going off to lend a hand in the Rockies. My father and I went inside the shack, where we sat down with the Higginses and the Pow-erses. The women were no longer crying. There was nothing to do right now but wait. As we sat there, I kept thinking of the stranger riding across the prairie, and pretty soon I had a mighty high regard for what he was doing. But I didn't say so to my father. He'd probably think it foolish for a man to try fighting a fire that was burning up the world.

—MAX MILLER

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

[From the *Ankara (Turkey) Week*]

Those who attended the performance of *Carmen* last Thursday at the Opera House were certainly pleasantly surprised when, at the very beginning of the opera, a speaker announced:

«— The direction has the pleasure to inform the audience that to-night on a special occasion, the soprano of the BAVARIAN STATE THEATER will perform as *Carmen*...»

It was a change after all and we had heard that the premier of *Carmen* in which one of our famed sopranos sang the leading role, was a fiasco.

As a whole, with some few exceptions, the performance had failed to live up to the State Operas usual standards according to a general criticism and to public opinion... So the name of the Bavarian State Theater, a center of good music, impressed us all...

After the beautiful and colorful overture, on went the opera, with the classical scene in a little village square in Seville and with our always good chorus... You may certainly remember the entrance of *Carmen*, who always brings the warm and colorfully perfume of Spain, of Seville, and the changable temperament and teasing aroma of Spanish women... But, oh God, imagine our surprise, disillusion or what ever you may call it, at the appearance of an old, and faded lady as *Carmen*... However, the opera went on, the German soprano showing some talent and a once-upon-a-time out-dated technique, but failing each time she had to push a «forte» Unfortunately she was always a constant shock for the eyes.

The sight of an aged woman, braving the years with an exaggerated make up, dragging her corpulence about and hopping in imitation of feline walk of *Carmen*! Somebody in the front row whispered:

—O *Carmen* what have they done to you?

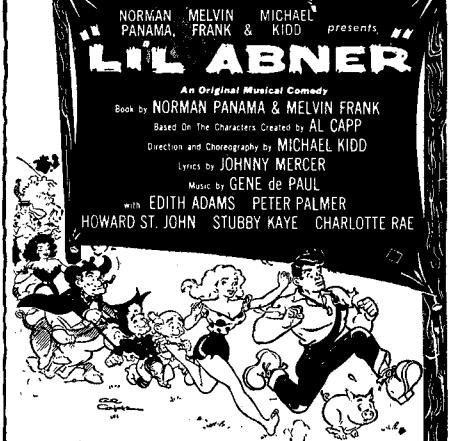
The explanation came during the interval... To correct the bad impression of the premier, and since the understudy of *Carmen* was indisposed, the Director of the Opera had asked the German soprano a 61 years old teacher in the Istanbul conservatory, to perform as *Carmen*. Her answer was:

«— Oh non. I can be only the grand mother of *Carmen*.»

But finally they persuaded her, but

"WONDERFUL—SIMPLY WONDERFUL"

—Chapman, News



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neither her experience, nor the excellent music, nor the chorus were able to save the situation... I must add that the tenor as Don Jose, was also insufficient. But Micaella and Escamillo were satisfactorily interpreted.

It was a bad evening for our State Opera and one of the most unlucky of Carmen's... And Carmen singing German, and our team replying Turkish, brought even queerer results to the already funny opera. To the «Zofort» of Carmen the «Yok yok olmaz» of Don Jose, and «Ich liebe dich» of Micaella, the «Istemem, git git» in Turkish turned the tragedy into a comic-opera.

But without any doubt the bad luck reached its peak, when at the end, Jose has to plunge his dagger into Carmen... Or Carmen was very quick or Jose was too slow—hard to say—but Carmen fell down before Jose even touched her. Don Jose hesitated, looked to the orchestra conductor, then jumped off and plunged the dagger into Carmen who was already down... Some of the spectators, thought that the aged soprano, who probably had done too much for a young Carmen, had had a heart attack. But it was just the finishing touch to an unforgettable—alas—performance of Bizet's master piece!

VEDAT ABUT

However busy you are, there are often times when you could be doing more than one thing. It will help in your progress toward beauty. And the more you do them... the bigger strides you'll be making toward your goal.

Here are a few suggestions:

While working around the house, apply baby oil or rich emollient to face (if skin is oily, eliminate this step) and keep your hair in pin curls. Leave both on until you go out to shop. Do all this after husband leaves for work.

While listening to radio, you can do eye and hand exercises; and give yourself a facial.

While doing housework, apply hand cream and wear gloves.

While walking to and from the park with your baby, practice good walking posture and do your deep-breathing routine.

While watching TV, brush your hair; do some bosom and back exercises at commercial time; do your ankle and foot strengtheners.

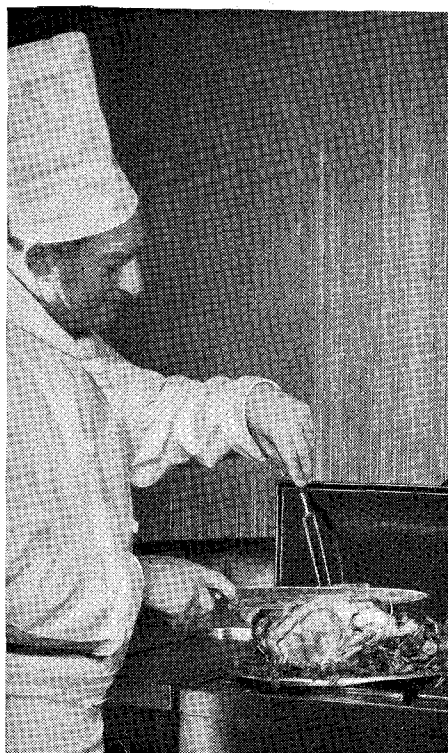
While at the counter preparing vegetables, practice good sitting posture.

While waiting for some one to answer the telephone, do your chin and neck exercises; practice good sitting or standing posture.

While doing the dishes, work for increased resonance in your speaking voice which will give more pleasure to your listeners by humming "in" (really hum) and hold one pitch as long as your breath lasts. Then during the day hum your favorite tunes—this is good for the "m" in morale, too.

While drying yourself after a bath give yourself a brisk rubdown with the towel—it's a splendid stimulation for the circulation and helps to firm the contours.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Assuming there's a contour left.



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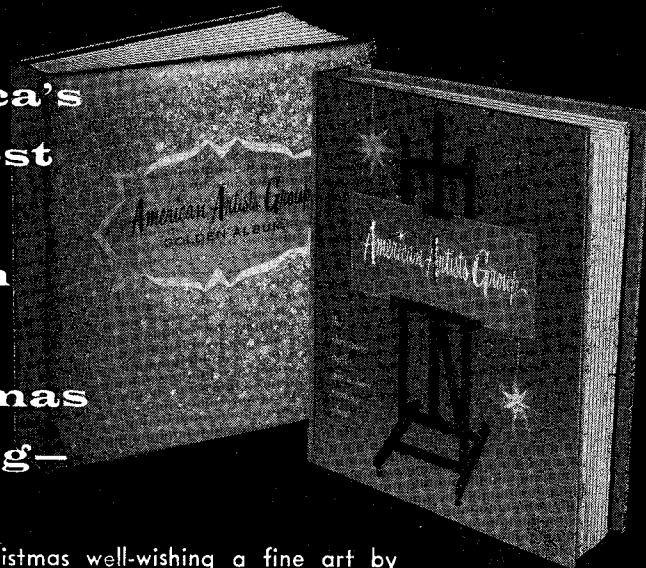


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BOOKS

The Ordeal of George Washington Cable

"GEORGE W. CABLE: A BIOGRAPHY," by Arlin Turner (Duke University), is a very important book for students of American literature.

Mr. Turner makes no effort to be brilliant or to dramatize his subject in any exciting way, as certain writers on similar figures have done. He has been working on Cable for many years—his first paper on him appeared in 1941; he has been through every line of his author, who scattered a great many short pieces through papers and magazines; and he has studied the extensive materials in the library of Tulane University and those in a dozen other libraries and in the possession of the Cable family. The result is, from the point of view of presentation as well as of documentation, surely one of the most satisfactory biographies that we have of American writers. Mr. Turner's book provides us with all possible data on Cable—his military and business careers as well as his literary one, where and how he lived, what he earned, his month-by-month relations

with his publishers, his difficult and shifting relations with his compatriots of the South—and it thus clears up certain matters, of great interest for our literary and political history, that were slurred over and left obscure by the only previous book about him, the "Life and Letters" by his daughter, Mrs. Bickl , published in 1928. It is now possible for the first time to follow the series of events that led Cable to abandon the South for the North, as well as the process of wearing down by which the publishers and editors of the North converted this talented writer from a social critic endowed with rare imagination and insight into a false romantic novelist. Such a book as Professor Turner's is a credit to American academic research—the kind of thing that university presses justify their existence by publishing. Nor is its value entirely scholarly. Mr. Turner is quiet in his judgments; he makes no pretensions as an analyzer of books; but he is quite out of the category of those who fix on a neglected writer—"a subject for a thesis"—and who, exercising no judgment or taste, simply chronicle all his

productions and give summaries of them one after the other. This reviewer, who has just been through the whole of Cable, has been struck by what seems to him the justice of Professor Turner's comments on the various books of his author and by his very sure grasp of the course and the sense of his author's deflected career.

The only possible question of interest which the biographer has failed to explore is where and how Cable learned French. Though he had read a certain amount of French literature and was influenced by Daudet and others, he had had very little schooling and had never been in France, and one wonders whether he was not more familiar with the several varieties of colloquial French spoken in Louisiana than with classical literary French. In his handling of the dialogue of his Creole characters, he seems to be almost bilingual, but the Gallicized English they speak presents some peculiar features. They are made, for example, habitually to talk of "a difficult," "a possible," "a necessary," "a beautiful," "a dreadful," meaning a difficult matter, a beautiful thing, etc. Now, in contemporary or classical French, one does not know of any such locution; yet Cable is evidently so conscientious in his notation of how people talk that one is bound to assume that he had actually heard the Creoles use it. At other moments, however, his Creoles' wrong choices of words seem queer. In "P re Rapha l," for example, one of the characters speaks of "a specious Providence," meaning a special Providence. Since *sp cial* exists in French as well as *sp cieux*, why should he get it wrong? In the later fiction of Cable, written after he left New Orleans, the conversation of the French Creole characters has grown standardized, labored, and tiresome. But the public that his editors were aiming at

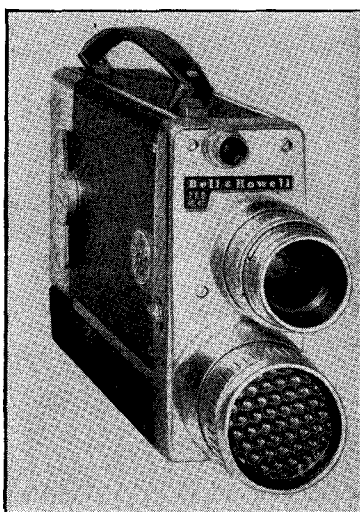


"They've probably finished chow by now and are going over to the recreation hall to play cards or watch TV or something."

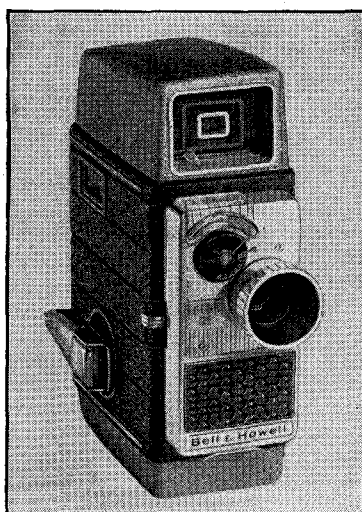
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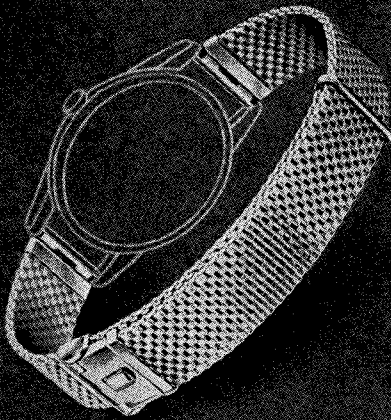
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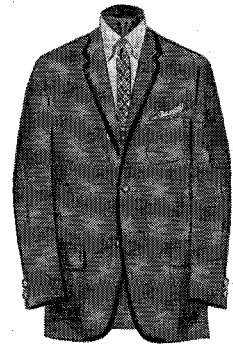
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had found this language quaint and delightful, and they counted upon him to keep on supplying it. One suspects that, in these later novels, it became somewhat artificial. One may note also, in this connection, that Mr. Turner takes occasion at a point rather late in his book to explain—for the benefit of the reader who knows nothing about Louisiana—that a Creole is a white colonial of French or Spanish blood, whereas the "Creole" language is an Afro-French patois spoken by the Negroes of Louisiana, French Guiana, and the French West Indies. The confusion between these two things, complicated even further by the half-French mulatto characters of Cable's early books and by the fact that the pure-white Creoles sometimes spoke the Negro patois, misled Cable's non-Southern audience into thinking that a Creole meant a Frenchman with an admixture of Negro blood. This erroneous impression was one of the things that caused the Louisianian French so indignantly to resent Cable's novels, and it ought, I think, to be dispelled—since it still to some extent persists—quite early in any discussion of Cable's work.

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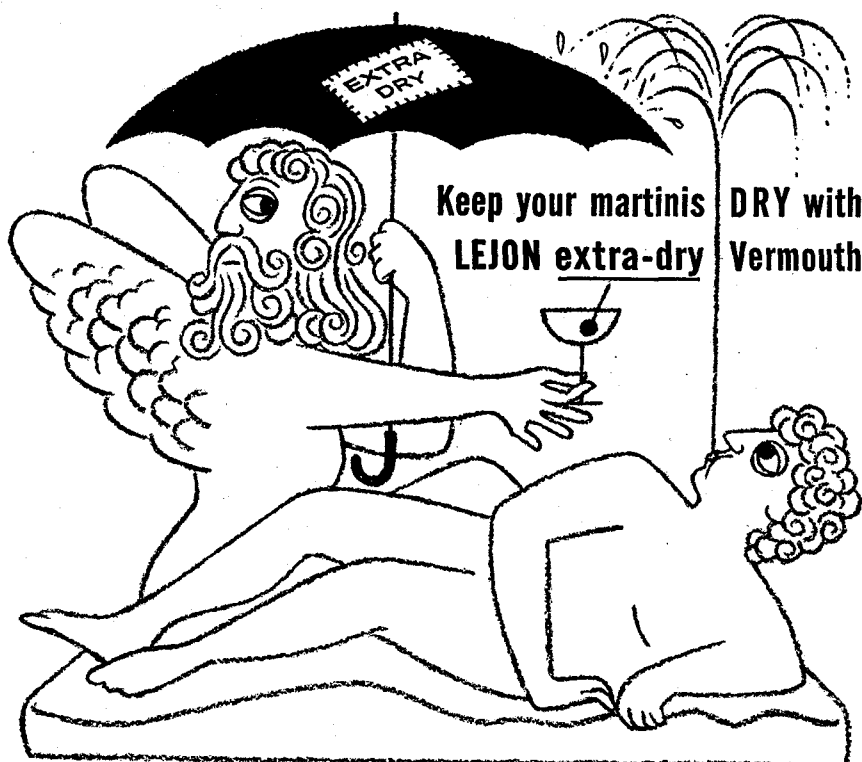
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injury, enforced separation, another yellow-fever epidemic, which, like the flood, was the worst in history. The older Cable died of chronic diarrhea at the beginning of 1859, when George, Jr., was fifteen years old.

The boy was now obliged to leave school and went to work in the customhouse. Though there is plenty of "adversity" in Cable's books, plenty of injustice and cruelty and plenty of sympathy for the underdog, there is little of bitter resentment. Even when he is showing us specimens of the old regime at its worst, he usually makes a point of noting its special virtues. Though the Cables were at this time impoverished, and though George had to work for the support of the family, he would appear to have enjoyed his boyhood as he enjoyed most of the rest of his life. Then the Civil War was upon them, and a year later the Yankees came down the river and Ben Butler occupied New Orleans. George's mother refused to take the oath of loyalty—as did her two daughters—and declared herself an enemy of the United States. They were now all liable to banishment, but Mrs. Cable was too ill to travel and was allowed to stay behind with her sixteen-year-old son. The two young girls, twenty and twenty-two, were sent off into the Confederacy with the eighteen-year-old George, equipped with a lunch but no money. Their mother had hidden a pistol in the loaf of bread they took with them. They were rescued by some soldiers in an ox wagon—one of them an admirer of one of the girls—who took them to Mississippi, where in various plantations they were given homes. The next autumn—1863—when George was still not yet quite nineteen, he enlisted in the Confederate cavalry, and he seems to have been slightly wounded in a skirmish the very next day. His comrades reported afterward that he had exhibited throughout the campaign his characteristic steadiness and cheerfulness, and that he had kept a promise to his mother by kneeling to pray every night. He was a wispy little youth and looked frail, and a planter with whom his squad stopped exclaimed, on seeing the boy, "Great Heavens! Abe Lincoln told the truth—we are robbing the cradle and the grave." He was more seriously wounded in the armpit in February of the following year, in a charge on some ambushed infantry, but quickly recovered and was then assigned to the quartermaster's department. He studied Latin and mathematics when he had the chance, and regularly read the Bible. When, in March, 1865, all the infantry



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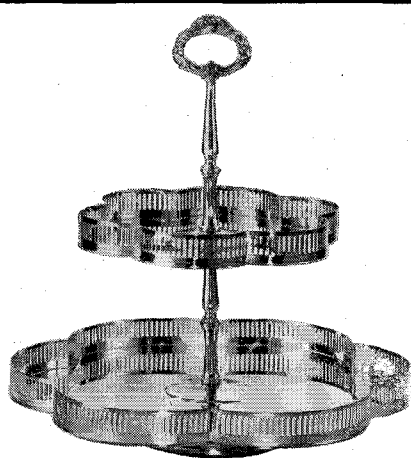
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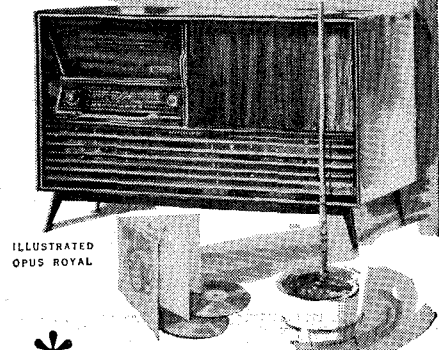
WANTED

Month.....Day.....Time.....

in Mississippi were sent against Sherman in the Carolinas, Forrest's cavalry was left as the sole defense. Forrest was defeated on April 2nd in a battle at which Cable was not present. "This is not a bad world after all," he wrote his mother in one of his encouraging letters, "—it only has its failings, which we must humor and overlook." Lee surrendered on April 9th, and Forrest on May 4th. Before the end of the month, George Cable was back in New Orleans working in a tobacco house as errand boy.

Later he became accountant for various cotton merchants. He married, in 1869, a New Orleans girl whose family, like his mother's, had come from New England and who shared with him a social conscience and a sense of responsibility that involved her in community activities. He began, in 1870, writing a weekly column for the *Picayune*, then threw up his accountant's job and became a full-time journalist, reporting the news of the town. But at this Cable did not last long. He says that the work was repugnant to him, and his strong puritanical principles forbade him to attend the theatre: he refused to review the plays. But this same moralistic strain began also to lead the young Cable to become interested in social and political reform. He attacked the New Orleans lottery, which had a charter from the state legislature and retained it by bribing the members, but the president of the lottery succeeded in getting the editor of the *Picayune* removed, and the matter was not mentioned again. The young journalist had by this time, however, begun to have certain doubts about more fundamental matters. "At sixteen," he was later to write, in his autobiographical sketch "My Politics," "I was for Union, Slavery, and a White Man's Government. . . . When the war ended, I came back to New Orleans a paroled prisoner, without one spark of loyalty to the United States government." But he had been troubled, in the meantime, at hearing that Georgia was threatening to secede from the Confederacy, for this seemed a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Southern position on secession; and it worried him, when the war was over, to find people saying that the question of the right to secede had been settled by the victory of the North, since it seemed to him that a matter of principle could not be affected by defeat. Had the Confederacy, then, been correct in asserting its right to secede? Had it even been sincere in this? He looked up Story on the Constitution and decided that the South, after all,

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had had no real constitutional case, and he came to the conclusion that the actual reason for "wasting three hundred thousand young men's lives" had been simply to defend the slave system. "Did that shock me? Not at all. Secession was rebellion and revolution; but rebellion and revolution might be right, if only slaveholding was right. *Was it right?*" Again and again he had heard slavery justified by passages from the Bible, but when he came to look these passages up, they seemed to him unsatisfactory. He was incapable of idealizing the Negro; in his "practical daily experiences," he had acquired an unfavorable impression of the freedman "in all his offensiveness—multitudinous, unclean, stupid, ugly, ignorant, and insolent. Maybe it was not as bad as it looked to me; I am telling how it looked. If the much feared 'war of races' should come . . . I was going to be in the ranks of the white race fighting for the subjugation of the blacks. And yet I began to see that these poor fellow-creatures were being treated unfairly." He could not bear to find the Southern papers talking about "our black peasantry." "I made it my private maxim, 'There is no room in America for a peasantry.'" At this point, he was "accepting," he says, "the protection and benefits of a government to which I gave no hearty allegiance; and yet I privately repudiated the politics of my 'own people.' Their boasted policy of 'masterly inactivity' meant, in plain English, to withhold the coöperation of society's best wealth, intelligence, and power from all attempts to reestablish order and safety on the basis of the amended Constitution, and leave this colossal task to the freedman, with none to aid his clumsy hand save here and there a white man heroic enough and shameless enough to laugh at a complete and ferocious ostracism."

He was sent by the *Picayune* to report the proceedings of a Teachers' Institute assembled by an official of the Republican regime, and he at first wrote resentfully that white and black teachers were being forced by the Republicans to sit together. Then, "when other papers joined the hue and cry," he "suddenly weakened, slackened, ceased." The proprietor of the *Picayune* was much annoyed, and this was the beginning for Cable of the decline of his career as a journalist. When he was sent to report day by day the annual examinations at the public schools, he found "white ladies teaching negro boys; colored women showing the graces and dignity of mental and moral refinement . . . ; children and youth of

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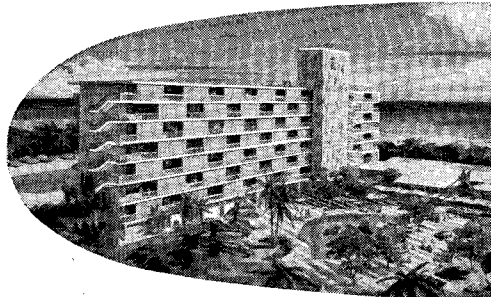
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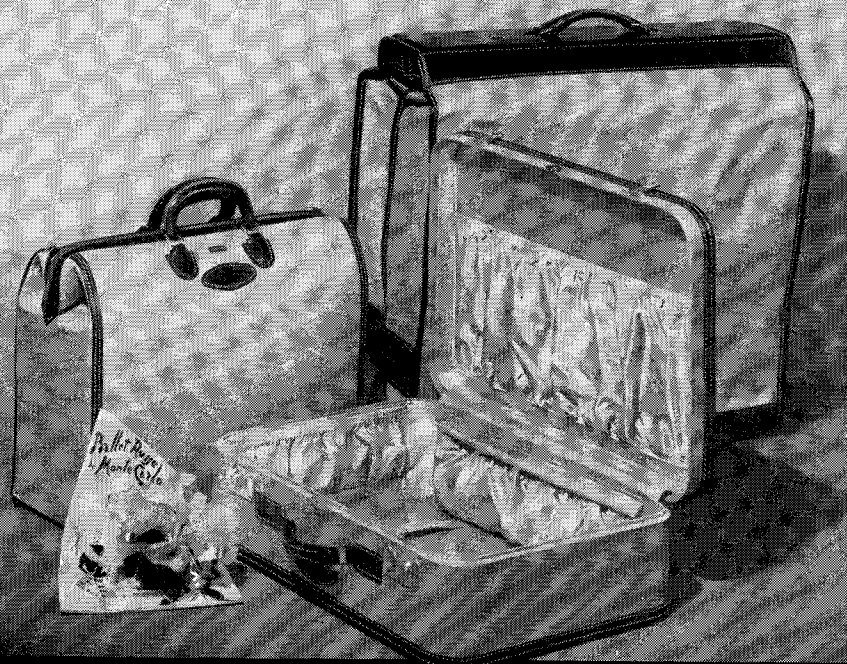
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both races standing in the same classes and giving each other peaceable, friendly, and effective competition; and black classes, with black teachers, pushing intelligently up into the intricacies of high-school mathematics." He recognized that this was highly desirable, and he was also forced to recognize that the Democrats of the South were bent upon preventing the Negroes from enjoying any such opportunities. Later on—in the meantime, he had lost his job—a protest meeting of the students, backed by the press and the public, occurred when a mulatto graduate of the École Polytechnique in Paris was appointed teacher of mathematics in one of the high schools for boys. The appointment was withdrawn, and, not long afterward, the boys in the high schools went further and drove all the girls of Negro or part-Negro blood out of the female grammar and high schools. In the winter of 1875, when the Republicans had lost ground in the November elections, a mass meeting was held to denounce mixed schools. Cable wrote to the New Orleans *Bulletin*, which was strongly supporting this movement, a letter signed "A Southern White Man."

This was the beginning of Cable's campaign for Negro civil rights and of a study of the Negro problem which was unique in Cable's own era and which is of special interest today. He laid down at this time the line that he was later to maintain with such constancy—asserting that mob interference with the policies of Southern education ought not to be tolerated; that, in view of Southern practice before the war in encouraging white and black children to play together and in entrusting white babies to Negro nurses for suckling as well as for care, it was rather absurd to object that association with Negroes in classrooms would be likely to contaminate the whites; and that relations outside the classroom between white and Negro children would, like other social relations, be always a matter of personal choice. The *Bulletin* printed this letter, but accompanied it with a long refutation. When Cable replied, his reply was not printed. It would seem to have been rather fiery as well as—what was rare with him—lacking in tact: "New Orleans has suffered from this 'foul contact' [of Negroes with whites] at least as little as from the fragrant proximity of the somnolent sons of Gascony, whom she never dreamed of cramping into special, equal, separate accommodations." The editor told him that in ten years' time he would be

ashamed of having written such a letter; he retorted that in ten years' time the whole South would believe as he did. What happened was that ten years later he had to reiterate these views, and to state them even more strongly. But the prospect at that moment seemed hopeful. The freedmen were still voting, and the Democratic Party had an interest in propitiating them. The Democratic platform in 1873 had been drawn up by an unprecedented mixed committee of fifty Negroes and fifty whites, the latter including the Creole General Beauregard. This program pledged the Democrats to oppose race prejudice and acknowledged all kinds of equal rights; but certain astute Negro leaders announced that they would vote against the carpetbaggers only after these rights had been granted, and this ended the color coalition.

In the meantime, the ex-reporter had returned to the cotton counting room, but had complied with a request of the *Picayune* that he do some historical sketches of New Orleans "churches and charities." He had read up the old newspapers in the archives and had dug up some curious stories about the relations between the different nationalities and the difficult complications resulting from the mingling of black and white blood. He began turning these into fiction, exploiting them at first, as he says, mainly for their "romantic value." But he had discovered, in the course of his researches, the old Black Code in force in the Colonial period, and this had moved him to write, "in sheer indignation," on the basis of an ancient episode that had been told him by the porter in his office, the story of an African prince sold into slavery in Louisiana, permitted to rise on his master's estate to a position of a certain ascendancy, and then, when, having



drunk some wine at the celebration of his wedding, he overstepped his servile status, hunted down like a beast and murdered. A visiting journalist named Edward King, who had been sent to write up the South, met Cable and read his stories. He took two of these back to New York, and one of them, "Sieur George," was printed in *Scribner's Monthly* of October, 1873, but the other, which was then called "Bibi," the tragedy of the African prince, was not well received by the editor who read it, Richard Watson Gilder. "Fear not, O Cable," Edward King wrote the author in reassurance, "for your fame is sure if you continue to make Bibis. . . . 'Bibi' rode me as a nightmare last night. . . . Bless you, my dear friend, if they don't print it, someone else will. . . . But I am only a worm crawling before the Scribnerian throne." In this case, King was far too hopeful; all the magazines refused this story, probably the most powerful thing that Cable ever wrote. The editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* explained his rejection on the ground of its "unmitigatedly distressful effect." They rejected other pieces, also, but between 1873 and 1876 seven stories of Cable's were printed. It was, however, not till 1879 that he could persuade a publisher to bring them out as a collection in book form, with the title "Old Creole Days," but they then very soon took their place as a kind of contemporary classic, and Cable was compared to Bret Harte and even to Nathaniel Hawthorne. The book has run through seven editions between 1883 and 1937, and, in a somewhat unfortunate way, established the popular conception of Cable as a purveyor of "local color" that has to some extent persisted to the present time. A later collection of narratives, "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" (published in 1889), seems today perhaps more satisfactory than the partly romantic "Old Creole Days," since the author is here a mere chronicler and can create at least as much human interest by sticking closer to his real point of view, which is historical and sociological.

We shall later return to the subject of the pressures brought to bear on Cable by his popular reputation and by the demands of the Northern editors. At this stage, he was quite able to stand up to them. His work during the seventies and eighties—influenced though it partly was by the tawdrier conventions of Victorian fiction—is astonishing, in a stuffy period and coming from the demoralized South, for its intelligence, its boldness, and its brilliance. George



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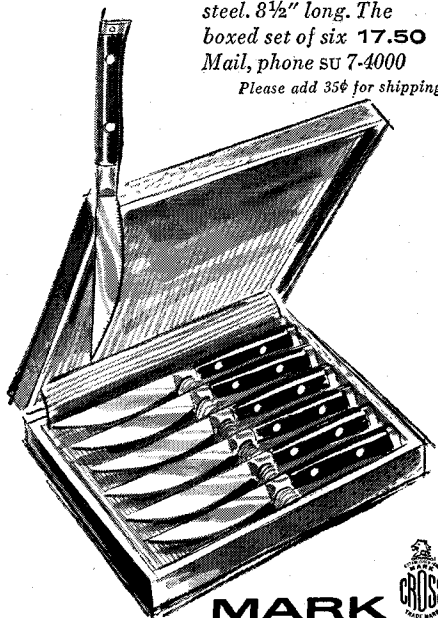
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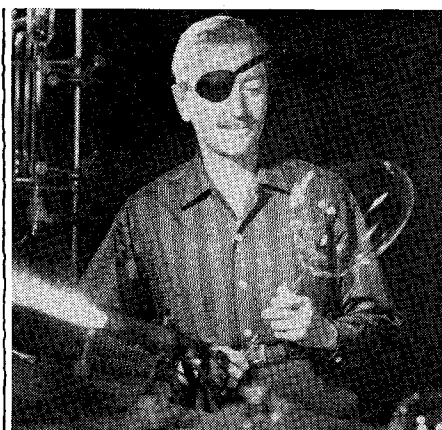
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Cable emerges in New Orleans as a phenomenon which could not have been predicted and of which, as a matter of fact, neither Northerners nor Southerners knew what to make. Not merely did the author of "Old Creole Days" possess a remarkable literary gift; he had a kind of all-around intellectual competence that was unusual at that period in men of letters in the United States. The ups and downs of his early life, the drop from prosperity to poverty and the subsequent necessity of regaining his place, had brought Cable into contact with all sorts of conditions and races. He had been through the yellow-fever and the cholera epidemics, and in the former had lost a son (these figure in several of his stories); he had witnessed the capture of New Orleans (described in two of his novels) and had fought in the Civil War (also described in two); he had acquired, through his father's interests, some first-hand knowledge of steamboating (the subject of "Gideon's Band"); and since he had spent ten years of his life—1871-81—first as manager of finances and head of the accounting department of a prominent cotton broker and then as secretary of the Finance Committee of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, he had a thoroughgoing knowledge of business (the complications of which in his novels occasionally become a bore); and from his days as a reporter for the *Picayune*, he had come to know who lived and traded and what was going on in every street in New Orleans, as, from his researches in the city archives, he had mastered its early history. As secretary of a grand jury, he had been led to look into conditions in the prisons and asylums of the state (there is an episode about this in "Dr. Sevier"), and he organized a movement to reform these institutions. It has been said of Cable that he possessed at that time a more detailed and comprehensive knowledge of the state of Louisiana than anybody else alive. He was, in any case, appointed by the federal government to make the report on this state for the tenth census, and in connection with this census he made a special study of what must have been the only element of the population of Louisiana that he did not already know well—the French-speaking Acadians, known as Cajuns, of the southwestern part of the state, descendants of those French Nova Scotians who had been expelled from Canada for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the English and whom Longfellow had idylized in "Evangeline." He was also much interested in folklore, studied Af-



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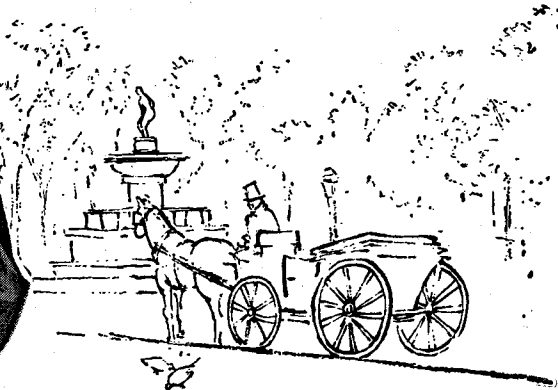
rican voodoo and witchcraft, and made a collection of songs in the Creole language.

But with all Cable's intimate knowledge of his region, there is something quite alien to New Orleans in the temper of mind he brought to it: in his striving for accuracy of observation, his naturalist's interest in varied types, in the eventual objectivity of his judgments. With his feeling for the languorous landscapes and the vivid social contrasts of Louisiana, he combines an intellectual rigor and an instinct for nonpartisan morality that was by that time excessively rare in the South on the part of those Southerners who wrote about it. It was no doubt the New England blood which was mingled with that of Virginia. The young Cable was pious and conscientious. A Presbyterian, he had always said his prayers, he would not travel on Sunday, and he never went to the theatre. He had, however, been reading novels from an early age, and he defended them on the ground that, like the parables in the Bible, they taught improving lessons. The strongest criticisms of Cable's piety have been made by Lafcadio Hearn, of whom he had seen a good deal during the latter's residence in New Orleans, and by Mark Twain, with whom, in the winter of 1884-85, he made a long tour of platform readings. "Don't try to conceive how I could sympathize with Cable!" wrote Hearn, in a letter of 1883, "because I never sympathized with him at all. His awful faith—which to me represents an undeveloped mental structure—gives a neutral tint to his whole life among us. There is a Sunday school atmosphere." "It has been a curious experience," wrote Mark Twain in a letter to William Dean Howells, at the end of their four months' tour. "It has taught me that Cable's gifts of mind are greater and higher than I had suspected. But—That 'But' is pointing toward his religion. You will never, never know, never divine, guess, imagine, how loathsome a thing the Christian religion can be made until you come to know and study Cable daily and hourly. Mind you, I like him; he is pleasant company; I rage and swear at him sometimes, but we do not quarrel; we get along mightily happily together; but in him and his person I have learned to hate all religions. He has taught me to abhor and detest the Sabbath-day and hunt up new and troublesome ways to dishonor it."

But Hearn, part Greek and part Irish, was primarily a literary impressionist, who was always trying to get



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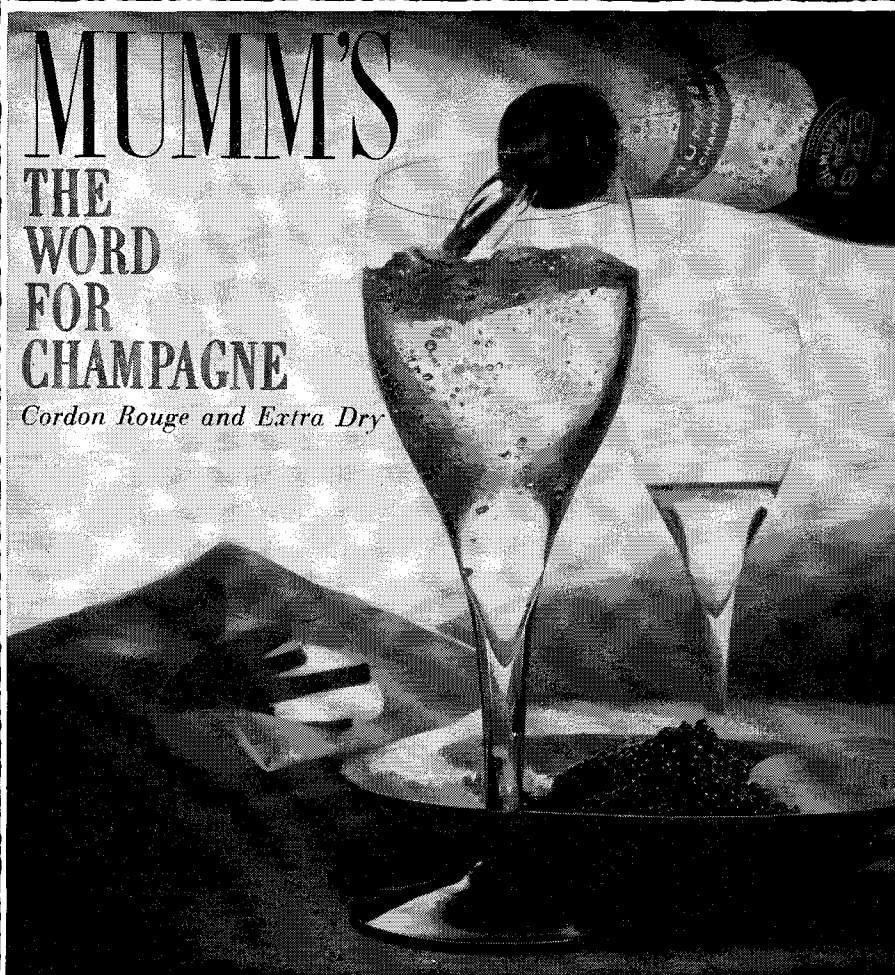
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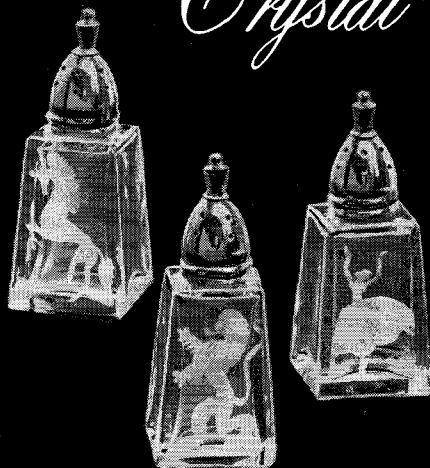
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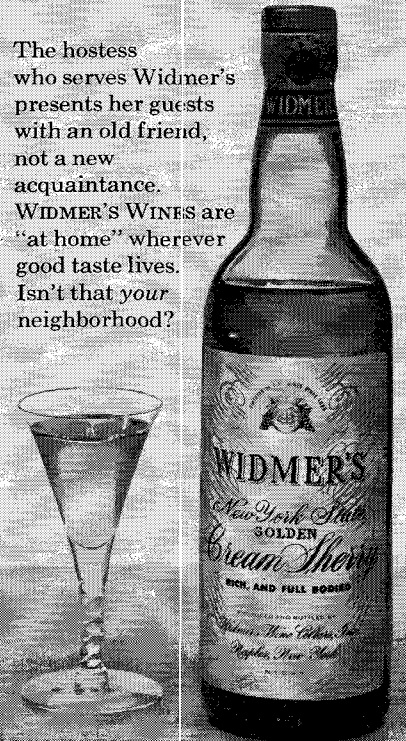
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away from the Anglo-Saxon civilization to something as unlike it as possible—to New Orleans, to the French West Indies, finally to Japan. He was romantic, impressionistic; he did not want to study social phenomena. Hearn's New Orleans was quite different from Cable's. And as for Mark Twain, he was moody, cantankerous, and something of a prima donna. He suffered from a chronic bad conscience and a feeling that he did not have the courage to express his unconventional opinions, and it was natural that the imperturbable Cable, always courteous, always tactful, always fair, always knowing what he thought was right and deliberately acting on principle, should have got on the nerves of the satirist. Though both Hearn and Mark Twain had more poetry, more of the "temperament" of the artist than Cable, Cable had a stronger intellect and more integration of character than either. He was five feet six inches tall and a good deal shorter than Clemens, and they would come on the platform together because it made the audience laugh. There is a photograph of them posing together, and it is curious to see the towering Mark Twain, coat thrown open and hand in his pocket, gazing out at the responsive public on whose response his self-confidence so much depends, but somehow distinctly topped by the concentrated and tiny Cable, with his trimmed beard and his mandarin mustaches, buttoned up in his frock coat, so good-naturedly sure of himself. Nor did the puritanism of Cable continue to be so incapable of flexibility as Mark Twain had thought it. Hearn adds in the letter I have quoted, "But Cable is more liberal-minded than his creed; he has also rare analytical powers on a small scale." Cable did finally go to the theatre—in New York in '83, when he was thirty-nine, and he even assisted later at adaptations of his books for the stage. Though he relentlessly taught Sunday school for many years, he had by '87 become so liberal that, to the orthodox, his doctrine seemed suspect and, in the clergy, aroused opposition. Cable retorted by delivering a lecture called "Cobwebs in the Church," and he afterward wrote in his diary that certain of the Boston churches—he was by that time living in New England—"had an average religion that was waterlogged with last century bilgewater," and soon gave up his Bible classes. There is nothing of fundamentalism in the little book, "The Busy Man's Bible," that he published in 1891. The discrepancies

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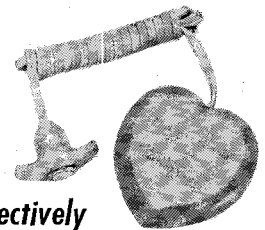


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and inaccuracies of the Bible, its "seeming contradictions of our scientific knowledge," may be left "to professional scholars, or our own later leisure." The thing is "to see that the fundamental truth and essential part of any sincere utterance remains potentially the same, whether its literary form be mythus, legend, allegory, poetry, song, drama, romance, philosophy, or history." By the time he writes "Gideon's Band," published in 1914, he is able to say of "a parson's wife, who had never seen a play, a game of cards, or a ball, danced a dance, read a novel, tasted wine or worn a jewel," that she "revealed the sweet charities of a soul unwarped by the tyrannous prohibitions under which she had been 'born and raised' and to which she was still loyal." And in spite of his early pieties and his rigorous sense of duty, it is impossible at any age to characterize Cable as a prig. It is hard to be a prig in New Orleans. The courtesy and grace of a people so convivial and so erotic make the sterner kind of puritanism difficult, and it comes to seem ungentelemanly, boorish, to insist upon moral issues of a political or social nature. George Cable, furthermore, was an amiable man and—in spite of his critical mind—really loved the Latin side of New Orleans.

What is unique in the work of this Southerner is the exercise of a Protestant conscience in a meridional and part-Catholic community, in which it is, however, completely at home. The violence and the scandal he writes about are the conditions of the world he lives in, but presented from a point of view that is quite distinct from the point of view of those who commit or suffer from them. It is also undoubtedly true that Cable had derived certain special benefits from growing up in this mixed milieu. The lucidity and accuracy of French had, both in style and in thought, served him well, and New Orleans had a regional culture such as no other Southern city possessed. The New Orleanians loved theatre and opera, and there was a certain amount of literary activity (which had begun with early writings in French and was to continue in English through our twenties). Cable had for his associates in his early days—they later became his enemies—the Franco-Spanish Creole historian Charles Gayarré, of an older generation, and his near-contemporary Lafcadio Hearn. The *Picayune*, for which he wrote, maintained a literary standard that was unusually high for the South. And the variety in New Orleans

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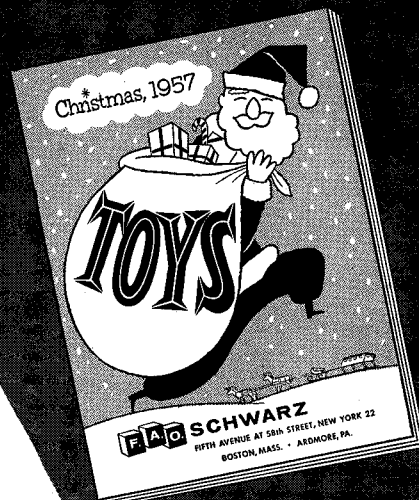
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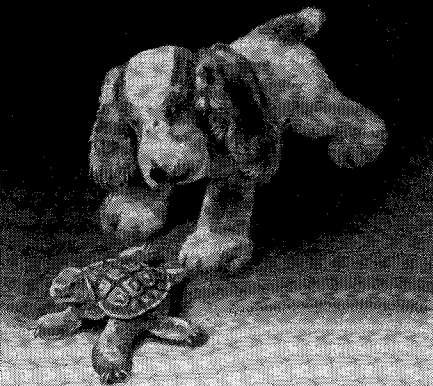
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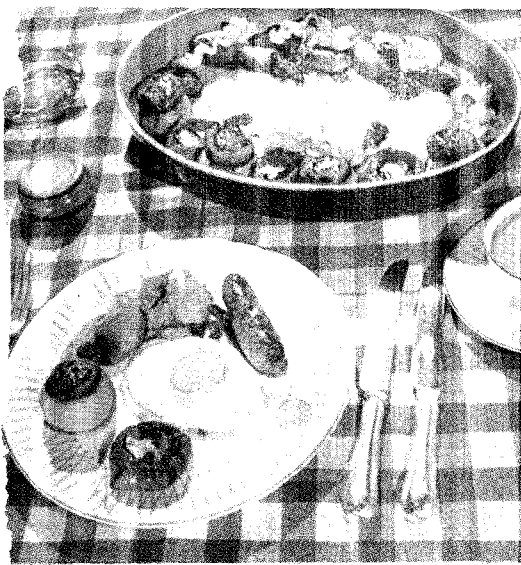
of religions, of races and nationalities, gave Cable a kind of international experience which he could hardly, in the prewar period, have got anywhere else in the United States.

In Cable's first novel, "The Grandissimes," published in 1880, this able and gifted man gets the best out of his unique situation. "The Grandissimes" is made to take place in 1803-04, and it aims at historical accuracy, but Cable was quite explicit in declaring that its morals applied to the present: "I meant to make 'The Grandissimes' as truly a political novel as it has ever been called." The resentment felt by the French and the Spanish, just after the Louisiana Purchase, against "American" domination—that is, against the descent on them of the English and Scottish—suggests an analogy with the Southerners in the period of Reconstruction, humiliated by the presence of the Northerners. But another problem figures in "The Grandissimes." Though the slaves had been freed during the war, the situation between Negroes and whites was in other ways not very different from what it had been eighty years before. From the moment that the occupying forces withdrew, the Negroes were again suppressed, the mulatto again became an outlaw. The mixture of white and black blood had already been treated by Cable in some of the stories of "Old Creole Days," but he now attacked it on a larger scale and with unprecedented audacity and candor. This subject, so important in the South and so determinedly kept out of sight, had been written about only by outsiders such as Harriet Beecher Stowe and the playwright Dion Boucicault, author of the popular melodrama "The Octoroon, or Life in Louisiana," and it was not to be till fifty years later that, in Faulkner's "Go Down, Moses" and "Absalom, Absalom!," it would be dramatized so fully and boldly again. I do not imagine that Faulkner has been influenced by Cable, but it is interesting to note that their methods are in certain respects rather similar and seem inevitably to have been forced upon them by the nature of their material. In Cable and Faulkner both, the truth about family imbrolios in which mixture of blood is involved is likely at first to be concealed from the reader, then in an unobtrusive way implied—allowed to leak out in some confidence of a character or made suddenly to emerge like the cat out of the bag. It is treated, in other words, in the way that the Southerners treat it, and in Faulkner and Cable the suspense for the reader is likely

to be created by the presence of a secret, and the climax will be a surprise.

There is in Cable's case a certain machinery of the conventional Victorian plot, but the effectiveness of his early fiction depends on the startling relationships, the unexpected courses of action that result from the queer situation of two races living side by side, entangled with one another but habitually ignoring this fact, proceeding more or less at cross-purposes but recurrently brought up short by love, sympathy, or consanguinity. Hence the violence, the scandal, the constant frustration—to which is added that other frustration of intervention by an alien power. The pretense that the past has not happened, that ancient history is not still with us here, makes the terror of this Southern world, the tragic irony of Cable's fiction. That episode unanimously rejected by the editors of the Northern magazines—now called "The Story of Bras-Coupé"—is embodied in "The Grandissimes," and reverberates all through the novel. The first version of the story was evidently written—by 1873—before Cable had read Turgenev, but we know that he did read the Russian in 1874, and he must have reworked it in the meantime. At any rate, it reminds one of such stories of serfdom of Turgenev's as "Mumu" and "The Wayside Inn," and it hangs over the novel of "The Grandissimes"—being part of the background of the Grandissime family—as a horror, a hideous crime, from the consequences of which they can never escape, a little as Turgenev's memories of the atrocities committed by his mother are felt as a motif of fear that runs through the whole of his work. "The Grandissimes" is Cable's best book, and the other strong things in his work are likely to repeat this device. So in "The 'Haunted House' in Royal Street," in "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," the terrible Madame Lalaurie, who



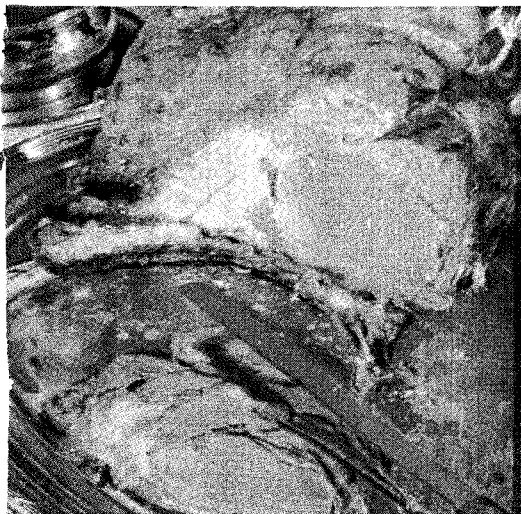


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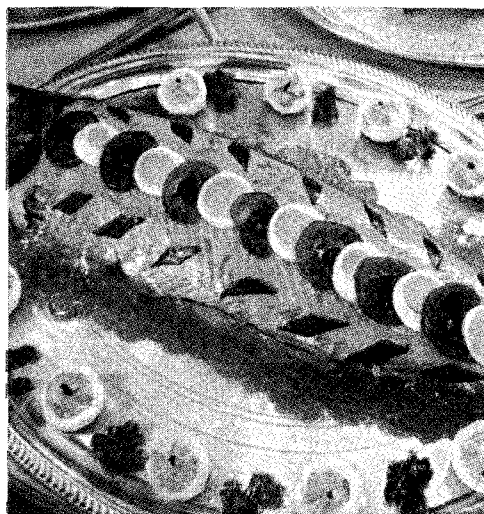
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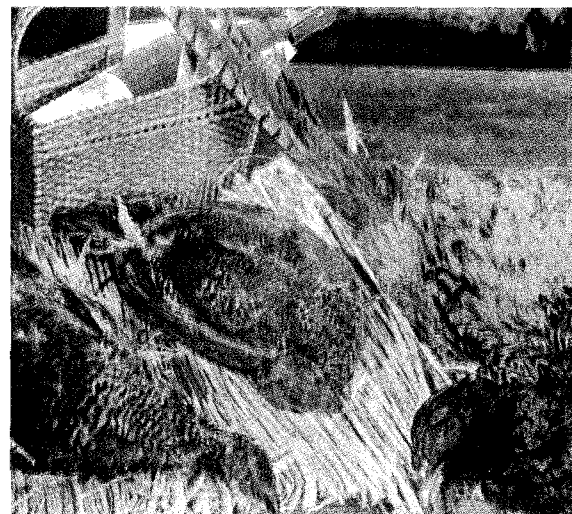
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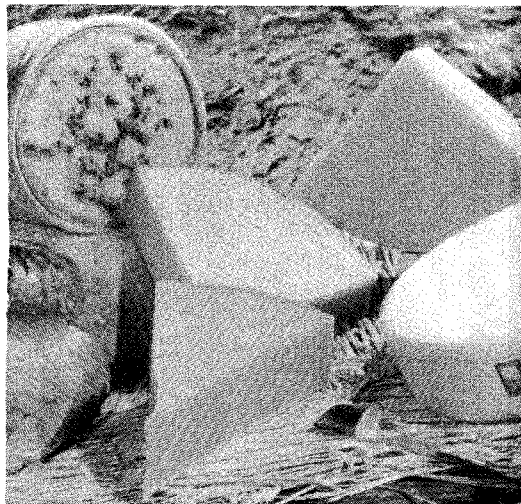
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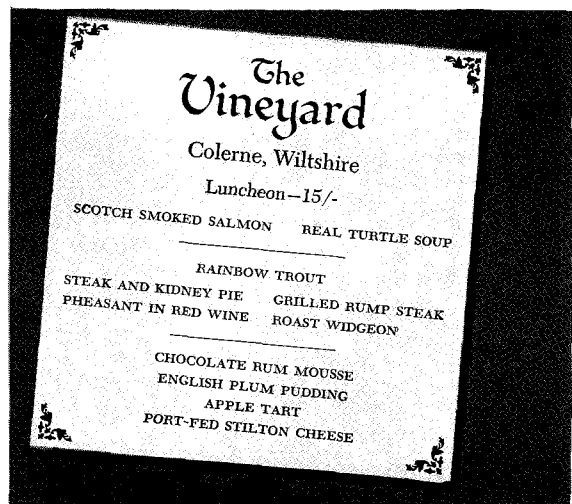
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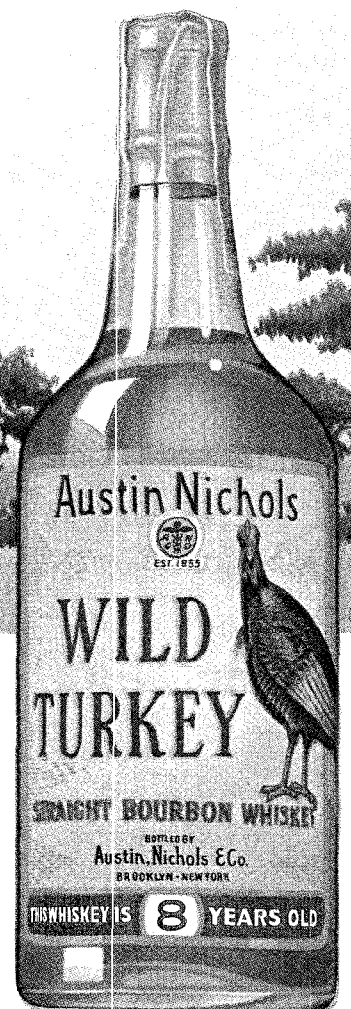
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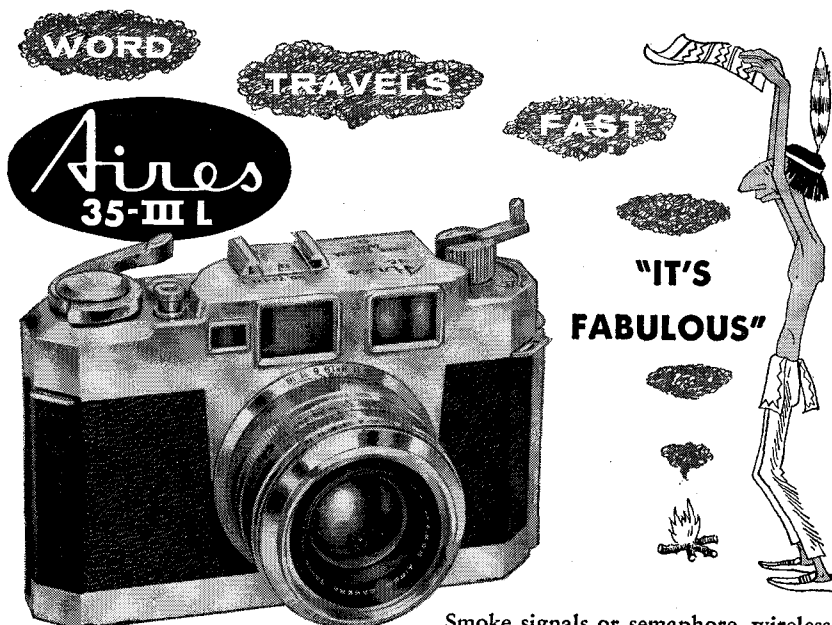
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lived with the utmost elegance in a house full of chained and tormented slaves—we are reminded again of Turgenev's mother—and had to flee for her life from a mob when a fire revealed these infamies, is the real ghost who reappears when the house in Royal Street, now turned into a non-segregated girls' high school by the Reconstruction government, is visited, when the ascendancy of the Federals is weakening, by a mob with a different intention, which cross-examines the students and drives away all the girls who are unable to prove that they do not have colored blood. We shall see in a moment how Cable was diverted from following his bent and was never to be able again to write a novel so good as "The Grandissimes." His compatriots were, of course, to repudiate it, and, undertaken on the author's initiative, with no arrangement for magazine publication, it was not at all the kind of thing for the feminine fiction market. Yet it remains; it is there in our literature; one is surprised when one picks it up and finds it—partly tedious, partly brilliant—so observant, so sharp, so humane in its handling of the maimings and distortions, the comic and tragic involvements of its complicated, embarrassing subject. George Cable can be understood and his book appreciated today as seems rarely to have been the case in the period for which he wrote, and there is evidence of new interest in "The Grandissimes." It has been recently published as a paperback in the Sagamore series, with an introduction by Newton Arvin, and there is a chapter on the book in another paperback (not, in this case, a reprint), "The American Novel and Its Tradition," by Richard Chase (Anchor Books). These are the best discussions of the novel that I know, far better than anything I have seen which appeared in the author's own time.

"Old Creole Days" and "The Grandissimes" were not especially well received by the Creole population of New Orleans. They thought Cable had made them ridiculous by representing them as speaking bad English and even dropping into Negro patois, and they believed that he had led the public to imagine that all Creoles had Negro blood. He attempted to counteract this by giving them credit for their virtues in the course of recounting their history in "The Creoles of Louisiana," published in 1884. But when he persisted—in public statements as well as in further fiction—in his searching inquiry into Southern affairs, he eventually aroused against him virtually the whole white South. In the



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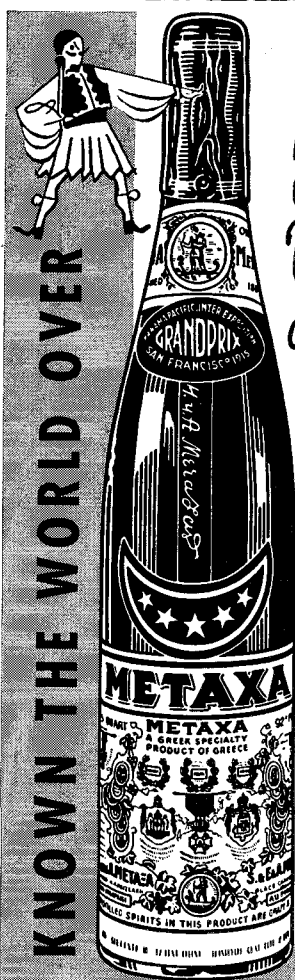
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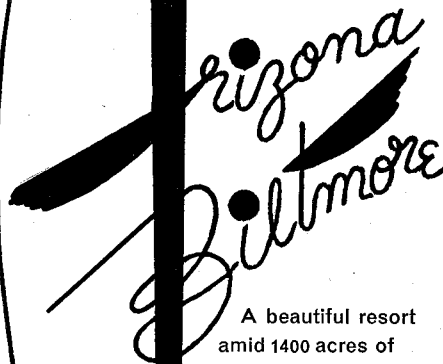
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eighties, he was publishing as articles or delivering in the form of addresses a whole series of studies of conditions in the South, which he later—in 1885 and 1890—collected in two small books, "The Silent South" and "The Negro Question." These are among his most valuable writings, and they ought to be classics in their field, but they appeared at a time when it happened, for reasons to be noticed later, that neither the North nor the South wanted to hear about these worrisome matters, and—though the facts and the analysis contained in these books are particularly pertinent at the present time in our crisis over Civil Rights—they are today almost never read by anyone save the few special students of Cable.

Fundamental to Cable's position is the admirable formulation—presented in "The Negro Question"—of the attitudes, respectively, of the North and the South during and after the war. Why, he asks, did the Northerners, who had made so much fuss about liberating the slaves, allow the so-called freedman, after the war, to be reduced by the Southern whites to a condition not much better than servitude? And how is it that the Southerners, who at the time of the war were in tantrums about States' rights, have been willing since to drop this grievance and be reconciled to accepting their place in the Union? The answers to these questions are similar. The Northerners, with the exception of a few Abolitionists, would never actually have gone to war over slavery; it was vital to them to maintain the Union, and that was what they were fighting for. With the Southerners, States' rights were a pretext: what they fought for was really slavery, on which they thought that their economy and their society depended. As soon as they had largely succeeded in putting the Negro back in his place and knew that they would not be bothered, they showed very little concern about Constitutional rights. George Cable, who, when secretary of the New Orleans grand jury, had been led to investigate the Southern prisons, had discovered one effective method by which it had been possible for the Southerners surreptitiously to reënslave Negroes. This was what was called the Convict Lease System. The device was to arrest as many Negroes as possible and to give them heavy sentences on the pretext of petty crimes, such as hogstealing, engaging in fist fights, carrying concealed weapons, then to rent them out in gangs as forced labor. This was done on an enormous scale. In Georgia, a long



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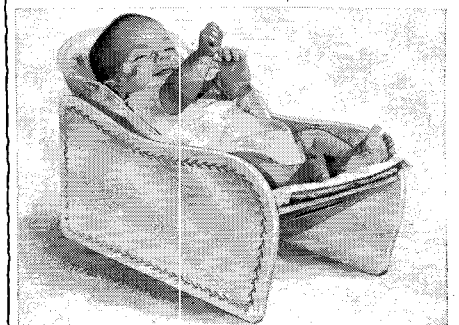
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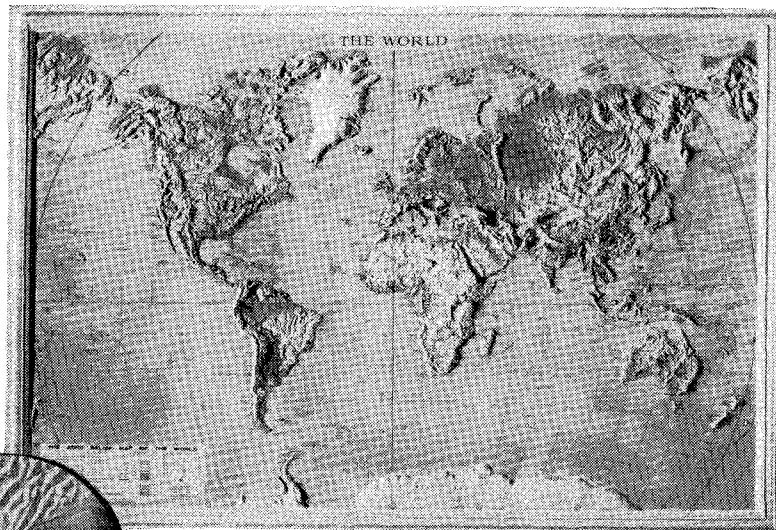
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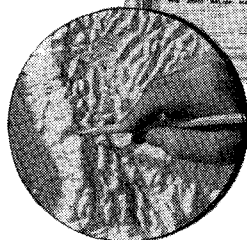
sentence meant certain death. Cable gives the statistics for eleven states.

The first move in Cable's campaign was an article called "The Freedman's Case in Equity," which was published in the *Century Magazine* of January, 1885. (*Scribner's* had changed its name in 1881, but still had the same editors.) It was the first time, outside his fiction, that he had expressed himself on black and white problems since his ten-years-earlier letter to the *Bulletin*, but he had been moved at last to break his silence by an incident he had recently witnessed on a railroad train in Alabama. His account of this occurrence is as follows: "At rather late bed-time there came aboard the train a young mother and her little daughter of three or four years. They were neatly and tastefully dressed in cool, fresh muslins, and as the train went on its way they sat together very still and quiet. At the next station there came aboard a most melancholy and revolting company. In filthy rags, with vile odors and the clanking of shackles and chains, nine penitentiary convicts chained to one chain, and ten more chained to another, dragged laboriously into the compartment of the car where in one corner sat this mother and child, and packed it full, and the train moved on. The keeper of the convicts told me he should take them in that car two hundred miles that night. They were going to the mines. My seat was not in that car, and I stayed in it but a moment. It stank insufferably. I returned to my own place in the coach behind, where there was, and had all the time been, plenty of room. But the mother and child sat on in silence in that foul hole, the conductor having distinctly refused them admission elsewhere because they were of African blood, and not because the mother was, but because she was *not*, engaged at the moment in menial service. Had the child been white, and the mother not its natural but its hired guardian, she could have sat anywhere in the train, and no one would have ventured to object, even had she been as black as the mouth of the coal-pit to which her loathsome fellow-passengers were being carried in chains."

Cable cut the ground out from under his opponents—though they often paid no attention to this—by demanding equal civil rights for Negroes, but declaring that social equality was out of the question and intermarriage between the races undesirable. Social equality, Cable says, is not a *danger*, as so many in the South seem to think; it is simply an impossibility. We are free to choose our



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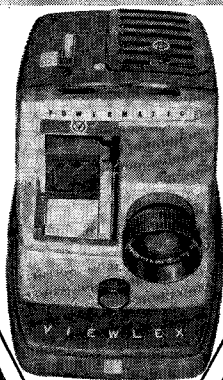
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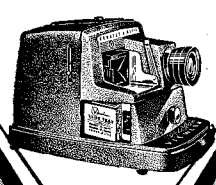


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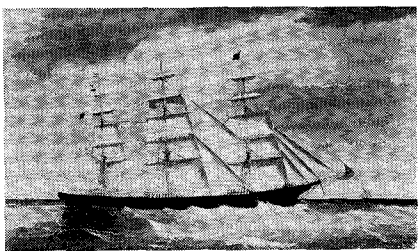
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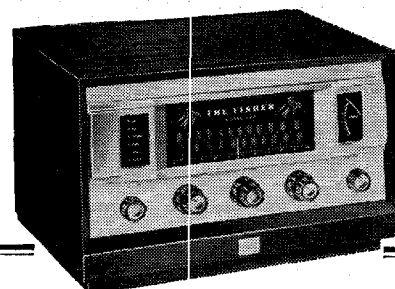


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own associates, and where the gap between two groups is so wide in education and habits of living as it is for the most part between Negroes and whites, they will rarely be dining together. They are taking, he says, in the South, "diligent and absolutely needless pains to hold apart two races which really have no social affinity at all." As for intermarriage, mixed blood has already made quite enough trouble. He was to elaborate on this later in "Gideon's Band," in which a big-hearted Californian offers to marry a woman who is technically a slave because she has a small amount of Negro blood. This is prevented by the counsel of a character who is supposed to be a wise old gentleman. Does he defer, a young girl asks, to Mrs. Grundy? Yes, "But poor, blundering old Mrs. Grundy, always wronging some one, is really fighting hard for a better human race." Cable was always firm in maintaining that black and white should not become amalgamated. He believed, however, that the Negroes were capable of much self-improvement. A group who were sending, as he says, twenty thousand students to normal schools and colleges and supporting eighty newspapers should be able, if given the chance, to provide their own competent leadership, which would guide them in public affairs. "It is widely admitted that we are vastly the superior race in everything—as a race. But is every colored man inferior to every white man in character, intelligence, and property? Is there no 'responsible and steadfast element' at all among a people who furnish 16,000 school-teachers and are assessed for \$91,000,000 worth of taxable property? Are there no poor and irresponsible whites? So, the color line and the line of character, intelligence, and property frequently cross each other. Then tell us, gentlemen, which are you really for; the color line or the line of character, intelligence, and property that divides between those who have and those who have not 'the right to rule'? ... The right to rule: What is it? It is not the right to take any peaceable citizen's civil right from him in whole or in part. It is not the right to decree who may earn or not earn any status within the reach of his proper powers. It is not the right to oppress. In America, to rule is to serve."

His point about the "Silent South" is that there are many who agree with him there, and that such people should make themselves heard. The essay that bears this title ends with a burst of optimism, which makes curious reading



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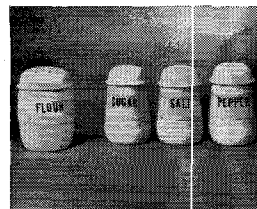
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today: "Nationalization by fusion of bloods is the maxim of barbarous times and peoples. Nationalization *without* racial confusion is ours to profess and procure.... We have got to build a nationality as free from all civil estrangement as from social confusion, yet wider than the greatest divergence of human races. This is the meaning of the great revolution upon us today. Daily the number increases of those who grasp it. A little while ago the whole nation rejected it. To reject it today is to be left behind the nation's best thought. How fast that thought is spreading in the South few know. Like the light of kindling watch-fires it is catching from mind to mind. The best men of the South are coming daily into convictions that condemn their own beliefs of yesterday as the antiquated artillery of an outgrown past; and to the present writer, as one who himself found this not easy, but hard, to do, it seems no improbability that our traditionist friends, even before this reply can reach them, may be found ranging themselves among that number, for the promotion of this revolution that everybody knows must come."

The reception of these ideas seemed to Cable at first encouraging. He had already been applauded by the students of the University of Mississippi when he had told them, in a commencement address in June, 1882, that "the plantation idea is a semibarbarism. It is the idea of the old South, with merely the substitution of a Negro tenantry for Negro slaves.... Landlordism kept the South poor one century, and just as sure as it survives it will keep her poor another." In September of the following year, he had addressed a National Conference of Charities and Correction at Louisville on the convict lease system, and his address appeared later in the *Century*. "Nothing I have ever written," said Cable, "has gained me so



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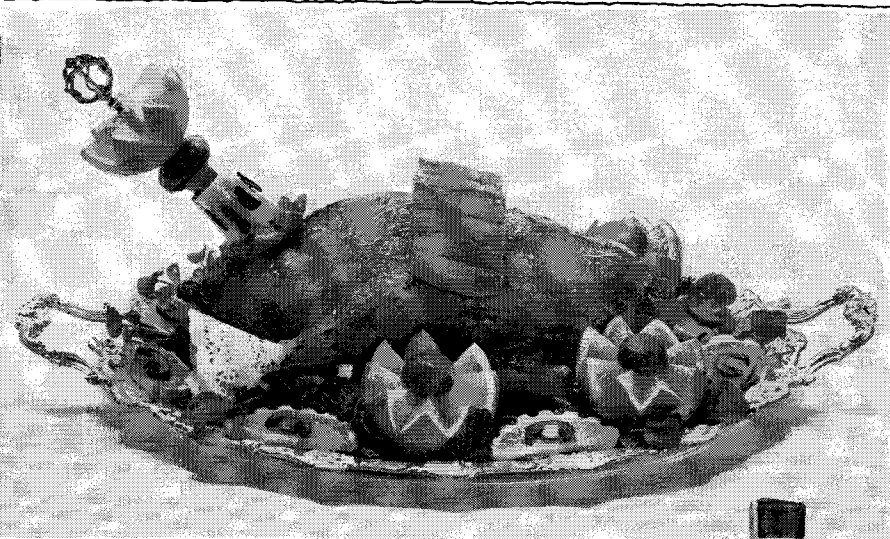
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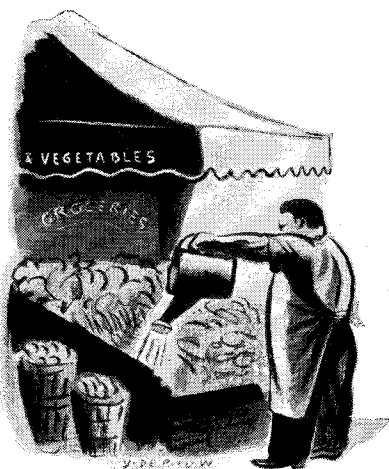
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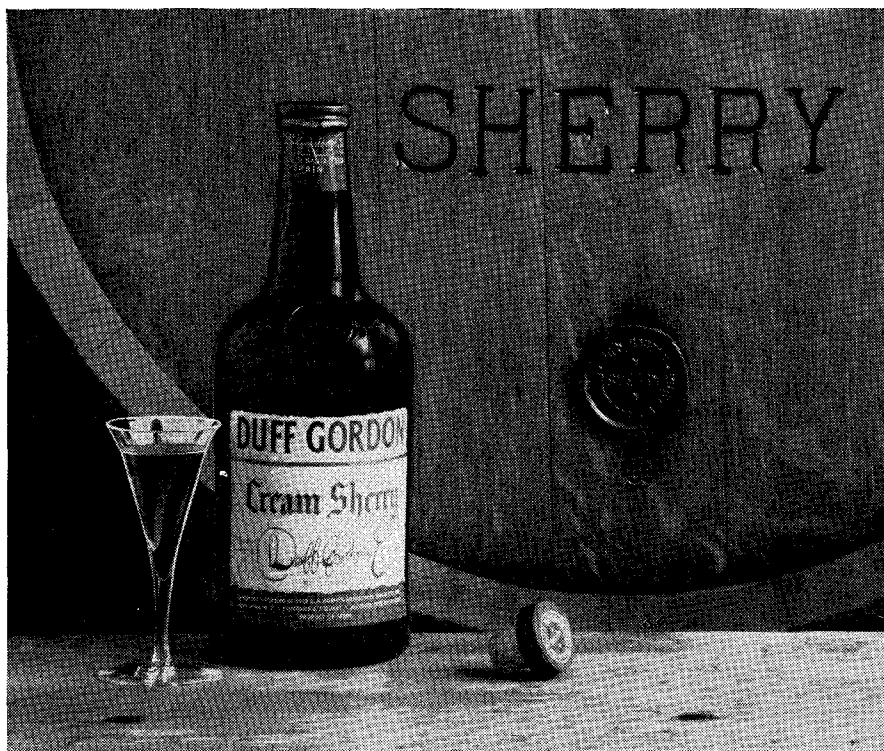


many friends among the best people of the South," but he was characterized by a senator of his own state as "a Quixotic moral reformer, who, mounted upon the ass of public credulity, rode against the immovable windmills of fixed institutions." And he had said an unfortunate thing on the occasion of writing a letter to explain why he could not be present at a celebration of Harriet Beecher Stowe's birthday. The letter was printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, and contained a disloyal passage that the Southerners were never to forgive: "To be in New England would be enough for me. I was there once—a year ago—and it seemed as though I had never been home till then." In July, 1884—in order to rescue his wife, who was ill, from the prostrating New Orleans summer—he brought his family to Simsbury, Connecticut, where they ended by staying a year. It was that June, before leaving for the North, that he had taken his first bold step in attacking the Negro question. Wanting first to state his views in the South, he accepted an invitation to deliver a commencement address at the University of Alabama, and what he gave them was "The Freedman's Case in Equity." He had been hearing a good deal lately of the progressiveness of Alabama, and since the Northerners had largely dropped their interest in the Negro, he thought that he could hardly be charged with playing up to Yankee ideas. The press was uniformly abusive and called him a "New England Puritan," but Cable had "no lack," he says, of "private expressions of approval," and he "left Alabama more deeply impressed than ever before with the fact that behind all the fierce and resentful conservatism of the South there was a progressive though silent South which needed to be urged to speak and act. To this end somebody must speak first and as I was now out in the storm and, as one may say, wet to the skin, why should it not be I?"

In September of the same year, Cable's second novel, "Dr. Sevier," was published and made the situation worse. He had avoided the Negro problem, but had included a chapter that was calculated to outrage the whole South. He describes Union soldiers, singing "John Brown's Body," marching in the streets of New York, and apostrophizes them as follows: "Yea, so, soldiers of the Union, go marching on . . . your cause is just. Lo, now, since nigh twenty-five years have passed, we of the South can say it!"—adding, however, perhaps a little weakly, "And yet—and yet, we cannot forget—and we would not."

A friend in New Orleans sent Cable a clipping of a review of the book, writing, "Page [Baker, the editor of the paper in which the review appeared] wanted to attack the work viciously, on account of its anti-Southern tone, but Hearn and I persuaded him out of it. Hearn wrote the notice, but does not care for you to know. He is hopelessly down upon you and there is no kind of use trying to argue him out of it. . . . He confessed to me that, but for Page's antagonism, he would have said more in your praise, because he cannot but accord to you marvellous power." Then "The Freedman's Case in Equity" came out in the *Century*, and Page Baker himself attacked Cable, and the eighty-year-old Gayarré—undoubtedly jealous of Cable, who had displaced him as the first literary man of New Orleans—dropped a series of historical articles in order to denounce him in lectures and print. Gayarré declared in one of his lectures that "Mr. Cable's aim is to degrade, lower in the public opinion the reputation of the population of Louisiana, Creole or not, to put it socially, civilly, and politically below the black race, which he considers superior to ours and destined to africanize the whole South. . . . What I am indeed convinced of is that the author of 'The Grandissimes' is as deprived of all moral sense as a crocodile." Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Charleston poet, expressed agreement with Gayarré, who was writing him infuriated letters, adding, "Of his books I know nothing; nor do I ever expect to read them." Grace King, in her autobiography, "Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters," tells of a visit to New Orleans in 1884 of Richard Watson Gilder. When Miss King had first met Gilder, she says, he had remarked to her that New Orleans had bad memories for him: his wife's brother had died there, and his funeral had been jeered at by a Southern lady. Miss King, nettled by this, explained that she had been playing on her balcony with a child and had happened to be laughing at something the child did. For this Ben ("Beast") Butler had had her sent to Ship Island, a "patch of sand" in Lake Pontchartrain, on which she was the only woman and was guarded by a garrison of Negroes. "After this depressing beginning, he [Gilder] proceeded to ask questions of me about the inimical stand taken by the people of New Orleans against George Cable and his works. I hastened to enlighten him to the effect that Cable proclaimed his preference for colored people over white and assumed the inevitable superiority

The fierce patriotism and pride of defeat override all reason and mercy. We have seen it in Hitler's Germany. Even Hearn—though he was not even a Southerner, though he was particularly attracted to dark-skinned women and had once been married to a mulatto—had, as we have seen, been carried along as soon as the tide began running against Cable. He had even written an editorial against "The Freedman's Case in Equity," with the title "Mr. Violet Cable." When Cable revisited New Orleans in 1886, he was more or less ostracized. He had in the meantime made his permanent home in New England. "I must admit," he had written his wife just after his paper on the freedman had been published, "I shall not from choice bring up my daughters in that state of society. The more carefully I study it the less I expect of it; and though there is no



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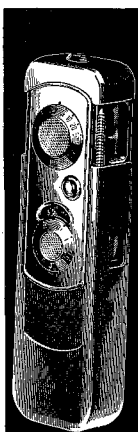
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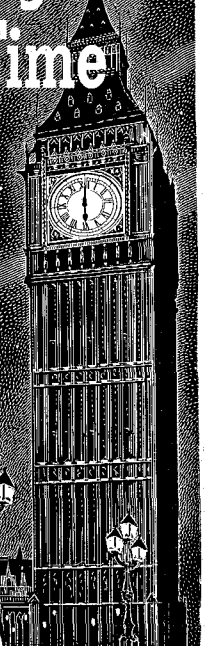
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reason why I should indulge ungracious feelings toward it I cannot admire it or want my children to be brought up under its influence." He decided to live in Northampton, Massachusetts, where his four girls could go to Smith College; but when he was about to sell his house in New Orleans, he found that the assessment on his property had been maliciously raised by twenty-five hundred dollars. A lawyer friend in New Orleans brought suit and got this figure reduced. Cable was now mainly dependent on his readings and did not have much time to write fiction, but continued to agitate for the Negroes. He made a point of reading everything he wrote on this subject in the South on a public platform before it was published in the North, but he appeared before both black and white audiences.

In 1889, on a visit to Nashville, Tennessee, an incident occurred which made Cable, as Professor Turner says, "untouchable" in that city and which seems to have had upon him a discouraging effect. He had organized an Open Letter Club for the purpose of exchanging and publishing views among liberals in the South. The membership included Negroes as well as whites, and Cable, having gone to Nashville to talk about the affairs of the Club with a member who was a professor at Vanderbilt University, arranged also to discuss the Club with a group of interested Negroes. Since these could not come to a white man's hotel, Cable met them at the house of a colored lawyer. When the meeting was over and the guests had gone, finding himself alone with the lawyer and his wife and realizing, he says, that they were "in a dilemma between asking a white man to sit at their board and sending him away supperless," he remarked that he had not eaten and accepted their invitation to dinner. He was soon receiving clippings from the Nashville *American* the tone of which may be indicated by the following: "Mr. George W. Cable, just before he took his departure for the East, was entertained by J. C. Napier, colored, where he spent a most agreeable evening in the society of our colored élite. Mr. Cable has often urged social equality of the races, and we are glad to see him following his own advice on the subject. In the South, however, a man must choose the race with which he associates, and Mr. Cable, having signified his preference for the negro race over his own, should be left undisturbed in his choice. We do not mean to say that Cable has lowered himself by accepting the hospitalities of

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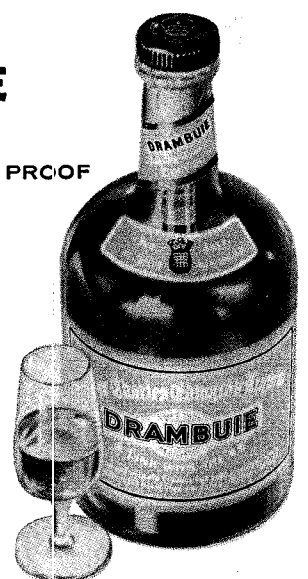
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Mr. Napier, colored; on the contrary we think he found his proper level. J. C. Napier is a respectable negro, but, of course, with the prejudices of his race.... He probably did not reflect that Mr. Cable is a Southern man who has turned renegade with an eye to Yankee taste and Yankee money, and it is money in his pocket to slander the people among whom he was born." Cable at once wrote to the editor, and a controversy between them ensued. It was one of the rare occasions when Cable allowed himself to show anger. He said that he had never advocated any blending of the blood of the races (he had also been accused of this). "One may often see gatherings of colored people where in three-fourths of their number the blood of the two races is already mingled. Who has mingled it? Let your Nashville *American* answer that. Probably not one in a thousand owes his or her mixture of blood to anyone suspected of advocating 'social equality.'" On the subject of the dinner with Napier, he said, "If the friendship of any friend of mine, North or South, old or new, hangs on the condition that I must never do again what I did the other day in Nashville, I bid such a friendship a regretful goodbye. I will break bread with the murderer in his cell if I choose. I have no fear that I shall lose all my friends but I know that I shall keep my self-respect." The professor at Vanderbilt wrote that it was impossible for him now, as he had hoped to do, to have Cable come to Nashville for a reading, though, before this incident occurred, Cable could have "filled a house;" he, the professor, had been threatened with physical violence if Cable ever came there again. The Open Letter Club was dissolved. Cable continued to publish articles on Negro rights through 1892, but, after this—except when the subject crops up in his later novels—he ceased his campaign in behalf of them. The cause seemed lost. During the decade beginning with 1890, the Southern Negroes were quietly disfranchised. Mississippi led the way by making the poll tax a prerequisite for voting, and soon added a literacy test. The other Southern states followed suit. The poll taxes were made so complicated that it was impossible for the Negroes to work them out, and the literacy tests, interpreted by white boards of registry, were administered in such a way as to exclude even Negroes with college degrees.

The stories of Thomas Nelson Page of Virginia were beginning to appear in the *Century* in 1884. "It is hard to

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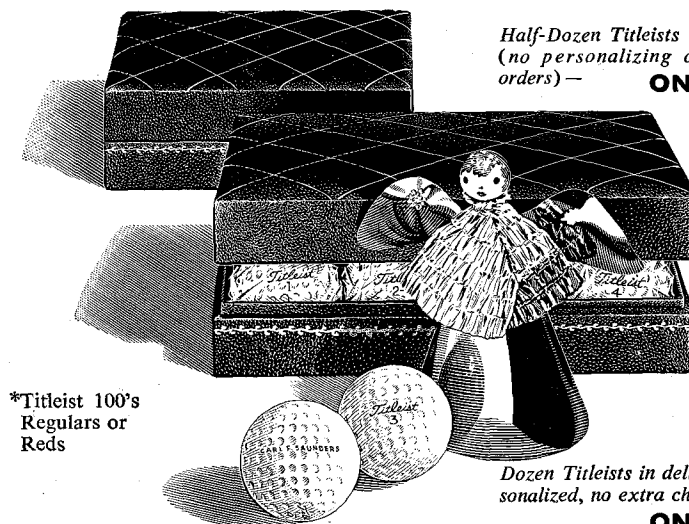
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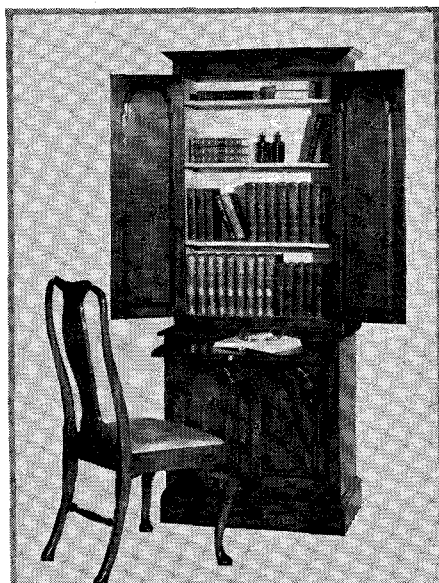
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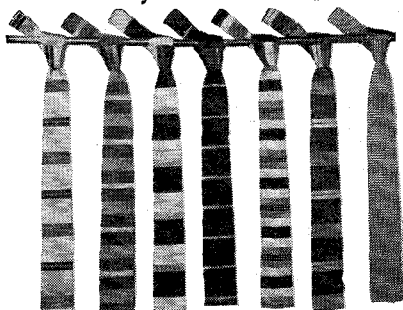
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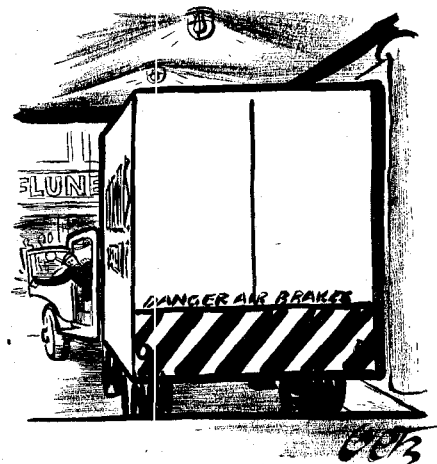
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explain in simple terms," said Grace King in her memoirs, already mentioned, "what Thomas Nelson Page meant to us in the South at that time. He was the first Southern writer to appear in print as a Southerner, and his stories, short and simple, written in Negro dialect, and, I may say, Southern pronunciation, showed us with ineffable grace that although we were sore bereft, politically, we had now a chance in literature at least." But Page was just as popular in the North. Having devastated the feudal South, the Northerners wanted to be told of its glamour, of its old-time courtesy and grace. That was what they had wanted of Cable. For the North and the West of the United States, though the scene of much energetic enterprise, were now, with the industrial development that had come with a rush at the end of the war, having to forfeit a good many of their own old amenities. They wanted perhaps also a little to make it up to the Southerners for all the hard things they had said about them. The romanticization of the old South was to culminate in the triumph of "Gone with the Wind." But Page had begun it in the eighties. Though he himself at first hand knew little, having only been twelve at the end of the war, of the life of the old regime, he really invented for the popular mind Old Massa and Mistis and Meh Lady, with their dusky-skinned adoring retainers. Everybody wanted to be told that slavery had not been so bad, that the Negroes were a lovable but simple race, whose business was to work for the whites. And Page also struck in his stories a note of reconciliation that everybody wanted to hear: he cooked up romances between young Northern officers, as gentlemanly as any Southerner, and spirited plantation beauties who may turn out to be the young men's cousins and who marry them after the war. To Grace King he gave this advice when she talked to him of a novel which she could not get accepted: "Now I will tell you what to do; for I did it! . . . It is the easiest thing to do in the world. Get a pretty girl and name her Jeanne, that name always takes! Make her fall in love with a Federal officer and your story will be printed at once! The publishers are right; the public wants love stories. Nothing easier than to write them."

II

SO much for the response of the South. The influence of the Northern editors was to prove in the long run

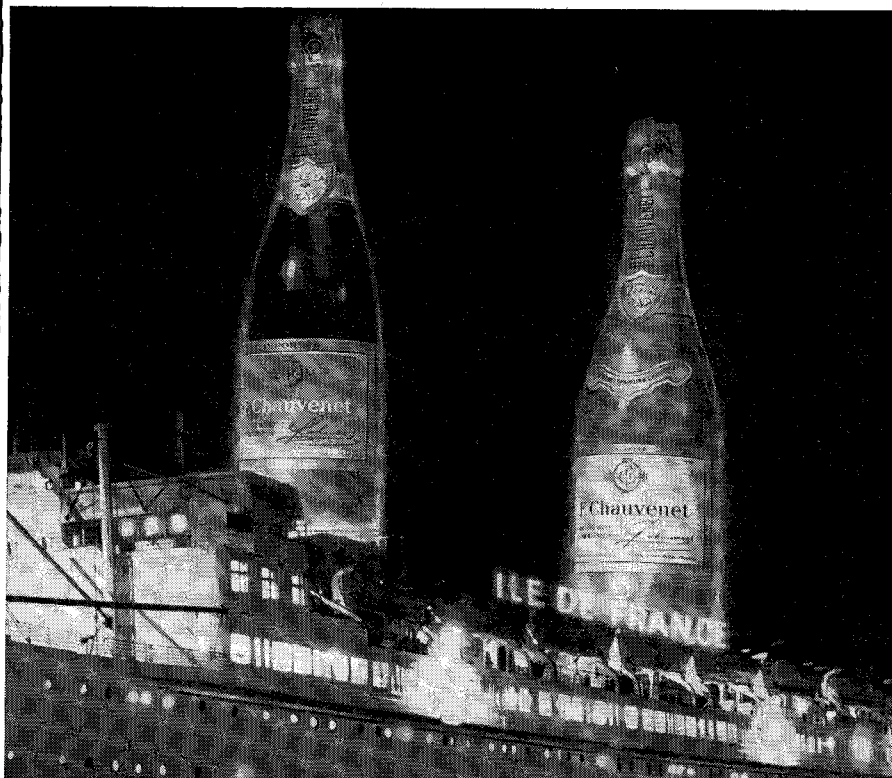
as lethal. The slow strangulation of Cable as an artist and a serious writer is surely one of the most gruesome episodes in literary history. We have seen that "The Story of Bras-Coupé" was rejected in its original form, and the harmless and amusing "Posson Jone" was refused by four editors before it was accepted by *Appleton's Journal*. It was complained that there was no love interest in "Posson Jone," and the editor of *Harper's* objected that "the disagreeable aspects of human nature are made prominent, and the story leaves an unpleasant impression on the mind of the reader." Richard Watson Gilder of *Scribner's* censored a figure of speech in another story, "'Tite Poulette," and urged Cable to "omit a touch or two of horror in 'Café des Exilés.'" "Write something intensely interesting," he added, "but without the terrible suggestion you so often make use of." Three stories at this time were refused on account of their political implications, and were never afterward published. "It is tempting," Mr. Turner well says, "to speculate on the kind of fiction Cable would have produced if from the time he first submitted 'Bibi' onward his work had been judged by an editor less fearful of the unpleasant and the touches of horror." Mr. Turner has found two versions of the manuscript of "The Grandissimes," which came out serially in *Scribner's*, and they show the constant carping and nagging to which the author had to submit. When he suggested doing a sequel to "The Grandissimes," the editors would not have it at any price, for—even though complaints from the South were not yet making themselves heard—they did not want to have him writing in a family magazine any more about mulatto characters. They really wanted nothing from Cable but little love stories of queer old New Orleans—the romance and charm of the French Quarter, those Creoles with their droll



English—and they did not care in the least that Cable had no natural bent for the conventional kind of romance, that his interests and his capabilities lay in the direction of imaginative history and realistic social observation. He had written a history of New Orleans as an offshoot of his census report, and he tried to make this acceptable to *Scribner's*, but it was not at all what they liked. "The disagreement," says Mr. Turner, "between the author and his editors was simply that he considered the work a history and valued most its completeness and accuracy, whereas they had the needs of the magazine in mind and wanted him to single out the odd and the picturesque for elaboration in the manner of his fiction." He was still, however, in those days obstinately fighting for his own hand, and when he published his admirable study, "The Creoles of Louisiana" (1884), he put back some of the matter that had been taken out. A valuable paper on Creole slave songs and dances and the practice of voodoo in Louisiana had also to be made more amusing and a reference to the Black Code excised before the editors brought it out as two articles.

It is impossible to know what Cable's second novel, "Dr. Sevier" (1884), would have been like if he had been allowed to publish it as he wrote it. The dreadful conditions in the local prisons were apparently to have played a more important role than they do in the final version. In this case, one can sympathize with the urging of Robert Underwood Johnson to bring social problems out dramatically rather than lecture about them. The unsatisfactoriness of "Dr. Sevier" may be due partly to the soft-peddling of editors and partly to the author's desire to show lovable and admirable characters who would appeal to the Victorian appetite for reading about respectable virtue and humble people with hearts of gold. Here Cable was aiming, also, to gratify another taste for a product of his that was popular. One of the features of his early fiction had been his scrupulously accurate rendering of the dialects, accents, and lingoes of the mixed population of the South, from Negro French and illiterate West Floridian to the English and French of the upper-class Creoles. His skill at this kind of mimicry was one of the things that made his readings successful, and he seems to have set out in this novel to provide a certain number of scenes that would keep his mainly well-schooled audiences in gales of good-natured laughter. You have in "Dr. Sevier" not merely Negro and Creole

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but also the imperfect English of Irish, German, and Italian Americans, all set down with phonetic precision and stuck full of so many apostrophes that the dialogue becomes an obstacle. This conscientious book suffers, too, from a kind of miscalculation that sometimes occurs with novelists when a curious or striking true story turns out, when transposed into fiction, to give an impression of implausibility and, in the case of "Dr. Sevier," to seem rather pointless as well, and hence, for Cable's work, incongruous. "Bonaventure," which follows in 1888, is, in spite of its careful descriptions of the Acadians and their country, rendered completely non-memorable by a kind of wholesome insipidity and non-functioning sentimentality—the author calls the book a "prose pastoral," and is trying for the poignant-idyllic—when he has been warned off the subjects that arouse his emotions.

He composed, in 1889, as a preface to "The Silent South," which was about to have a new edition, a kind of apologia called "My Politics," in which he explains his life and the development of his opinions. It was supposed to appear first in the *Century*, but Johnson and Gilder would not have it, and this extremely interesting document has never been published at all save in fragments in the two Cable biographies. Nor did these editors want Cable's next novel, "John March, Southerner" (eventually published by Scribner's in 1895), which deals with postwar conditions in the imaginary state of Dixie. Gilder, it seems, had by this time decided that the Southerners were perfectly sound in refusing Civil Rights to the Negroes and had been getting out of sympathy with Cable. "I could weep for disappointment," Gilder wrote him about "John March." "Instead of a return to literature, an attempt to fetch everything into literature save and except literature itself. . . . *Beware of the fate of Tolstoy.*" And later: "There is an innate disagreeableness that seems to pertain largely to the conditions described. . . . There is an apparent effort to conceal salutary purpose in the book—but it is there, all the same—running along in a sort of irritating way." But Gilder was quite right in declaring that there was no literature in "John March," and that its salutary purpose is irritating. For one thing, Cable had by this time been away from the South too long to be steeped, as he had once been, in the local life, and, furthermore, the locale of the novel is entirely a notebook product, the result of a visit to a small town

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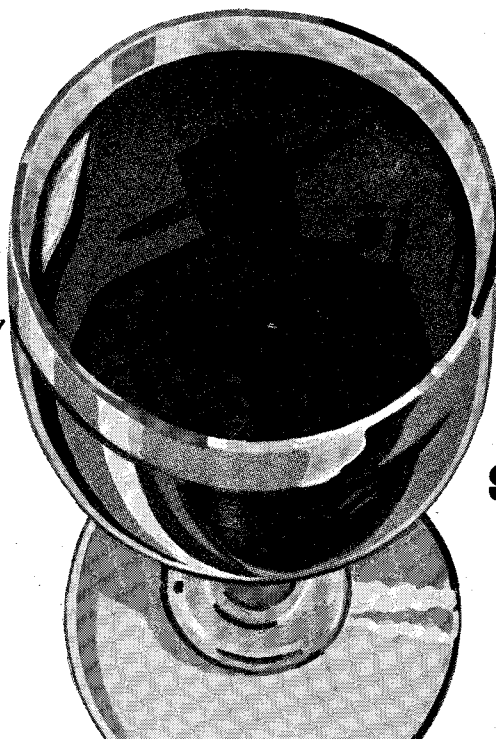
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in Georgia, a state that Cable did not know well. He has tried to invent a community that will serve to show typical situations, but neither the characters nor the situations can be accepted as real by the reader. Between the Northern characters and the Southern ones and between the blacks and the whites, Cable as usual holds the balance: there are good people and bad people on both sides. The hero is an upright and idealistic Southerner, the villain a hypocritical Southerner. The New England businessmen are scrupulously honest and considerate, and the mess into which the town gets in its efforts, in the course of the seventies, toward commercial and industrial progress is due largely to Southern crookedness. Lest he be thought to idealize the Negro and always to sympathize with men of mixed blood, Cable makes a second villain a mulatto, capable of any rascality, who has been brought to the top by the Reconstruction and who, now that the Northerners have gone, remains a nuisance and menace whom the Southerners can no longer control.

In all this, the novelist has become far too conscious of his social responsibility. Every character, almost every scene, is intended to illustrate something, and the moral of the whole thing is that the South can be born again only if the decent elements can succeed in disentangling themselves from the corrupt and reactionary ones. The novel is completely synthetic, and it was most unfortunate that Cable, in attempting so serious a book, should have played into the hands of his critics by producing so thorough a bore. The reviewer in the *Atlantic Monthly* expressed his disappointment, says Professor Turner, "because the setting was not in Creole New Orleans, and he missed the earlier 'optimism and hilarity.'" (He was evidently thinking of "Dr. Sevier.") A book that follows "John March," "Strong Hearts" (of 1899), consists of three stories, two of which show Cable at his sickliest, but the third of which—here for once I somewhat disagree with Professor Turner—has at least the merit of containing one of the few bright spots of writing to be found in the later Cable. The experiences of a drunkard who reforms himself by going to an island in the Gulf of Mexico, destroying his adored sailboat and living alone on the sand, where he barely survives a hurricane, has something of Stephen Crane and something of Hemingway. It is the old American theme of the lone man at grips with nature. The Sunday-school Cable is here, but

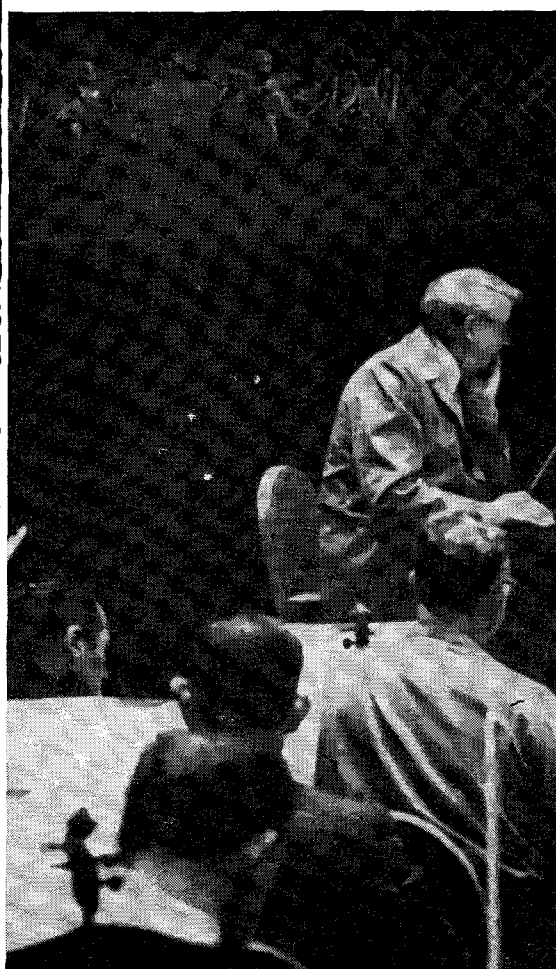
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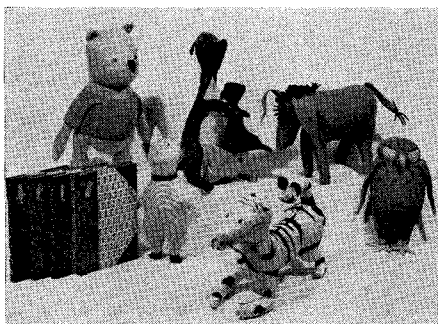
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THE real canon of Cable's books, the five of them that ought to be read by every student of American literature—"Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," "The Silent South," and "The Negro Question"—were all written by 1890. Though constrained in the novels that follow by some of the demands of the popular taste, the author of "The Grandissimes" is still trying to maintain his standing on the higher level of literature, but these books show Cable at a serious loss—witness "Bylow Hill"—as to what to do with his talents. And in the interval between "Strong Hearts" and "Bylow Hill," he had, for the first time in his life, deliberately mustered his powers for a full-scale exploitation of the popular taste. If one examines the files for the eighties and nineties of the *Century Magazine*, one sees very clearly the falling-off—which becomes at one point precipitous—in the quality of the American reading matter that was provided for the educated public. In 1885, for example, Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," Henry James's "The Bostonians," and Howells' "The Rise of Silas Lapham" were all running in the *Century Magazine*, as well as Grant's "Personal Memoirs," the notable series that later appeared as "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," the first of Cable's essays on the Negro question, some of Frank R. Stockton's best stories, and papers by Theodore Roosevelt on state legislature and grizzly hunting. Nor did these writings, as was to be the case later, come mainly from scattered individuals who were pursuing their different lines in more or less isolation from one another. Henry James had only recently gone to live permanently in Europe from Boston, where he and Howells had seen a good deal of one another, and they were both still dealing in a vein that was new with the old-fashioned Boston society. Mark Twain was also in close touch with Howells, who encouraged him and criticized his manuscripts, and the relations



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between Mark Twain and Cable were then in their most intimate phase. Mr. Guy A. Cardwell, the author of a book on the relations of the latter pair, suggests that it may have been the example of Cable that stimulated Mark Twain to try something more ambitious in his use of his Mississippi material. This—perhaps in conjunction with the example of Howells—would explain the abrupt disparity between “Huckleberry Finn” and “Tom Sawyer;” certainly, it was Cable who persuaded Mark Twain to read the “Morte d’Arthur” and so started the train that soon led to “A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court.” And it was Clemens, on his side, who suggested to Grant that he ought to write the story of his own career, who gave him confidence in his literary competence, and who rescued him from a contract with the *Century* publishers and brought out the book himself. The editors of the *Century*, moreover, were at that time, according to their lights, turning out a very creditable magazine. The *Century* was an accomplished piece of editing, with substantial informative articles on the arts and sciences and foreign lands cementing the fiction and the memoirs. Yet Howells and Mrs. Clemens were already expurgating Mark Twain, and we may suppose, from their treatment of Cable, that the editors were doing so, too. “The Bostonians,” with its Woman’s Rights Lesbian and its letting-down of Boston idealism, seems to have bored or offended most readers. I was told by the late Frank Crowninshield, who had at one time worked on the *Century*, that “The Bostonians” had remained for its editors a legend of horror, of what to avoid. In addition to its other sins, it had run for an extra installment beyond its allotted year.

Except for an occasional story or essay and a small piece on Daumier, Henry James now disappears from the *Century*, and the drop in his popularity seems to have dated from this. In spite of James’s moments of nostalgia and his complaints of the mediocrity of British as well as of American products, there *was* still a literary world and a noble tradition in England, and he was probably better off there. The age of the expatriates had begun. They were all of them—though James, perhaps, least—somewhat handicapped by their divorce from their American material, and Cable was also an expatriate, but, escaping from the blasted and embittered South, he now found himself stuck in New England, with his market in commercial New York. The



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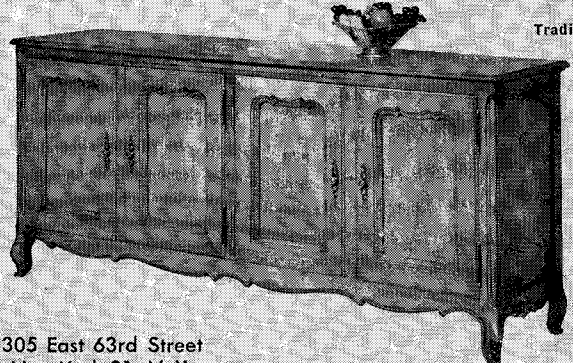
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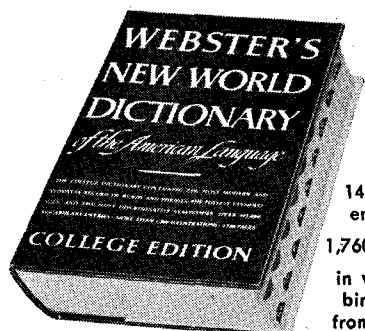
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"little" magazines, by the middle nineties—*The Chap-Book*, *The Lark*, etc.—were attempting to get free of this market, and even the established publishers had become so extremely reluctant to take a risk on unconventional books that you had also opposition publishers such as Herbert S. Stone of Chicago, who brought out such outsize, outstyle, or outsubject fiction as Henry James's "What Maisie Knew" and "In the Cage," George Ade's "Fables in Slang," and Kate Chopin's "The Awakening." "The Awakening," a remarkable book, was a somewhat Lawrencean study, by a writer who was half Creole, of uninhibited though embarrassed adultery in Cable's Creole New Orleans, but Mrs. Chopin was also half Irish, so had nothing of New England in her, was seven years younger than Cable, and did not have to make a living by writing. George Cable, who did have to make a living, could find no salvation through Stone. But, for the first and last time of his literary career, he now blew a big bellows at the forge of sex—keeping, however, as Mrs. Chopin had not, well within the moral conventions—and, instead of horrifying the public as Mrs. Chopin had done, produced, in "The Cavalier" (1901), his first and only best-seller. This novel, which was published on October 5th, had sold a hundred thousand by Christmas.

How had he turned the trick? We note with dismay that, in writing this book, he was full of exhilaration. He declared that he had come to realize that there were parts of "The Grandissimes" "which sink to a standard of literary workmanship to which I do not believe that one page of 'The Cavalier' descends. I never before knew nearly so well just what I want to write or how to write it. I have reached in it the point where my doubts of success are all gone." And when he had finished the first draft: "I certainly think it is far better than 'John March.'" Professor Turner believes that a part of the author's delight in the book was due to his never having shown partial drafts of it to the ever-scolding Gilder and Johnson. Another factor, no doubt, was that, now in his middle fifties, he was for the first time letting himself go on his youthful adventures in the Civil War. "The author," he exultantly declares, "did not have to read up to write this story." He *had* had to do a great deal of reading-up to give his writings the historical solidity at which he always aimed; he had labored at his responsible thinking; and he had perhaps



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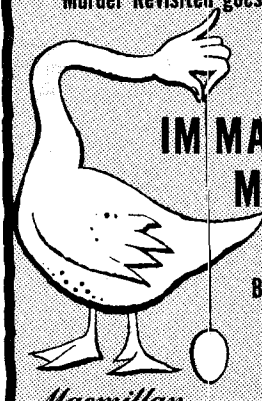
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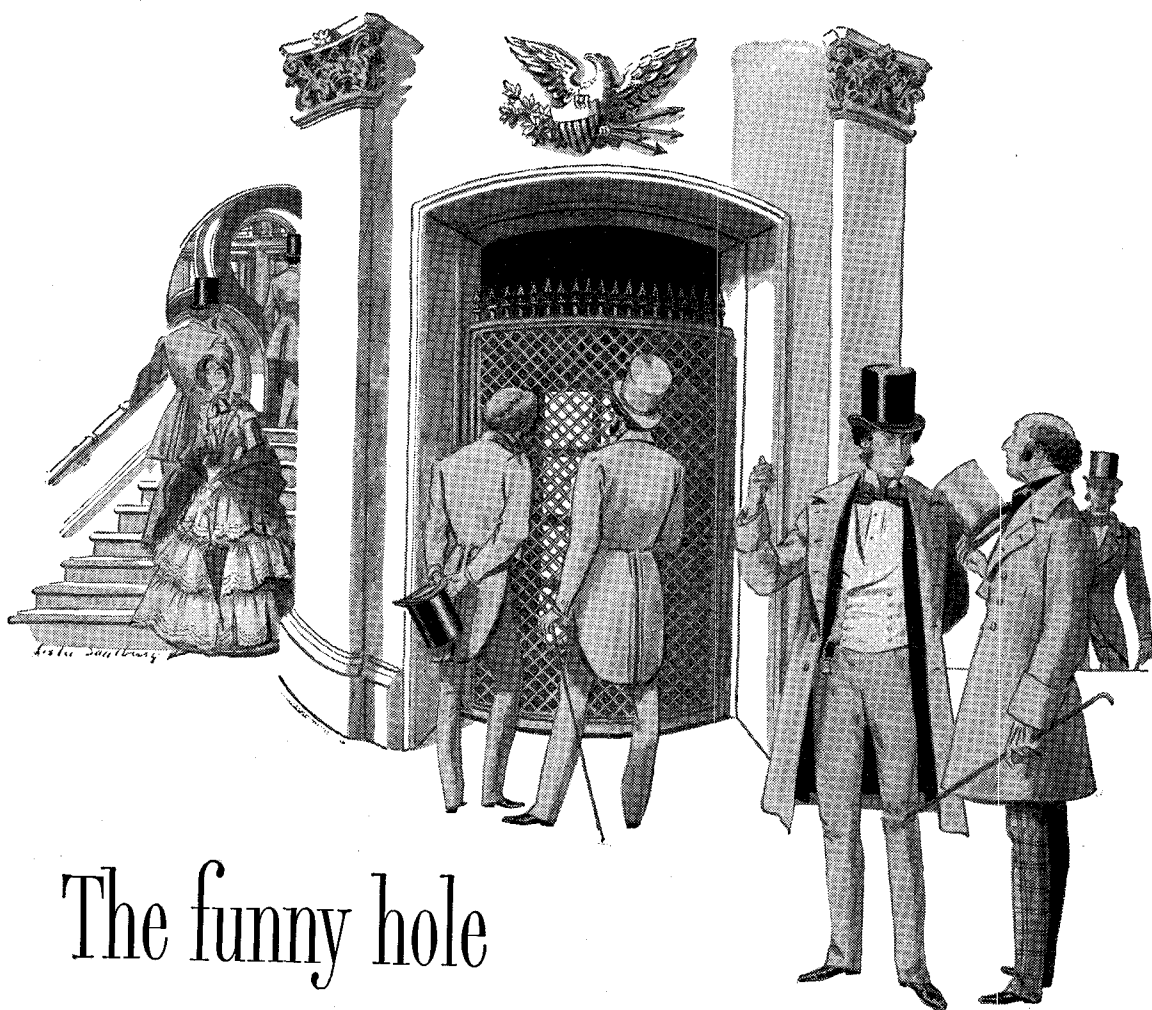
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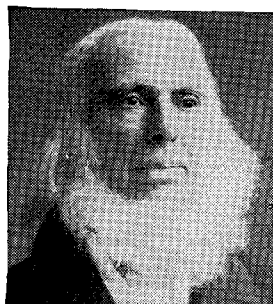
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Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

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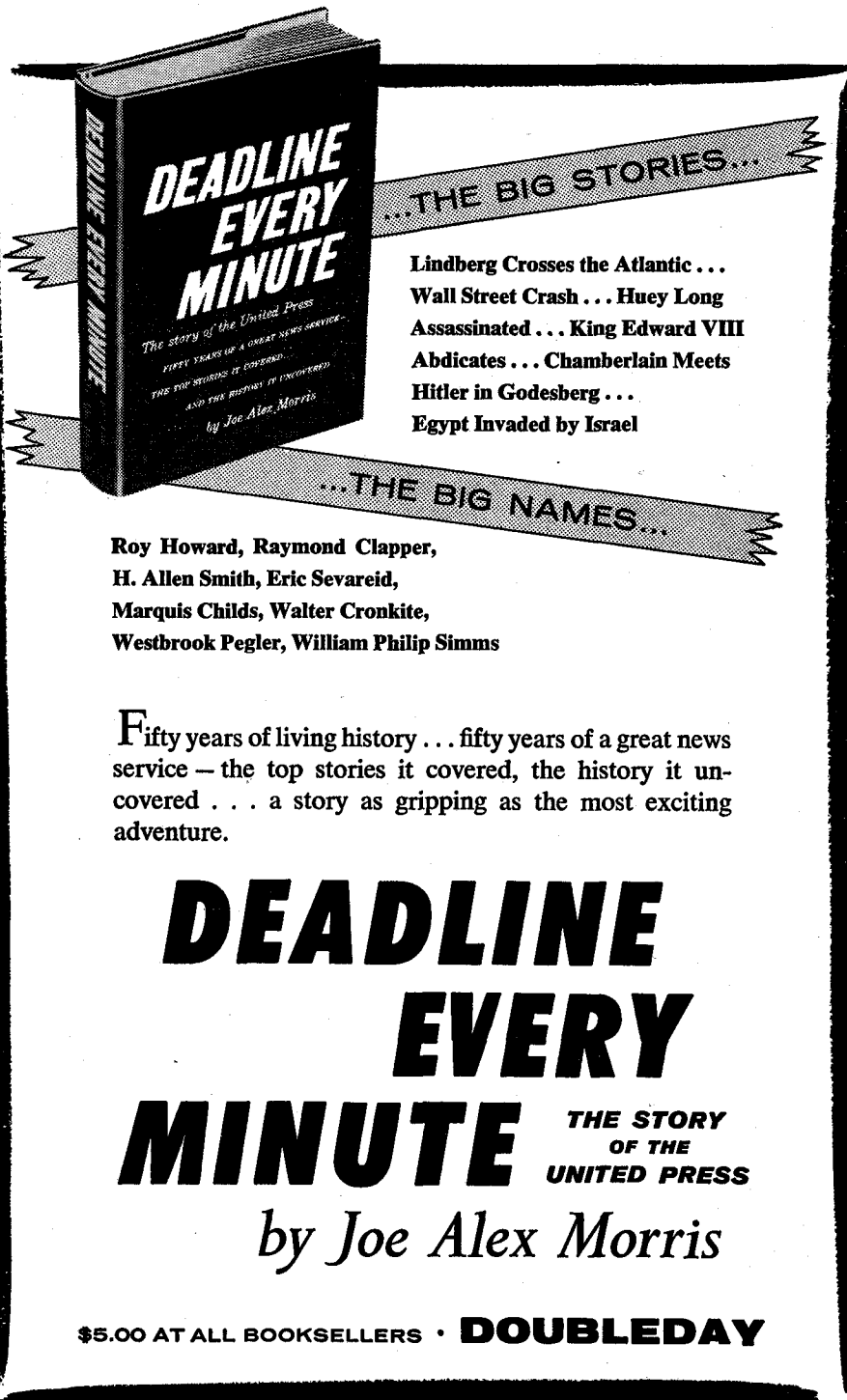
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bored himself with "John March" as much as he had bored others. But he was right in thinking "The Cavalier" "far better" than "John March" only by reason of the fact that "The Cavalier" is far more readable. The truth is that this popular novel is almost wholly meretricious. The fundamental thing about it is that Cable has made the decision to give up being a serious writer. He avows this when he says of his later books that he is frankly writing "romances," stories that might "make you feel today that you are entertained, and find tomorrow that you are profited." The moment we open the book and see the frontispiece by Howard Chandler Christy, a wash drawing of impossible young people—imitated raggedly from Gibson—in starchy and crackling clothes that look less like the costumes of the sixties than the long skirts and the stiff suits of the early nineteen-hundreds, we suspect, with something of a shudder, that a base transmutation has occurred. Poor Cable cannot know how pathetic he is when he compares the execution of "The Grandissimes" unfavorably with "The Cavalier." He has let himself down to an appalling degree; he has taken a vacation from his code. It is as if he has gone on a spree. Well, they wanted him to drink with them, and here he is. This is what they had been asking him for. Whether or not George Cable "was aware," as Professor Turner says, "of the forces pushing him toward a new type of fiction, he realized it was a new type for him, and he had evolved a theoretical justification for it."

The result is erotic fantasy that seems not characteristic of Cable, and a resourcefulness in creating suspense through situations that are not far from Hollywood. But "The Cavalier" does generate excitement. The love interest

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is hot and gasping. The medium of the writing—never employed save in this one book by Cable—is that heightened first-person narrative, a counterfeit of breathless and wondering youth and a conductor of pseudo-emotion, which had made the fortune of "Lorna Doone" and which probably derives more remotely from "David Copperfield" and "Henry Esmond." A beautiful, audacious, witty girl, capable of the most piquant coquetry—is she a spy or a gallant Confederate? We do not at first know—is married to a ruffian husband, a murderer and a traitor, with whom her marriage has never been consummated, but is in love with a superb young Creole officer, who, unlike Cable's earlier Creoles, speaks English as perfectly as French, is full of resource and daring, and is idolized by his men. The admirer of Cable is somewhat shocked to note with what conscious competence he has mastered the formulas of the period, how wholeheartedly he is here attempting to satisfy the feminine public that dominated American taste. One of the primary requirements of the fiction of that time was that events should be presented from a woman's point of view, or, if not through a woman's eyes, in such a way as to appeal to a woman, and the results are often embarrassing. A conspicuous example of this is Owen Wister's "The Virginian," which came out the year after "The Cavalier" and had even greater success. Here the cowboy hero, so thorough a gentleman, so formidable a man among men, is built up almost entirely in terms of admiring women characters, with whom the author completely identifies himself: "As we drove by the eating-house, the shade of a side window was raised, and the landlady looked her last upon the Virginian. Her lips were faintly parted, and no woman's eyes ever said more plainly, 'I am one of your possessions.'" Then the refined young Vermont schoolteacher takes the Virginian over, and their romance culminates as follows: "The Virginian walked to the hotel, and stood on the threshold of his sweetheart's room. She had heard his step, and was upon her feet. Her lips were parted, and her eyes fixed on him, nor did she move, or speak. 'You have to know it,' said he. 'I have killed Trampas.' 'Oh, thank God!' she said; and he found her in his arms.... Thus did her New England conscience battle to the end, and, in the end, capitulate to love.... For their bridal camp he chose an island...." This honeymoon goes on for pages, and it must have enchanted its

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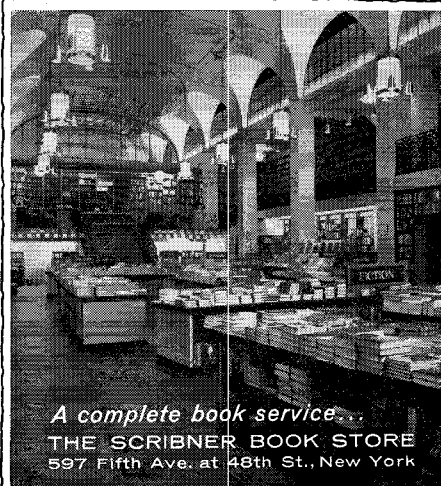
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feminine readers. "Was this dreamy boy the man of two days ago? It seemed a distance immeasurable; yet it was two days only since that wedding eve when she had shrunk from him as he stood fierce and implacable."

Poor old Cable is not quite up to this, but he makes a terrific effort, and it is distressing to see this straight-spined fighter for justice going to pieces over the virility of his heroes. He had begun this with John March, a splendid physical specimen, whom the ladylike and reticent heroine devoutly desires to marry. Here is the final passage:

He started with half-lifted arm, but stopped, turned, and with a hand on his brow, sighed, "My mother!" But a touch rested on his arm and a voice that was never in life to be strange to him again said, "If you don't say 'our mother,' I won't call you John any—"

Oh! oh! oh! men are so rough sometimes!

And now, in "The Cavalier," not only does the dashing heroine passionately adore Ned Ferry, but the narrator, who has served with him as a boy in his teens, is almost equally infatuated: their relations fall little short of the homosexual. The brave Creole's whole command is united in its doting allegiance, and, in fact, most of the characters in the story, male or female, high or low, seem preoccupied, at the expense of the war, with the problem of whether Ned and his hampered sweetheart will win through to the final embrace.

As Professor Turner says, "the issues back of the war are not mentioned; there is no more direct social criticism than the condemnation of bigoted religiousness." The only issue in "The Cavalier" is one of the utmost absurdity. How is the villain, Charlotte's husband, to be definitely got out of the way without being killed by her lover—because, of course, if he were, she could not then marry the slayer of her husband. The scoundrel seems at one point disposed of through the agency of someone else, but then he appears again, and it is necessary to rig up some new device. The manufacture of unlikely obstacles between the young man and young woman who seem destined for one another is another trick of the trade that Cable has carefully acquired and that he now works and overworks in every book. The wicked or insane mate who has to be eliminated is a stock feature of Victorian fiction, but there is also the delicate scruple that gives rise to misunderstandings and prevents or prolongs the betrothal. There is a good deal of this in Howells—"Silas Lap-

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ham" is a case in point—and something in Henry James. It is, in a way, to the credit of Cable that, in fabricating these book-length barriers, he almost always makes them quite implausible. In his next long novel, "Kincaid's Battery" (1908), also a romance of the war, the lovers are kept apart by the impossible machinations of a devilish Creole woman, who flings herself into the hero's arms in the midst of a remarkable battle—which seems to center around this situation (illustration by Alonzo Kimball)—while the heroine, lying stunned by a shell and unrecognized by her lover, imagines he is being unfaithful to her. In "The Flower of the Chape-laines" (1918), a young New Orleans lawyer is in the habit of meeting a beautiful girl on the way to his office every morning, and, feeling that this already may be considered rather vulgar, he fears that it would be an impertinence to take steps to meet her socially, that it would even be somewhat embarrassing to meet her correctly by chance. When, however, they are brought together, and he eventually asks her to marry him, she tells him, without giving reasons, that this is completely impossible. The obstacle in this case turns out to be that marriage to an Anglo-Saxon would shut her off—she is a French Creole—from her dear old French-speaking friends, as to whom she is so obtuse as not to recognize that her admirer adores them. The author, now over seventy, has by this time quite ceased to worry about realistic motivations.

"The Cavalier" was a kind of fluke. George Cable was never afterward to repeat his success in this genre. It may be that the return to the memories of youth had made it easy for him to set off a gusher of adolescent romancing. But its successors are as labored as "John March, Southerner" and have nothing of "The Cavalier's" liveliness. Nothing could be further from the fluency of a Robert W. Chambers. Cable's intellectual conscience and the complexity of his point of view still forced him to construct, in these potboilers, most elaborate close-fitted machines. "Kincaid's Battery" was as carefully worked out in advance, carried through as systematically, as "Ulysses." "Gideon's Band" (1914) took Cable as long—six years—as "Madame Bovary" had taken Flaubert. But the expenditure of first-rate powers on situations which are artificial becomes, to the admirer of Cable, most depressing and even repellent. When the editors of the *Century*, in 1901, were preparing to

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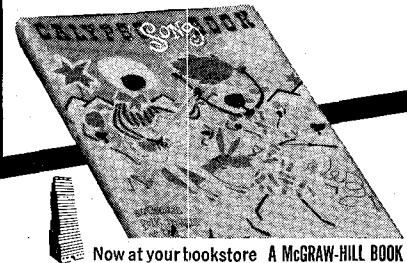
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give their readers what they advertised as a "Year of Romance" and asked Cable for a Creole story that would have, as they said, "the old charm," he produced for them "Père Raphaël," a sequel to "Posson Jone" and an attempt to supply the love interest that had been missed in the earlier story, but an arid little horror of forced contrivance.

"Gideon's Band," however, though almost as forced, is not quite so uninteresting as these other later books, because, dealing with steamboating in the fifties, it exploits a new field of interest and because Cable here takes occasion to turn off a few mordant sketches of types he had known in his youth. There are a courteous old fraud of a Southern senator and an intolerable pair of young twins, who, in their insolence, their quarrelling and feuding, and their conviction of inalienable superiority, undoubtedly represented for Cable everything he most disliked in the old plantation South. One of these insufferable young men is at last accidentally shot by his self-consciously reckless brother, and this provides one of the very few scenes in these later novels of Cable's which have anything of his old ironic power. The wounded man is being tended by a quadroon who looks completely white and who is, in fact, a relation of his. When he orders her to give him his medicine, she answers him, "Yes, sir; where is it?" "Oh, damnation! in my saddle-bags on the washstand. What are you trying to talk white folks' English for?" Doesn't she see the bottle? This time the woman replies, obliging with a darkie accent, "Yass, suh, but it's full, suh." "Hell! what of that? Fill the glass and give it to me!" "She filled it but paused. 'It— it looks like la'danum.' 'Oh, damn you, so did your great-grandmother. It's not laudanum. . . . Give it here! God A'mighty, if I could reach you with my fist—'" Actually, the bottle is laudanum; too proud to survive as a cripple, he has decided to extinguish himself. His brother comes in and so eagerly joins him in browbeating the quadroon woman—"make that wench give me that glass or mash her head!" the wounded man is crying—that he pays no attention to the laudanum and lets his brother take a fatal dose. When he realizes what he has done, he swallows the rest himself. It is a parable for the suicide of the Civil War, the self-doomed demise of the Confederacy through truculent honor and pride of race.

But, aside from this motif in "Gid-



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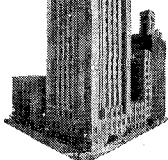
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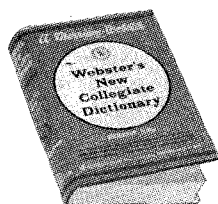
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eon's Band," it is only in his last finished book, "Lovers of Louisiana," published in 1918, that Cable at last returns, in a more or less serious way, to the subject of race in the South. This novel is partly a routine romance like the others that Cable has been turning out, but here for the first time the author introduces into his fiction his experience with his Southern compatriots in connection with the Negro question. The story takes place in 1914, and the hero, Philip Castleton, is a young New Orleanian who has just graduated from Princeton and is preparing to lecture at Tulane on American political history. Like Cable, he serves as secretary of a New Orleans grand jury, and this takes him below the surface of respectable New Orleans life. He falls in love with a French Creole girl, but he becomes somewhat suspect to her father, since the young man's own father had held rather liberal views, and the son seems to be going in the same direction. When a member of her family remarks that he is sure the boy does not believe "some of those things" that his father has written, and the young man inquires what things, "Well," the answer came, 'where yo' father remarks against those Kuklux, those lynchings, and so forth. Biccause now, sinze long time, everybody's find out those things was highly patrio-tique and all for the best for the South and for that—that union, eh?' [Was Cable thinking, perhaps, of Gilder?] 'Then, I'm nobody, Mr. Durel,' Philip replied, 'I've stopped trying to believe that.' 'Ah, but even those Yankees, thousands of them... they believe that; even Union veterans.' 'Yes, and when I hear a Union veteran say he supposes they'd do the same in our place I'm as thoroughly ashamed of him as of the Kuklux Klan.' But what puts an end to Philip's suit is delivering a friendly speech to the literary society of a Negro college. "A radical fault in his discourse was its forlorn futility as coming from a Southerner. 'Friends and fellow-citizens,' he began, 'I can hope for no whole-hearted acceptance of what I have to say unless while I bear in mind that you are colored you kindly forget that I am white.' The Scot [a visiting banker] grunted to the judge: 'Too Northern to please any Southerner and too Southern to please any Northerner.'" When the word of this gets around, the young fellow finds himself ostracized and is forbidden to see his sweetheart. He has exhorted the Negroes to forget he is white? Philip has been somewhat nettled by the critical Scottish visitor, who has said to him,



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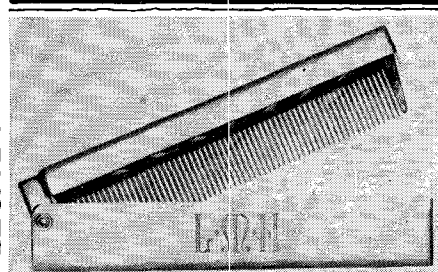
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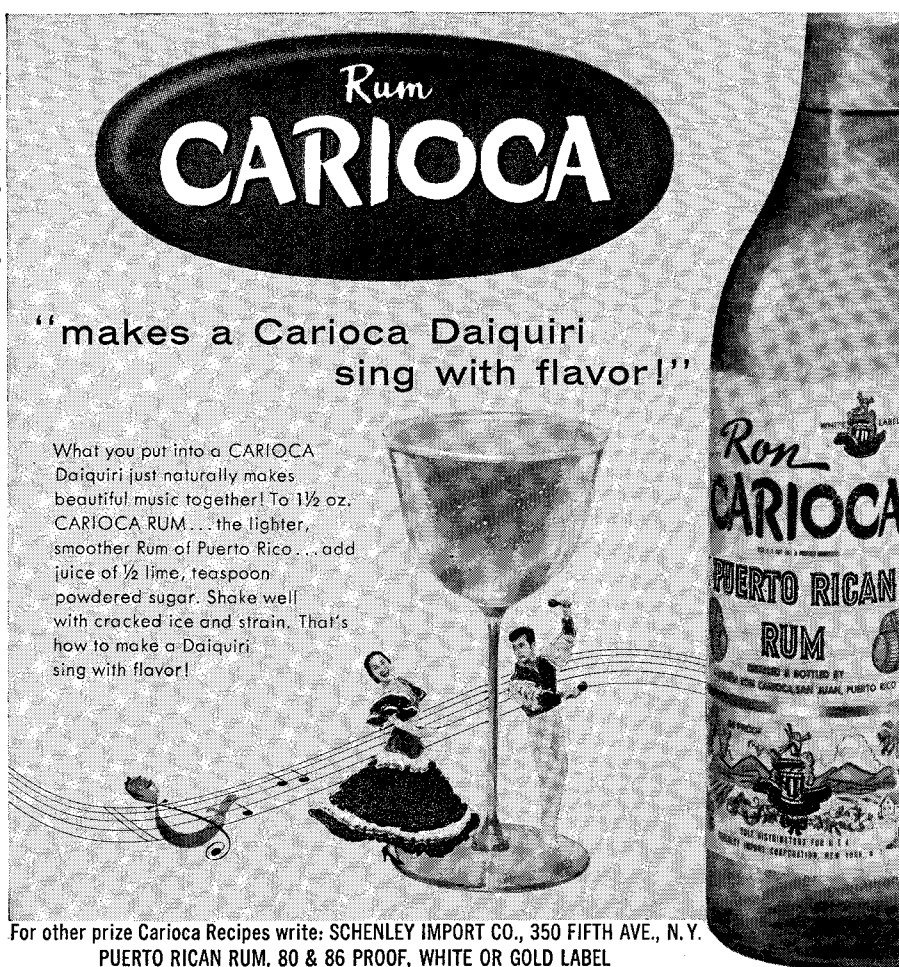
"Nothing."

By Robert Paul Smith

NORTON

"'Hark! You're a Southerner, but I'd say this to any American, for ye're all tarred with the same stick, as your saying is. You fancy your race question's a peculiarly American question. Man!—' But here Philip broke in: 'Down South we're narrower than that, Mr. Murray, I'm afraid. We call it a strictly Southern question, which we will take care of if the rest of the country will only let us alone.' 'But it isn't and ye don't. . . . It's a British question and a world question, and it's getting bigger every day.' " Here Cable may well have remembered the editor of a Georgia paper named Henry W. Grady, who, in 1885, had replied to "The Freedman's Case in Equity" in substantially the same terms in which Philip replies to the Scot. The latter speaks later as follows to a Creole who tells him that the issue of race is "the deadeest queztion in Ammerica": "No, Mr. Durel, it isn't dead, it's merely 'possuming. I say it wi' no vaunting, but wi' drread. Ye may crrack its bones and yet never a whimper, yet 'tis but 'possuming. Lorrd! Ye can't neglect it to death; the neglect of all America can't kill it. It's in the womb o' the future and bigger than Asia, Africa, and Ammerica combined. Ye'll do well to be friendly wi' its friends and trreat it kindly while it's young and tractable." In his notes for the novel, Cable had written: "The time will come when the negro [it was invariably spelled with a small letter then] will have risen by selection until his story shall be the great romance of American history." The lovers—in spite of obstacles, in this case a good deal more probable—are eventually allowed to marry. The young idealist, though tempted by the offer of a job at Princeton, decides to remain in the South and assist in its transformation. "When the band plays 'Dixie' or 'Swanee River,'" he explains to his girl at the end, "our fancy pictures 'the old folks at home,' doesn't it? The old-time landed squire on the old plantation. . . . The squire was our social unit, the keystone of our whole Southern scheme, was he not? . . . Well, he's vanished. Our keystone's dropped out. He's being industrialized, capitalized, commercialized, modernized out of existence. Now, a revolution may, conceivably, momentarily, go backward; an evolution never. . . . The whole scheme we call 'Dixie' is being superseded, overwhelmed, by an inexorable economic evolution, with our national unity and the world's unity behind it, pushing."

Not long before Cable's death, in January, 1925, the indefatigable old



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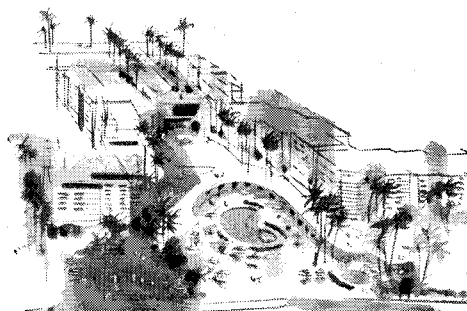
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man was working on a new novel which was intended to deal with New Orleans at the time of the First World War. It was to contain—among other things, no doubt—an attack on war profiteering. Did it ever, one wonders, occur to him that hardly a page of the many books he had written since 1890 would ever, in the future, be read with pleasure? He probably did not care, at eighty. He would only have hoped—as he said at the time of "The Cavalier"—to entertain and perhaps, in the phrase of that era, to "do a little good." The artist's vocation, with Cable, had always perhaps been weaker than that of the reformer and moralist. But we can leave him with a kind of tribute—in the tone of the nineteenth century—that has not ceased to be in order in ours:

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?

Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot, and passed,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

—EDMUND WILSON

HYMENEAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Ellensburg (Wash.)
Daily Record]

The Rev. Fred Weiss performed the first wedding ceremony in Mattawa at the Community Church Sunday, which united Miss Elsie Miller and Harry Hasse. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Miller of Pasco. Mr. Hasse is employed at the Priest Rapids Dam and came to Mattawa from Umatilla, Ore.

The bride was given away by her father. Her mother was her matron of honor.

After the wedding a large group of Mattawa residents took the newly-married couple in charge. Some took the bride away and hid her. Others took the groom and dressed him in pajamas and forced him to walk all over town with cars following, blowing horns. When he found his bride, she was put in a wheelbarrow and the groom took her back through town to their home, which is in the Cooper Trailer Court.

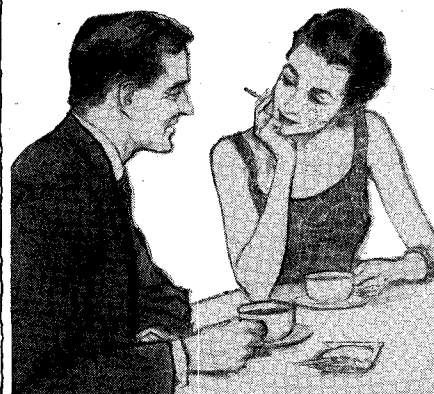
Domestic cats reared without access to the street develop a pathological timidity, attributable to the escape drive being released by stimuli which would otherwise be subliminal. I suggest that in European and American cities dogs and cats form a commensality in which the cats provide the stimuli releasing the chasing instinct of dogs, and dogs the stimuli releasing the flight instinct of cats, thus mutually satisfying otherwise starved drives.

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ARMY: *I know. But chum, that last play . . .*

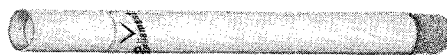
NAVY: *More expensive tobaccos, too. You can tell . . . Hey, what's happened on the field?*

ARMY: *That last play—you lost five yards. Navy off side . . . Now about that Parliament.*

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